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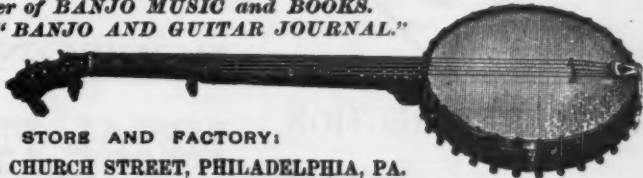
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NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1894.

WE learn from Milan that Mme. Lucca, the once famous music publisher, who in 1889 disposed of her plant and copyrights to the house of Ricordi, died on August 19 at an advanced age.

THE question as to whether Cincinnati will have a permanent orchestra or not is still in abeyance. At present the matter stands thus: Those musical directors that the ladies desire will not come and those that would are not wanted. Adolph Neuendorff, who is at present in Vienna, seems to be the principal applicant for the place. He is willing to accept, and should he be selected offers for free use his musical library, said to be valued at \$25,000. Among the latest candidates is also Max Maretzek, the composer of "Sleepy Hollow," who was once on the staff of the College of Music.

THAT Bouillant Achille and Admirable Crichton of the Fatherland has composed a cantata which will be given in Berlin next month. Copies of this Imperial Royal composition will be presented to the audience. The cantata is in praise of the beauty and virtue of Queen Margaret of Italy, and is in the style of the Provençal troubadours or Minnesingers. This is his op. 2, we believe, the op. 1 being a march entitled "An Aegir." During his late visit to Cowes at the regatta, William R. met and fraternized with the Earl of Lonsdale, the well-known impresario of opera bouffe, whose tournée through the United States was one unbroken series of brilliant fiascos, and it is rumored that the Earl is now arranging for a tour through Austria and France, with the Emperor as the chief attraction. In deference to the Emperor's moral principles no married lady will be engaged in any capacity, and thus the Earl will be spared the trouble of thrashing their husbands every Saturday night.

THIS NUMBER.

ACTIONS are said to speak louder than words. But the printed word may even outstrip the spoken word or the doughtiest deed. It may be premised at once that this number of THE MUSICAL COURIER is not only the greatest issue we ever put forth, but also the greatest issue of any musical journal that ever existed. We have blended with the regular weekly issue the European edition of THE MUSICAL COURIER. It is not so much a newspaper as it is a magazine. We have laid the whole globe under contribution, and the list of writers whose special articles appear in this issue make a formidable array of well-known names in musical circles, both at home and abroad. Naturally we feel proud of this number, and we are constrained to think that our readers will be of the same opinion. This issue of THE MUSICAL COURIER is unique. Read it carefully.

THE opening of the new National Theatre in Milan under Sonzogno took place last Saturday with "La Martire," by Samara; the opera for the Sunday following was "L'Amico Fritz;" on Monday was to be given "I Medici," by Leoncavallo; yesterday "Il Piccolo Haydn," by Cipollini, and "Pagliacci," by Leoncavallo, and for to-night "Fior d'Alpe," by Franchetti is announced. The theatre is said to be a marvel of beauty; all the comforts for the public have been taken into account, as well in the auditorium as on the stage.

GEORGE BOYER, of the "Figaro," said that the reports that went through the press stating Verdi's intention to compose the music for an opera, "Ugolino," have no foundation. He tells the story that at Tablano, near Parma, a sort of trans-Alpine Vichy, where many of the "illustrious" gather every summer, Verdi, as well as the president of the Italian Chambers, Biancheri, were recent guests. The latter accosted Verdi: "Well, Maestro, we are promised something wonderful; the papers speak of 'Ugolino?'" "No," replied the aged master, "the papers are wrong. It is finished, all is ended. The hour for rest has struck," adding with a smile full of sorrow,—"waiting for the last knell."

KATHERINE II. spoke of music as follows: "I would give my life to be able to like and to appreciate music; but do as I will, music is to me only noise and nothing else."

Beaumarchais suffered also from "melophobia." He says: "Anything not worth saying is sung." Théophile Gautier called music the most costly of noises. Fontenelle, who invented the saying, "Sonate, what wouldst thou from me?" declares that he never could understand three things: "Play, women and music." Napoleon I. asserted that music made him nervous; still he had the band play daily in front of the military hospitals "to encourage the wounded." It cost Napoleon III. an effort to suffer music. Victor Hugo allowed himself to be importuned for a long time to consent to have his verses set to music. "Have not my verses sufficient harmony as not to require the disagreeable noise?"

THE Newcastle "Weekly Chronicle" contains a very interesting article entitled "The Beauties of Music," from the pen of Mr. Samuel Mace. In directing attention to the beauties of music, the author presents them in a threefold aspect: Firstly, the violin; secondly, the piano, and thirdly, the organ:

The antiquity of the violin, says Mr. Mace, is well known. It is the type of all instruments played with the bow, and its origin dates back to the remotest ages. It was not until the fourteenth century that any advance was made in the art of making instruments of this class, but during that period rapid strides were made toward the attainment of the perfection which the Italian makers so successfully achieved. The names of the illustrious men who aided in the development of this art during the tenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries form a mighty roll of which the Italian nation may justly be proud. First and foremost among the names of the great violin makers is Gasparo da Salo, of Brescia. From this same town came the masters who founded the Cremona school, a name which has long been of vital significance in the history of music. It is a singular fact that it was not until the violin was perfected, and a distinct school of violin playing founded, that the creation of the symphony, the highest form of music, was rendered possible. The Amatis, when they left Brescia, became violin makers at Cremona, gaining a high reputation that has been maintained to the present day. Great improvements were made in the manufacture of this class of violin, and mention must be made of the successes

achieved by those great masters of the art, Antonious Stradivarius and Joseph Guarnerius del Jesu, who excelled all their predecessors by the beauty of the manufacture of these instruments and the richness of their tones. These men had several pupils who settled in Florence, Milan and other cities which afterwards became prominent centres of violin making. This was undoubtedly a creative age, for each one strove to excel all other makers by the introduction of some new form calculated to ensure superiority of tone. There are other men worthy of mention—for instance, Morella, Maggini and others, who were sending forth their violins about the same time when those unrivalled artists Raphael, Titian, Leonardo de Vinci and Tintoretto were busily engaged in the production of those grand paintings which have won for them immortal fame. Just about this time Geminiani was composing his first instruction book for the violin, Vioti was commencing the writing of his concertos, and Boccherini was laying the foundation of chamber music. Many others might be named who by their genius contributed largely towards the raising of violin music to the highest excellence. Stradivarius, who was born in Cremona in 1644 gained a renown beyond all others, and his praise was sounded by the poet Longfellow. His house stands on the Piazza Roma, and is an object of great interest to all visitors. Toward the end of the last century an Italian woman had a remarkable dream, which she related to her little son. "My son, you will be a great musician. An angel radiant with beauty appeared to me in the night and promised to accomplish any wish that I might make. I asked that you should become the greatest of all violinists, and the angel promised that my desire should be fulfilled." This was the mother of the famous Nicolo Paganini, whose unparalleled career has gained him immortal fame. He died in his native city, Genoa, in 1840.

THE news of the death of Emy Fursch-Madi brought sorrow to the admirers of an admirable artist, whose methods were ever dramatic and who always sang with a breadth and splendor of tone quite irresistible. There is an added pang in the details of her last days and her more than sad funeral. The friends who clustered about her when in the plenitude of her powers had dwindled away to a mere handful. In bitter poverty the once famous prima donna ended her days. It is all very sorrowful, and we believe that if the true state of her condition had been known a thousand volunteers would have sprung to the rescue. It were superfluous to expatiate here on the improvidence of artists. The theme is a banal one. When Lafontaine penned his fable of "La Cigale" he should have made the insect a musician. Fursch-Madi's death will leave a well defined gap, for she was a fine sympathetic artist.

WE printed the report that the opera "Guernica," for which Paul Vidal is now composing the music at Toulouse, his native city, would be given this winter at the Opéra Comique in Paris.

This piece has not the slightest allusion to politics, as has been said, nor is it a reproduction of a legend, but simply a work of fancy, the action taking place at Guernica, a town well known to one of the librettists, P. Gailhard, where he met with the following adventure:

While traveling in the Basque country, he passed the night at Guernica. Early in the morning he was agreeably awakened by the strains of an aubade.

"What is this?" he asked of the hostess.

"They know that their illustrious compatriot, the singer Gayarré, is here, and therefore—"

"Stop it, there is a mistake; I am also a singer, but Gailhard, not Gayarré!"

The good woman rushed to the window to make known the error to the musicians, but the conductor replied:

"It matters not, we have begun and we will finish."

And the pipers, the guitarrists, the tamborinists resumed their work.

Gailhard showed himself on the balcony, giving thanks in the name of his friend, and, as he did this in the Basque language, the enthusiasm he produced gained for him the aubade this time.

CYRILL KISTLER.

WHEN in the spring of this year the music-drama "Kunihild" was given at Stuttgart, musical circles were stunned to notice the rare power of the genial accomplishments of the composer, Cyrill Kistler, his brilliant tact in the orchestration, the wealth of taking melodies of the work. The opera "Kunihilde" was given afterward, but three times in Sondershausen and four times in Würzburg, with the same success attending it as in Stuttgart. It makes us wonder that this work has not received the attention or the recognition of the German operatic stage it so well deserves; it seems to find no time for Kistler, while the Mascagni and Leoncavallo excitement domineers all. Yet "Kunihilde" ranks far above the Italian compositions. A still greater work by Kistler is his second music-drama, "Baldur's Death."

The ultra German composer is called a representative of the Bayreuth school. He certainly is

well acquainted with Wagner's scores, he knows also its defects, which are apparent in the avoidance of ensemble songs, the breaking of closed forms. Kistler uses the "Leitmotif" in carrying out themes, while Wagner throws them to the public as a visiting card to indicate the appearance of persons or a return of certain emotions. Kistler is full of originality and invention; his melodies denote a healthy, impressionable mind. "Baldur's Death" has only appeared so far as a piano score. A third work of this composer is a one act comédie, "Eulenspiegel," for which he wrote the libretto after a subject of Kotzebue. The five chromatic waltzes, which divide the work in two halves, will be played by the musical world when they become better known. Kistler was born in 1848 in Groszaitingen, a village in Bavarian Suabia. His talent for music was improved by Dr. von Chormer; in 1875 he was teacher in a public school, and many of his compositions date from that time. From 1876-1878 he was at the music school of Munich. He heard there for the first time Wagner's "Nibelungen," the score of which he studied attentively. Kistler later on was teacher at the Sondershausen Conservatory. Since 1885 he has taken his abode in Kissingen, where he teaches composition and composes. Doubtless Kistler is worthy to be counted as one of the foremost musicians at the present time.

A FLUTE LESSON.

F. A. GEISZLER tells a story which may not be known to many. "Old Fritz," when a young man and Crown Prince of Prussia, was an ardent lover of flute playing. His father, the king, was opposed to this fad, and one time when he surprised Johann Joachim Quantz, the teacher, who could not escape this time, though he had often succeeded before this, the royal master took hold of him with his own hands and clapped him a prisoner in a chimney. The raving despot relented after a time, drew Quantz out of his place of confinement, and told him to quit at once for Dresden, threatening him with imprisonment at Spandau as a vagrant should he ever be found on Prussian territory.

When the young man had ascended the throne he bethought himself of the faithful old master, and called him back with an offer of 2,000 thaler per year. Two thousand thaler! Who had ever heard of such a munificent salary for a flutist! It would be a large amount at the present time, but in those days the purchasing power of a thaler was equal to \$2.50.

Smiling, Papa Quantz declared himself ready to assume the "flauto leçons," also the clause that he was to pay "attention to the quality of the instruments which he had to provide." The old man saw no harm in this clause nor had he any distrust. He soon had to find out what it meant.

His Majesty habitually took refuge with his flute after a severe tussle with his ministers, and keeping strict hours he would generally emerge from a cabinet meeting to take his lessons.

It happened often that in the royal council matters of weighty political importance had to be discussed, creating dissension among the ministers and arousing the ire of the king; he would then play in a distracted, faulty and impatient manner, and this often resulted in a display of rage, which culminated in the hurling of the costly instrument through the air and breaking it to pieces against the wall.

After such outburst the king would leave the apartment, giving Quantz leisure to examine the damage, which was always beyond repair, and a new flute would have to be procured. This was most painful to Quantz, as he already had found out that according to his agreement "to pay attention to the quality of the instrument," he was obliged to pay for the same. As a good arithmetician he was not long in figuring out that at this rate the 2,000 thaler would hardly suffice, and that possibly a demand on his private resources would be necessary, to enable him to keep to his agreement. As can be imagined, such a prospect did not make Quantz happy, nor did he feel any inclination to meet with such a deficit. He knew the king well enough not to trust him to increase his salary, but abided his time to bring the matter to the royal master's attention in some original way. He had not long to wait.

One day the king again appeared at the flute lesson in a bad humor. Nothing would go right, and the more Quantz would coach the worse was the playing, and the destruction of the flute was imminent.

The king's irascibility kept pace with his inefficiency.

"Listen, Quantz," he blurted, "you yourself may be a good musician, but your pupils learn nothing from you. Just listen to this 'Gedudel.' Give up such a pupil, who will never amount to anything."

"Love for the instrument is the principal requirement; if Your Majesty will please blow easy, dividing the breath a little more."

"I can't blow easy at people all day, and there is no time left to divide my breath—away with the truck!"

With a crash, the king's flute broke against the wall—but at the same moment Quantz threw his flute after the other. Both lay in pieces on the floor.

The king was almost petrified with astonishment, and with flaming eyes shouted:

"Are you crazy? Hey!"

"No, Your Majesty, but I also say, 'Away with the truck!'"

"What do you mean by that?"

"That I will not give lessons to anyone who does not love his instrument, were he the King of Prussia!"

"Now I had thought that I was a diligent flute player."

"No, Your Majesty! When one really cares for his instrument then one loves it as one would a child, and give it the attention as to a faithful friend. When, however, a flute has served him for a week and at the end of that it is thrown at a wall, it is not surprising that an instrument will not love the owner if he does not love it. This is my opinion, and now please let me return to Dresden."

Frederic had listened to this attentively. When the old man had finished, he pondered a minute longer and then strode quickly over to Quantz, took his hand and said:

"Quantz, I ought to make you a privy councillor; no one has ever told me so much truth, nor given me such a good lesson in the bargain. Just use your mouth always to such good purpose, the King of Prussia will not break any more flutes."

Old Quantz was now really touched and he kissed his pupil's hand.

After this episode there were no more broken flutes.

ANOTHER SIDE TO THE STORY.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Nice: "An article that appeared in the 'New York Herald' (European edition) of August 27 must have caused wonder to many besides those who have visited Bayreuth this year. That the writer was on his way to Carlsbad with a very bad liver is the only explanation of so groundless and injurious a tirade."

"Fault is first found with Frau Wagner, at whose door are laid the shortcomings of certain of the artists. One must, however take into consideration that the number of first-class German singers is limited, and that foreign artists who are masters of the German language are few. As to Van Dyck's non-appearances there was much room for regret, to be sure, but through the columns of the Bayreuth 'Tagblatt' he made his excuses, and I think for a singer suffering from hoarseness to attack a Wagnerian opera would be next door to madness. Had Van Dyck done so I am sure the New York 'Herald' critic would have certainly had more to write about. Perhaps also he is not aware that of the six performances of 'Lohengrin' Herr Van Dyck appeared in three; and with Mme. Nordica as 'Elsa' your readers may judge whether the opera was likely to come under the category of failures."

"As to 'Parsifal,' Herr Birrenkoven, I repeat, did himself great credit, and had it not been that Van Dyck had previously been announced to sing people would not have been dissatisfied and unkind in their criticism. In the ten representations of this work Frau Sucher appeared as 'Kundry' seven times and Fräulein Malten twice. The last named was by many good judges considered to be scarcely inferior to Sucher. Marie Brema was the only new artiste in this rôle, but her one appearance in it created a very deep impression on all who heard her."

"'Tannhäuser,' I admit, was open to criticism, and it was unfortunate that so many singers new to Bayreuth should have taken part in this work. Fräulein Wiborg, a young Norwegian, had already received the flattering appreciation of Frau Wagner, and, at least in the second act, she rose to the situation and showed herself a true dramatic singer, and in personal appearance quite an ideal 'Elizabeth.' Nor could much fault be found with Herr Grüning, who

has a pleasant voice and knows how to act. The 'Wolfram' of Herr Reichmann is too well known to need criticism."

"I have only to add that the orchestra was under the direction of Herren Levi, Mottl and Strauss, and that many of the performers were musicians of high reputation in their respective countries. The mise en scène at Bayreuth, as we all know, is without a rival in the world, although the Metropolitan Opera House in New York is a good second."

"As to the comforts of Bayreuth, those who applied to the Wohnung Committee were supplied with rooms according to their wishes, rooms without exception scrupulously clean and very comfortable, and with a little planning one could get on well enough in the matter of food. One ought to pardon shortcomings, remembering that 35,000 guests had to be fed, a problem that might well trouble a country village."

"I think a vote of thanks is due to Frau Wagner, who has given the whole of her time to keeping up the old Bayreuth standard, and I have tried to correct the impression made by the article referred to in such a widely read paper as the New York 'Herald' from a sense of justice to her and everybody concerned. I have no personal interest in Bayreuth, or in saying a good word for anyone there, but I love the art and think justice should be given where due."

LETTERS OF FRANZ LISZT.

XV.

PETER CORNELIUS, the gifted composer of "The Barber of Bagdad" and a true poet, was from the first under Liszt's fostering wing. Here is a very interesting letter sent to him by the master bearing date August 23, 1859:

"DEAREST FRIEND—You are quite right in setting store upon the choice and putting together of the three sonatas. The idea is an excellent one, and you may rest assured of my readiness to help in the realization of your intention as well as of my silence until it is quite a settled thing. If Bronsart could decide on going to Vienna his co-operation in that matter would certainly be very desirable. Write about it to him at Dantzig, where he is now staying with his father (Commandant-General of Dantzig). Tausig, who is spending some weeks at Bad Gräfenberg (with her Highness the Princess von Hatzfeld), would also adapt the thing well, and would probably be able to meet your views better than you seem to imagine. As regards Dietrich, I almost fear that he does not possess sufficient brilliancy for Vienna, but this might, under certain circumstances, be an advantage. He plays op. 106 and the Schumann sonata capably—as also the 'Invitation to Hissing and Stamping,' as Gumprecht designates that work of ill odor—my sonata. Dietrich is always to be found in the house of Prince Thurn and Taris at Ratisbon. He will assuredly enter into your project with pleasure and enthusiasm, and the small distance from Ratisbon makes it not too difficult for him. You would only have to arrange it so that the lectures come quickly one after the other."

"Where Sasch Winterberger is hiding I have not heard. Presupposing many things, he might equally serve your purpose. In order to save you time and trouble I will send you by the next opportunity your analysis of my sonata, which you left behind you at the Altenburg."

"Dräseke is coming very shortly through Weimar from Lucerne. I will tell him your wish in confidence. It is very possible that he would like to go to Vienna for a time."

"I have not the slightest doubt as to the success of your lectures in conjunction with the musical performance of the works. I would merely advise you to put into your program works which are universally known, as, for instance, several Bach fugues (from 'Das Wohltemperirte Clavier'), the Ninth Symphony, the grand masses of Beethoven and Bach, which you have so closely studied, &c."

"Well, all this will come about by degrees. First of all a beginning must be made, and this will be quite a brilliant one with the three sonatas. Later on we will muster quartets, symphonies, masses and operas, all in due course."

"Apropos of operas, how are you getting on with the 'Barbier' and the publication of the piano edition? Schubert told me for certain that printing would begin directly they had received the manuscripts. Don't delay too long, dearest friend, and believe me when I once more assure you that the work is as

eminent as the intrigue, to which it momentarily succumbed, was mean spirited.

"Schubert has no doubt told you that I want to make a transcription of the Salamaleikum. But don't forget that another overture is inevitably necessary, in spite of the refined, masterly counterpoint and ornamentation of the first. The principal subject must begin and the Salamaleikum end it. If possible bring in the two motives together a little (at the end).

"In case you should not be disposed to write the thing I will do it for you with pleasure, but first send me the complete piano edition for Schubert. The new opera can then afford to wait a while, like a 'good thing'—only may weariness at it remain long absent! In order that you may not have a fit of it in reading this letter, I will at once name to you the magic name of Rosa.

"In consequence of an insinuating intimation of our mutual patroness, I have still to add the excuses of our good friend Brendel to you. When I have an opportunity I will tell you in person about the prologue disturbances at the Leipzig Tonkünstler Versammlung. Pohl had also supplied one, but the choice was given over to Frau Ritter, and she chose her good Stern, whose prologue was indeed quite successful and made a good effect. But oblige me by not bearing any grudge against Brendel, and let us always highly respect the author of 'Liszt as a Symphonic Writer!'

"A thousand heartfelt greetings from your faithful
"F. LISZT."

The following was written to Mlle. Inga:

"Princess Marie will thank you herself for the sonnet, and at the same time tell you about the musical performances of August 15. Lassen's song, 'Ave Maria,' of which you gave him the poem long ago, was especially successful—

Elfen, die kleinen,
Wollen dich grüssen,
Wollen erscheinen
Zu deinen Plüssen.

(composed by Lassen), and

Wandelnde Blume, athmender Stern,
Duftende Blüthe am Baum des Lebens

(composed by Damrosch), which we had sung together two years ago, rejoiced us anew, and most truly this time."

Ingeborg Stark, the celebrated piano virtuoso, who afterward married Hans von Bronsart, also a pianist and the composer of the seldom played concerto in F sharp minor, was a pupil of Liszt's, and kept up quite an active correspondence with him. The following was written to her by Liszt: "It is very charming and graceful of you, dear Mlle. Inga, to remember October 22 so kindly, and I should have thanked you sooner for your letter, which gave me sincere pleasure, had I not been kept to my bed for nearly a week in consequence of much emotion and fatigue. Through our friend Bronsart I have had some preliminary good tidings of you; you have fulfilled your rôle of charmer in the best possible manner, and Bronsart is full of raptures about you. But all this is ancient history to you, something like a chapter of Rollin on the history of the Medes—after whom come the Persians, the Greeks and the Romans. * * * For the present it is the turn of Russia, which you are in the way of conquering, and I see from here the enchantment of your admirers of St. Petersburg, who are all ears and all eyes around the piano where you are enthroned.

"Will you remember me affectionately to Prince Odoyewski, and give a friendly shake hand from me to Mr. Martynoff. As for our dear Tartar, tell him how much I am attached to him; he will be all the more agreeable persuaded of this if you tell him. Ask him also write to me after your first concert, for I would not risk offending your modesty so far as to beg you to send me an exact account of your undoubted success. But I don't intend on that account to let you stand still as regards letter writing; and you will give me great pleasure if, for example, you will continue your history of the musical prowess of Rubinstein (that you have begun so well).

"You know that I am truly interested in what he is doing, considering that he has all that is wanting to compose good and beautiful things, provided that he does not persist in writing straight off too hurriedly, and guards a little against excess in the very exercise of these grand qualities.

"The 'Ocean' of which Rubinstein has sung might serve as his model in this; he knows how to restrain his waves in their liberty and power—and I hope Rubinstein would not be offended by the comparison!—Let me know then about his artistic actions

and attitudes, of which, I presume, he will have every occasion to be satisfied and proud.

"Our little Weymar has remained, as usual, pretty tame since you left; but in a week's time we shall be celebrating here the centenary of Schiller's birth with all the enthusiasm of which we are susceptible (which is not much).

"On November 9 the music that I have composed for Halm's Festival-play, 'A Hundred Years Ago,' will be given at the theatre, and Jena has just put on its festival program my chorus, 'An die Künstler,' which will terminate the ceremony of the 11th (Friday next).

"In addition you will find in the Schiller number of the Leipzig 'Illustrirte Zeitung,' which will appear on November 12, a festival song, 'Im Volkston,' of my composition. Do not be shocked at the extreme simplicity of this song; it was not the occasion to make a display of musical knowledge, but simply to write forty bars or so which could be quite easily sung and remembered by tutti quanti. In order to do this I had to dress my muse in a blouse, or if you prefer a more German comparison, 'Ich habe der Dame eine bayrische Joppe angezogen!'

"How are you on with your truly 'Samsonic' 'Variations' and with your fugue 'Martha?' Don't make too great a martyr of yourself over it, and reserve for yourself also the better part—that of 'Mary.'

"As I have mentioned this name I will tell you that Princess Marie Hohenlohe will spend her winter in Vienna.

"I, for my part, shall not stir from the Altenberg, where I am reckoning on finishing my 'Elizabeth,' and on living more and more as a recluse—indeed even a little like a bear—but not in the style of those estimable citizens of the woods, whom the impresarii of small pleasures degrade by making them dance in the market places to the sound of their flutes drums! I shall rather choose a model ideal of a bear—be sure of that—and the flutes and drums which might lead me into the slightest future temptation of cutting capers have still to be invented.

"Will you be so good, dear Mademoiselle Inga, as to present my very affectionate respects to Madame, your mother, as well as my best remembrances and compliments to la Sagesse Olivia—and believe me invariably
"Your very devoted,
"F. LISZT."

"WEYMAR, November 22, 1859."

Here is a letter to Anton Rubinstein:

"Certainly, my very honored friend, I shall not leave off taking a very sincere and loyal part in the unfolding of the career that you are pursuing with such prowess, and all that you can tell me of your doings in composition and musical conducting will always find in me a lively interest. Thank you, therefore, for your nice letter, which contains also a promise which I shall be very much pleased to see you fulfil—namely, that of your visit next spring, in company with your opera in four acts—and probably with your 'Song of Songs,' which you do not mention to me, but which I am none the less desirous, on that account, of knowing.

"Have you thought well to give your 'Paradise Lost' at St. Petersburg? I urged you strongly to do so, for it is a capital work, which does you great honor, and the place of which seems fixed in your concerts. And on this subject allow me to compliment you very sincerely upon the idea (all the less frequent as it is just) which has been uppermost in the distribution of the program of these concerts. If it continues to predominate, and if in effect they take it into their heads at St. Petersburg to do justice (as you tell me) 'to all the masters of all schools and of all times' (not excepting our own!), the famous verse: "'Tis from the North that light comes to us to-day," will be justified, and even by music! In France and Germany we are far from this, and classical Pharisaism swells its voice there to make a diversion to Mercantilism, that rich, disgraceful one, who succeeds perfectly well in making the principal papers and their numerous readers dance to the sounds of his harsh flute, while his antagonist (Pharisaism) only ends in 'Improperia' and 'Jeremiads' * * * not composed by Palestrina. Your choice of the introduction to the second act of the 'Fliegender Holländer' seems to me an excellent one, and I shall get the score (of this scene) copied for you, as it is very difficult to get a complete score of the opera, and as I only possess the autograph, with which it would be a matter of conscience to me to part. In about a fortnight I will send you what you want for your program. Princess Marie Hohenlohe is at the present

time at St. Petersburg, and will be much delighted to see you again. Her husband does a good deal in the way of music, and plays several "Lieder ohne Worte" of his own composition very nicely. He and his wife will assuredly have pleasure in being amongst the first to applaud at the time of the performance of your opera in Vienna.

"Au revoir then, my dear Rubinstein, in the spring—and ever yours in sincere esteem and affection,
"F. LISZT."

"WEYMAR, December 3, 1859.

"P. S.—When you see Mademoiselle Ingeborg Stark please give her my very affectionate remembrances. If her journey from Paris should bring her back by Weymar she would be sure to find me there; for in spite of what the papers say, which, among other fancies, have taken it into their heads to make me travel hither and thither, I shall not stir from here for several months, but continue to work my best—if only to prove to the "kindly critic" and the idlers that it is very much to be regretted that I should have taken into my head to turn composer. This recalls the proverb, 'On devient cuisinier mais on nait rôti-seur.'"

(To be continued.)

RACONTEUR

A MUSIC CRITIC'S PLAY.

IT was unhappy Emile Hennequin who once wrote, "What is to be done, then, in this world where everything is beneath our expectations? What is to be done, O my mind, with these diminished realities, reduced and dim images of our thoughts, sticks of which we have made thyrses, banjos of which we have made citherns, aquarelles that we have anilined, dreams opiated by us. In truth, incapable of lowering itself, incapable also of raising things, let my spirit continue to suffer the shrill dissonance, to see the repugnant contrast, to feel the disproportion, till the inferior has won and till the earth has back to its bosom what scorned it for having too much loved it."

The poor, sensitive, suffering French prose poet is an admirable example of the idealist whose dream of a world is shattered by unwelcome realities. The poetical pessimist is of all men the most to be con-doled. He has not the stern stuff in him which meets crabbed Dame Fortune with a brave word and answers buffet with a rebuff. He is even denied the solace of humor, the happy faculty of laughing at this huge cosmical conundrum the gods have propounded to us since creation. He cannot like Heinrich Heine smile divinely through tears, but his soul, like one of those tender large-eyed fawns, shivers if the winds do blow upon them. Is not such to be pitied?

But your robust pessimist, your cynic, your combination of a man of the world and poet can always carve his name on the forefront of his times, even if he does it with a jackknife. And if he be Irish he is well nigh irresistible. This is George Bernard Shaw, the music critic of the London "World," a pamphleteer, a dealer in fiery polemics, a vegetarian, a prominent member of the Fabian Society, and a vigorous defender of its socialistic doctrines, a wearer of Jaeger flannels, a total abstainer, in a word, an intellectual, red, "Extrême Gauche," as they call them in Paris, and a rattling good fellow to boot.

Mr. Shaw wrote some books, and some time ago had a tilt in the "Fortnightly Review" with W. H. Mallock, the author of "Is Life Worth Living." Mr. Shaw also said some saucy things about the Bayreuth performances last summer, and intimated to Capellmeister Levi that his orchestra was not impeccable, and that the Germans could not sing, both propositions being incontrovertible. In a word, Mr. Shaw is a devil of a fellow. He has also written some plays.

One of his plays, "Arms and the Man," was produced last week by Mr. Richard Mansfield and his company at the newly opened Herald Square Theatre. It is a satirical comedy in three acts and the scene is laid in Bulgaria. Like his distinguished countryman, Dean Swift, Mr. Shaw selected a far off and little known country as a field for his brilliant ironic exploits and also with a Mephistophelian humor, as a

country which has been unjustly saddled with some pet aristocratic British vices. Of local color there is but little; the scene with a few trifling alterations might be laid in Italy. His characters, while vital and thoroughly self-conscious, are types rather than elaborately painted figures. They are living masks back of which Mr. Shaw's subtle thunder peals and rumbles, and about them laughter—Rabelaisian, Swift-like, consuming laughter hovers. Mr. Shaw laughs the universe to scorn and pointing to the gods on Walhalla cries, "You dare not leave your pedestals, you, too, are stucco shams! It is all very sad, but also very funny."

Mr. Shaw's intellectual attitude is that of a doubter. Not that his cynicism is worm-eaten, that he is morose, saturnine, no, no, a thousand times no! He, like the true pessimist, not the cheap variety of the boulevard, is a firm believer in humanity, has an abiding faith in it, but he hates conventions. He hates the lie polite, but despises more the lie sacerdotal; he knows that a truth can outlive its usefulness, and would relegate it to the limbo of the ineffactual. He esteems womanhood as highly as manhood, but views the womanly woman of the play, novel and real life with suspicion. She hampers her more advanced sister by her collar button ideals and cheap, nauseating wifely submission to her lord and master. In her heart of hearts she knows that she is quite as fine an article of creation as the masculine humbug society has decreed as her superior; but the bugaboo of "womanliness" and worldly respect she fears, and so crooks the mental hinges of her feeble brain before Mrs. Grundy.

For the pseudo-idealists, the preachers of roses and raptures, Mr. Shaw bears an especial hatred. To him there is far more hope of the arrant Philistine being redeemed than the man who plugs up his senses with the cotton of commonplace prejudice. In a word Bernard Shaw believes in the new, the now, and rebels against the hampering notions bequeathed to us by the dead. He would have us throw off these mental cerements; he would have us see life for ourselves with a fine, free, large and unimpeded vision. He savors of Walt Whitman and is an ardent follower of Henrik Ibsen. Add to this "quintessence of Ibsenism" a savor of Celtic wit and frolicsome humor, and perhaps you may have a key to the make-up of G. Bernard Shaw, and then again you may not. One thing is certain, he is an arch-terrorist to humbugs. Now to his play, which is an exposition of dearly beloved humbugs.

Of arms and the man Mr. Shaw most happily sings, not in Virgilian accents, but in scorching prose. "Raina Petkoff" is one of those young women made not born. She has lived on heroics and caramels all her life and has succeeded in almost deceiving herself. Her father is a mellow old humbug who knows as much about warfare as do most generals. That is he believes in books of military tactics, and if he ever won a battle it was by a fluke. Engaged to "Raina" is the hero of the play, that is, a G. Bernard Shaw hero. He is "Major Sergius Saranoff." He is handsome and if he were not a trifle self-analytical would be the happiest man alive. But he has got the metaphysical bee in his bonnet and argues with himself on his various soul-states. His multiple personality bothers him. It prevents stolen kisses from being as really sweet as we all know they are. (No humbuggery, dear reader, if you please.) He thinks that he is brave, yet Hamlet-like knows of a cowardly segment in his nature. He is a man who is able to say to himself, "Thou brave, lying, handsome, wonderful jackass, I think that I don't know thee."

This fellow of fine parts leads a charge at the battle of Slivnitsa and wins a victory over the Servians. His sweetheart is mad about him. We find her in her bedroom the night after the battle apostrophizing her hero's photograph. "My Sergius, my idol, my brave love!" Her mother and the household have retired. The house must be kept carefully closed, for down in the streets are fugitive Servians and the muck of a disintegrated army. "Raina" promises to obey orders, and after some mute but eloquent pantomime she sniffs the candles and throws herself luxuriously on a lounge, dreams of glory with chocolate drops in her mouth. Then enter one in the Servian uniform. It is a Swiss, who fights as a profession and who has climbed up the waterspout. He is clean gone with fatigue and has not slept for many hours. But he threatens the alarmed girl with a

pistol, an empty one, and she lights the candles. Then ensues the drollest dialogue imaginable. Up to this time you have been holding your breath, but Mr. Shaw strikes the keynote of the play and its music becomes suddenly luminous with laughter and many meanings.

I shall not give you the story, it were a shame to rob you of an exquisite pleasure, but it suffices to say that the warrior and modern warfare are most heartily castigated. "Raina" hears from the Swiss that it is only the very young men who fight and rant and roar. The elder ones look after the provender. Her cheek burns as he wearily tells of the operatic tenor on horseback who won the victory simply because the Servians had misfit cartridges and because the whole cavalry brigade of the Bulgarians had unmanageable horses, which literally ran away with them into the enemies' lines. Thus was won a memorable victory. "Raina" storms, but facts are too stubborn. Then her sentimentalism violently switches in the direction of the Swiss. He is a fugitive, a hunted man. He will be killed. She will be his saviour. But the Swiss is very sleepy, and while he values his life, yet death too has its advantages. It would be a huge eternal nap, and he says so. But the young women is not to be stripped of her enthusiasms and so she saves her sleepy soldier who has eaten of her chocolates and falls on her bed the moment she leaves the room. It is delightful.

In act second we get the father, "General Paul Petkoff," a noisy blunderer, who hates electric bells, bathing and other modern inventions. Mr. Shaw pokes sly fun at the English over the Bulgarians' heads. We all know the true Briton with his "just had me tub, me boy, ah! Great thing the daily tub," thus informing you, an outlandish foreigner, that he washes himself all over, and that he suspects you of an aversion to water. This national vice is neatly mocked at with inverted humor by Mr. Shaw, who evidently has suffered from the human-laundry nuisance. "General Petkoff" hates soap and water and believes it is unhealthy. His wife is progressive and has a library, the only one in the town. Indeed the "Petkoffs" put on airs and have betrothed their daughter to "Major Saranoff" because he has money. Petty, provincial as are these types, they afford the playwright many opportunities for sarcasm and wit.

Then comes on the scene a rather enigmatic character, "Louka," a handsome gypsy-like maid of "Raina." She does not seem a humbug but rather a scheming ambitious girl who knows the family for what it is worth, and while outwardly pretending submission rages inwardly against it. She is engaged to an old servant, "Nicola," who is, as she says, a servant at heart. She is touched with the modern infection of equality, fraternity she evidently despises as a weakness. She is the antithesis of the old stage domestic. She is unscrupulous, and being magnetic and strong of will she tricks "Major Saranoff" to the top of her bent, and finally traps him into marriage. Through her Mr. Shaw spouts his socialistic doctrines, but she is unlovable, even if she is not a humbug, and a bad lot altogether. She is what some may call "an Ibsenite soubrette," and is a descendant of Oswald's half sister in "Ghosts." She is a fascinating study.

But why say more? "Arms and the Man" is a charming, clever study—allusive, subtle, full of glancing and mocking sidelights and unpleasant gibing remarks. Shaw is a terrible fellow. A sort of a Celtic Carlyle who calls us hard names and is always on the offensive. He is an artist, however, and has considerable feeling, despite his cynicisms for form. He has the dramatic sense, and will turn out some strong plays by-and-by. The stage itself he raps over the knuckles for its banality, its slavish adherence to weatherworn types and fear of the dramatic rule of three. It is therefore not necessary to predicate for "Arms and the Man," but scant popularity. And yet it is a good acting comedy, even shorn of its philosophy. The third act is quite improbable, but amusing. It is better to be a militant pessimist like Shaw than a Hennequin, whose very fineness of intellectual fibre is his eventual destruction.

The presentation of this play, for which we are indebted to Mr. Mansfield, was most finished and ar-

tistic. Beatrice Cameron, the "Raina," was all the part demanded. Her exclamation in the last act, "Why, how did you find me out?" was exquisitely humorous. She was a most convincing truth-falsifier, and looked a gay, spoiled girl to perfection. Mr. Mansfield, as "Captain Bluntschli," has added to his portrait gallery another of those life-like characters, finely differentiated from all that he has done before. The Swiss captain penetrates with ease the veil of humbugger, which is hung banner-like on the outer walls of the Petkoff family. But at the end he falls in love, and is, according to Shaw, but another victim to the greatest illusion of this earth, the sexual impulse. Shaw is a disciple of Schopenhauer in this. With all his blasé airs you grow fond of this son of a Swiss hotel keeper. Amy Busby did "Louka" very well indeed. Her petulance, her fire, her greed were all well pictured. She looked startlingly picturesque in the rôle. Messrs. M. Pitt, Henry Jewett and Walden Ramsay, with Mrs. McKee Rankin, made up a strong ensemble. And now wouldn't it be funny after all my critical fine airs and talk about "caviare to the general," if "Arms and the Man" should win a great popular approval! I would be sincerely glad, since it would speak volumes for the national delicacy of taste and critical acumen. Let us hope so at least, and thank once more Mr. Mansfield for his judgment in selecting such a play and his fine art.

I should recommend "Arms and the Man" to those who are suffering from an overdose of Rudyard Kipling's rude heroics and "Tommy Atkins" worship. It will be a very efficient antidote.

A picture of Shaw lies before me as I write. You will find it in this issue somewhere. A marked face, broad browed, bearded, but the beard cannot conceal the strong, locked jaws and the rather sardonic expression of the mouth. The eyes, the color of which I know not, are rather deep set and almost melancholy if they were not so intense. The cheeks are sunken—a student's face, the hair worn so as to give the appearance of tiny horns. Rather a Mephistophelian countenance, but a kindly man withal, I hear, a man who works among the poor and is knee-deep with William Morris and his socialistic projects. I have a short letter from Shaw, the tone and writing of which show him to be rather a testy fellow. I suppose he is. He ought to be, with all his brains.

THE STRAUSS WREATH.

WE present elsewhere in this issue a reproduction of the silver wreath to be presented to Johann Strauss on the fiftieth anniversary of his conductorship, October 15, by his American admirers.

BEWARE OF FRAUD.

THE visit paid by our Mr. Blumenberg to Europe this year has disclosed to him the fact that a regular traffic exists in the production of fraudulent and illegitimate musical instruments supposed to be old and prepared especially for American collectors, who become the victims of systematized robbery and fraud.

Clavichords, harpsichords, spinets, violins, cellos and curious instruments in imitation of mediæval types are manufactured or doctored to give them the appearance of old specimens, and they are placed in the track of American buyers, who are apparently misled chiefly because of their confidence in the parties engaged in this line of business in Europe and their agents in the United States.

It is therefore our duty to advise all persons who propose to spend any money on such objects to investigate the party or parties offering them for sale. Europe has been scoured of nearly all perfect specimens and the pedigree of nearly every legitimate instrument is known. If this cannot be produced together with the instrument no one should be tempted to purchase, for it is almost certain that a "fake" or fraud is about to be foisted upon him, especially if he is an American—for the stuff is made particularly with an eye upon the American market.

Ellen Beach Yaw—The phenomenal soprano, Miss Yaw, has been engaged by the Philharmonic Club of Washington, D. C., for October 18. The club is to be congratulated upon securing Miss Yaw so early in the season as nearly all her early engagements have been secured by enterprising Western societies, in consequence of which it will be late in the season before she will appear in the East.



EUROPEAN HEADQUARTERS OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
BERLIN, W. LINKSTRASSE 17, September 11, 1894.

BACK in Berlin, but there is nothing going on here musically as yet except the Opera. The Royal Opera House opened promptly two months after its close for summer vacation, and has been running now for over a fortnight, in fact since August 26. Nothing new, however, has transpired there, the repertory so far having been the old and accustomed one and no new forces have been placed before the public. On the opening night "Lohengrin" was given, one might almost say, "of course." Then Smetana's "Bartered Betrothed," "Pagliacci," "Tannhäuser," "Carmen," "Magic Flute," "Tristan und Isolde," "Freischütz," "Mignon;" again "Bartered Bride" and "Lohengrin," after which "Medici" and then "Cavalleria" together with Brüll's "Golden Cross" were given, and for this week the entire cycle of the "Nibelungenring" is announced on alternate nights. You see if there is nothing absolutely new so far, at least there is plenty of variety and by no means an unattractive repertory.

Concerts—none have been given so far, and there won't be any until next month. The first one of importance that will take place is one at the Opera House, at which the Emperor's composition, "Song to Aegir," about which I wrote in one of my former letters, will for the first time be publicly presented. Becker's setting for chorus and orchestra will be used on that occasion.

The subscription list for the Royal Orchestra series of ten concerts, under Felix Weingartner's direction, is said to be so completely filled up that in order to accommodate all those who want to listen to these interesting concerts a public rehearsal will be given for each one of these entertainments on the afternoon of the very day of the concert.

Manager Hermann Wolff is out with a complete list of ten programs for the series of Philharmonic concerts to be conducted by Richard Strauss, of Munich. I herewith reproduce the scheme, as it will no doubt be interesting to the American conductors and program makers, especially as at least one novelty figures on each of the ten programs. Here goes:

I. CONCERT—OCTOBER 15.

"Faust" overture.....Wagner
Violin concerto.....Brahms
* "Vorspiel Hänsel-Gretchen".....Humperdink
Mephisto waltzes.....Liszt
VII. Sinfonie, A major.....Beethoven
Soloist, viol, Professor Heermann.

II. CONCERT—OCTOBER 29.

"King Lear" overture.....Berlioz
Piano concerto in D minor.....Rubinstein
* F minor fantasia.....Schubert
Orchestrated by F. Mottl.
** "Perpetuum Mobile".....Joh. Strauss
Sinfonie, E flat.....Haydn
Soloist, H. Bloomfield-Zeiser.

III. CONCERT—NOVEMBER 12.

"Ideale," symphonic poem, concerto for viol.....Liszt
* Sinfonie, A major, solo numbers.....Widor
* "Leonore II," overture.....Beethoven
Soloist, Sarasate (viol.)

IV. CONCERT—NOVEMBER 26.

Vorspiel, "Tristan".....Wagner
* Piano concerto.....Stenhammar
* Vorspiel, "Ingweide".....M. Schillings
* Olaf's Hochzeitstreiben.....A. Ritter
Sinfonie, B flat.....Schumann
Soloist, W. Stenhammar.

V. CONCERT—DECEMBER 10.

* "La mer".....P. Gilson
Arie.....Mozart
* Siegfried Idyll.....Wagner
I. Arie symphony.....Beethoven
Soloist, Frau Nicklas Kempner.

VI. CONCERT—JANUARY 14, 1895.

Vorspiel "Meistersinger".....Wagner
Violin concerto.....Tschalkowsky
* Suite, op. 55.....Brahms
Symphony, F major.....Brahms
Soloist, Emile Sauret (viol.)

VII. CONCERT—JANUARY 28.

* "Carneval" overture.....Dvorák
Piano concerto, C minor.....Saint-Saëns
** "Mazepa".....Liszt
Symphony, G minor.....Mozart
Soloist, Jos. Chas. Hofmann.

VIII. CONCERT—FEBRUARY 18.

Overture, "Coriolan".....Beethoven
** Violoncello concerto.....Haydn
* Vorspiel, "Rubin".....E. d'Albert
** Sinfonie fantastique.....Berlioz
Soloist, Hugo Becker (cello).

IX. CONCERT—MARCH 4.

"Oberon" overture, piano concerto.....Weber
* "Tabor," poem.....Smetana
"Lenore" symphony.....Raff
Soloist, Mor. Rosenthal.

X. CONCERT—MARCH 18.

Overture, "Hebriden".....Mendelssohn
* Fragments from "Guntram".....Rich. Strauss
Ninth Symphony.....Beethoven
Philharmonic Chorus.

The numbers prefixed with one * are absolute novelties for Berlin; those prefixed with ** have never before been heard at these Philharmonic concerts. You see that while the Royal concerts have the advantage of a better, nay, almost a matchless orchestra, the series of Philharmonic concerts offers both novelties and soloists which ought to make them sufficiently attractive. At the Royal Orchestra's concerts the only soloist so far announced is the new concert master, Professor Halir, who will perform the Beethoven violin concerto at the first concert. Halir, who came here from Weimar, has taken the late lamented De Ahna's place at the first desk in the Opera House, where his presence is vastly appreciated. Pupils are also flocking to him, and Weimar's loss therefore is Berlin's gain. What with the retirement of Lassen and the exodus of both Richard Strauss and Professor Halir, for neither of whom an adequate remplaçant has as yet been found, Weimar has of late lost so considerably in musical importance that THE MUSICAL COURIER finds it unnecessary to have a special correspondent there, and with its usual foresight has called its able representative there, Mr. Arthur Abell, to Berlin, where next season some 700 to 800 concerts are to be given and where his valuable services as collaborator with the writer will be in considerable demand.

The first piece of news of importance that greeted me in Berlin was a sad one, the death of Helmholtz. Of course you will know all about it by cable long before these lines can reach you. The great scientist's death is lamented by all educated people the world over, but it is a question whether any other art or science or philosophy is a heavier loser than is the science of music by the demise of the greatest acoustician the world has so far known. His work in this direction was as much that of a pathfinder as in physiologic optics, of which science he was the absolute inventor. With his subtle inquiries into formation of tone, tone-color, combination of sounds, &c., science and music were vested with competent theories. His masterwork, "Lehre von den Tonempfindungen," which appeared in 1862, contains his experiments in connection with and at the same time the scientific explanation for the theory of music. His was a glorious and most logically thinking brain.

If the musical season here promises to become very crowded, there are no signs as yet of great novelties or stirring events. One novelty however will be—Patti! "Chestnuts!" I hear you exclaim almost audibly. Well, please don't say it in this instance, for Patti, who has not appeared in Berlin for several years, will not come before the public of the capital of Germany as a farewell-taker, but as a—Wagner singer! I have it from the greatest authority, Manager Wolff, that *la diva* will show us what she can do with Wagner, at least in concert. She will sing the "Dich theure Halle" aria from "Tannhäuser," the entrance scene of "Elsa" and Wagner's song, "Dreams." Well, I am curious this time.

Leo Bleck sends me the piano score of his new two act opera, "Cherubina," book by D. Kunhardt, and just published by Léon Naus, the enterprising young Aix-la-Chapelle music publisher. There are many beauties of invention and not a little musical skill displayed in this score; above all, however, the music throbs with dramatic life and impulse. Story and music are in the opening pages very slightly suggestive of "Meistersinger."

I am glad to notice that Miss Marie Louise Bailey, the young American concert pianist, is meeting with that high success in the United States which I predicted she would achieve when I heard her here about a year and a half ago.

Quite a number of American visitors have called on me these last days. My particular friends W. Edward Heimendahl, of Baltimore; Carl Wolfsohn, of Chicago; Louis Michaels, of New York, and Otto Sutro, of Baltimore, I am sorry I missed through my absence from town. W. Victor Harris, of New York, also sailed before I reached Berlin, and Franz Rimmertz called on my governor at Aix-la-Chapelle. So did Scholomann, he of the "heavenly length" and of Union square. I was luckier in the case of Miss Sophie Fernow, the pianist. Mrs. John McB. Davidson and

her charming daughter Miss Beatrice M. Davidson, of New York. Miss M. Edith Walker, now living at Dresden, and a pupil of Orgeni, informed me of her prospective appearance here at the Royal Opera House in the part of "Fides" in "The Prophet." Louis Ehrke who has studied the violin with Schiller, of Newark, N. J., is going to finish here with Halir. Miss Irene Pevny, the handsome soprano; D. Wight Neumann, the Chicago manager; Otis B. Boise, the composer-teacher; Howard Brockway, the young composer; Arthur M. Abell, violinist and musical littérateur; Mrs. R. A. Baker, of Grand Rapids, Mich., and her daughter, Miss Helen M. Baker, also called. The latter young lady, who has been studying piano and composition at Stuttgart, has come to Berlin to continue her studies. Of non-American visitors I must mention Prof. Julius Hay, the great vocal pedagogue, and Miss Lucie Freisinger, of Vienna, the talented and stylish looking young actress who brought me a few lines of introduction from no less an authority than Paul Lindau. The young lady, who, by the way, is a sister of Mr. Stanton's former private secretary, is engaged for the Irving Place German Theatre by Mr. Conried, and her successes in Europe, as well as Lindau's most enthusiastic lines, permit me to predict for her a brilliant season in New York.

Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeiser and Mr. Zeisler arrived safely in Hamburg on the Normannia two days ago. The pianist went immediately to Baden-Baden, where she will spend four weeks before starting on her artistic campaign.

Yes, Miss M., I was reduced several lbs. and a considerably greater number of £'s at Marienbad, and am now feeling well. Thanks for kind inquiry. O. F.

The Metropolitan College of Music, of New York.

IN looking over the last annual catalogue of the above institution we notice the prominence given to the higher grades of work, both in theory and in the technic of musical performance. The careful gradations of work which lead up to certificates in each department, and, in the regular full course of study, to the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor of Music, are among the hopeful features in our American development of music, which lead us to expect that the profession of an educator in music may be eventually fixed for us upon something more stable and reliable than one's own estimate or the popular estimate of his prowess as a performer. When we can feel sure that certain fixed standards have been set up in this, as in other lines of education, we may rest easier as to our development as a musical people. Such standards, not hampering genius, but stimulating it to wisest and most economical expenditure of effort, are necessary to successful progress.

It has always been the curse of conservatories, as Rubinstein asserted at the close of his St. Petersburg directorship, that they choke individuality, exalting the system above that sacred personality, the student, for whose training and assistance all educational system is devised. This misfortune and consequent reproach have fallen more heavily upon conservatories than upon educational institutions of literature or science, and the reason seems to be that the class system of work so helpful in other training and instructing has been pushed a point too far in utilizing it for the greater part of musical training.

The trustees and faculty of the Metropolitan College, while recognizing the necessity of those standards which no individual, but only an institution, can go far toward establishing, seem in great measure to have avoided the danger of repressed individuality by throwing the major part of the college work into the form of private lessons, reserving the classes, of which their catalogue shows a large number, for the supplementary work of formulating material already gained from the lessons for general information in musical matters, and for the valuable experience of performance before fellow students. Accordingly we find the regular course of study leading to graduation includes private lessons in one or two lines of musical performance, as desired, and besides that the succession of class work, which takes the student from the beginning of harmony to the advanced technic of composition. Among the classes may be mentioned Mr. Dudley Buck's class for the careful analysis and performance of oratorios, both in their solo and concerted numbers; also the normal class in voice training for the preparation of those intending to teach.

Anthony Stankowitch.—Mr. Anthony Stankowitch, the piano virtuoso, has placed himself under Henry Wolfsohn's management, and will frequently be heard in concert this winter. Mr. Stankowitch is a thorough musician, and as a pianist takes high rank. He is a graduate of the Leipsic Conservatory, and is a pupil of Duchs, and in theory of the composer, Anton Bruckner, and by his technical ability, as well as his musicianly readings, will make for himself an enviable position.



BRITISH OFFICE OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
15 ARGYLL STREET, LONDON, W., September 12, 1894.

"THE Queen of Brilliants," the new comic opera, an adaptation by Mr. Brandon Thomas, of Theodore Taube and Isidore Fuch's "Brillanten Königen," with music by Mr. Edward Jakobowski, was brought out at the Lyceum Theatre on Saturday night, with Miss Lillian Russell in the leading part. The former libretto only served as the groundwork of the present one, and it would undoubtedly be greatly improved if Mr. Thomas were to make some judicious cuts and add some humorous dialogue. Again, the point of the story is not reached until late in the second act, and the lyrics leading up to it do not in any way enlighten the audience as to who and what the principal figure, represented by Miss Lillian Russell, really is. We first see her as a fisher maiden, called "Betta," and we learn that she is in love with "Florian Bauer," a poor young architect, who, although fond of her, prefers to be adopted by the "Count of Caprimonte," a lineal descendant of Diocletian. This unscrupulous man seems to have the privilege of conferring his name and title upon as many young men as he can induce to pay him a round sum for the honor.

In Vienna a certain "Mme. Engelstein," who keeps a matrimonial bureau, has arranged to pay for young "Bauer" becoming a count, on condition that he shall marry her daughter "Emma." To make her bureau attractive Madame Engelstein engages the services of a traveling tinker and his wife to pose as examples of matrimonial felicity. Instead, however, they quarrel all the time over money matters and each other's shortcomings, greatly to the delight of the audience. This agency, it seems, was the central theme of the original libretto. "Della Fontana" is desirous of organizing a circus troupe, and by aiding "Madame Engelstein" he is enabled to gain enough money to realize his wishes. He names his company "The Brilliants," and is seeking for a queen, but does not recognize one in "Betta," and aids "Madame Engelstein" in putting her in a convent to leave the way clear for the marriage of "Florian" and "Emma." She escapes, however, and singing to "Della Fontana" is immediately engaged by him as "Queen of Brilliants." She still keeps track of her young lover, and having made enough money to retire, she buys some land and erects a castle upon it, appointing young "Florian" as architect, then marrying him.

The story is worked out with a mass of detail that overweighs it. The music is quite unpretentious, and pretty melodies abound, many of which, however, we seem to have heard before. Mr. Jakobowski has used largely the waltz, polka and other dance rhythms, and while his orchestration is in some parts rather thin, as a whole the music is pleasing, though not sufficiently strong to carry the libretto as it now stands. The stage setting and costumes, which cost upward of £5,000, will be a powerful drawing card, and Mr. Charles Harris is to be congratulated upon providing a fine series of stage pictures, the "Temple of Hymen" being particularly good. I understand that after a six weeks run the opera is to be transferred to New York. To be a lasting success in London it would have to be largely rewritten, as such excellent comedians as Arthur Williams, John Le Hay, Avon Saxon and Mr. Denny are unable to make much of their parts. Miss Annie Meyers was a bright, vivacious tinker's wife, Madame Amadi was excellent as the matrimonial agent, while Miss Lillian Russell was well received, and was fully entitled to the several imperative encores.

The Misses Eissler, violinist and harpist, had the honor of playing the following selections before the Queen and Royal Family at Balmoral on the 4th inst. Ballade (Hasselmann's), "Träumerei" (Schumann), "Wiegenlied" (Pohl), Hymne à St. Cécile (Gounod) and a prelude by Mendelssohn.

Dr. J. F. Bridge has accepted the Queen Victoria lectureship at Trinity College, London, and will commence his duties in this connection on October 1.

I see from a contemporary that Mr. F. H. Cowen has accepted a commission to compose a half-program work for principals, chorus and orchestra for the Gloucester Triennial Festival next year.

I understand that Signor Manuel Garcia, the doyen of singing professors, has just completed a new work on voice production and the æsthetics in singing, that will be published by Messrs. Ascherberg next month. The result of

this eminent professor's experiences, extending over nearly seventy years of practical work, and association with all the greatest and most successful vocalists during this period, will be sought after by all who are interested in the vocal art, and will be a valuable addition to the really small collection of practical works on the subject.

Miss Margaret Macintyre will be in England the last of the month, and will go direct to Italy, where she is under contract to sing until next spring in opera, visiting the principal cities of the country. Arrangements are now being completed for her to visit America in October, 1895, remaining there until June, 1896.

The new concert room in Messrs. Haddock's College of Music, at Leeds, which for comfort and decoration will make it eligible for all kinds of public gatherings, has been named the Alexandra Hall by special permission of the Princess of Wales, after photographs of the hall had been shown to Her Royal Highness. It will be remembered that this College of Music was opened by Sir Joseph Barnby last spring, and being situated in the centre of this district, which is one of the most intensely musical parts of England, is bound to thrive. The veteran Mr. George Haddock, who has probably the finest violin collection in the world, and his two sons, Mr. Edgar Haddock, the violinist, and Mr. George Percy Haddock, professor of the piano and harmony, are the leading members of the staff, which also embraces many prominent men from London.

The London Military Band closed this week their most successful season at Kroll's Establishment, Berlin. They intend making a short tour, playing at Halle, Magdeburg, Leipzig, Brunswick and Hanover, returning home about the 20th of the month. This band of twenty-four performers has received a salary of about 30 guineas per performance, and incidentally the conductor learned that the German bands of seventy members received £7 for an evening's performance, including the salary of the conductor. The experiences of Mr. Warwick Williams on this German tour, which are unique, will be given in these columns in due course.

"A Gaiety Girl," after 328 consecutive performances at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, was transferred to Daly's on Monday evening. Messrs. Owen, Hall and Sidney Jones' popular musical comedy, which has perhaps drawn more money than anything of its kind ever put on the London stage, again created such a demand for seats that the room available was not adequate. One reason perhaps for this was that the management gave everyone in the house a panel containing cabinet photographs of each of the members of the cast. The only drawback to the complete enjoyment of the evening was the announcement, accompanied by a medical certificate that Miss Letty Lind, who was to have taken the title rôle, was unable to appear on account of illness, and therefore the new songs and dances would be postponed. Her part, however, was very successfully taken on the old lines by Miss Marie Studholme. Among the new members of the troupe, all of whom were very successful, were Mr. George Grossmith, Jr., Mr. Rutland Barrington, Mr. Farren Soutar, and Miss Nina Martino. Altogether the performance was a remarkably good one, and at the close Mr. George Edwards and all the members of the company were twice called before the curtain.

Mr. Watkins Mills tells me that he expects to sail for America somewhere about the middle of November. He has just been engaged for "The Elijah" on the 30th inst. at the Cheltenham Musical Festival. He is looking forward to his second tour across the Atlantic with a great deal of pleasurable anticipation.

Lord Dysart has written a letter to the "Times" setting forth what he considers an excellent scheme for erecting a theatre at Richmond, which would be a rival of Bayreuth, where the Wagner operas could be given in an exemplary manner. Lord Dysart being a man of great influence and president of the Wagnerian Society will do all in his power to make this proposal an accomplished fact.

Mlle. Rosa Olitzka.

Mlle. Rosa Olitzka, the Polish contralto, who sang very much here last season both at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, was born in Wilna Warschau, Poland, in 1872. Her parents early took her to Berlin, where she studied first with Mme. Artot and afterward with Julius Hay, the friend of Richard Wagner. Her parents objected to her becoming a professional musician, but she was strongly advised to do so by her teachers, and made her first appearance in concert in Berlin in 1891, before the Philharmonic Society. Her immediate success led to other concerts and secured her engagements for the Wagner oratorium, the Academy and the Frankfurt-on-the-Maine concerts. Soon after she made her operatic début at the Stadt Theatre at Brünn, in "Fides" in "Le Prophète," where among other things she sang the part of "Ortrud" in "Lohengrin." Her success here secured for her the post of principal contralto at the Stadt Theatre, Hamburg. She came to London in May, 1893, and gave two concerts at Princes' Hall, where she was associated with Mr. Whitehouse and M. Sauret.

Sir Augustus Harris heard her and offered her a long engagement at the opera, which was accepted, and her début at Covent Garden was made the following month as "Erda" in "Siegfried."

In the autumn season in Sir Augustus Harris' provin-

cial tour she sang the rôles of "Ortrud," "Azuna" and "Orfeo," and last spring she sang the parts of "Carmen," "Gypsy Queen" in "The Bohemian Girl," "Ortrud" and "Amneris" in "Aida." She also took an important part in the work at Covent Garden and Drury Lane in the Grand season this year, and is again the principal contralto in the provincial company now playing for a season of six weeks in the principal cities of Great Britain. I saw a press notice in the Newcastle "Chronicle" speaking very highly of her impersonation of the part of "Urbano" in "Les Huguenots." Mlle. Olitzka's voice is a rich contralto, and she sings with great expression and warmth, so characteristic of her compatriots. Her success is the best proof of her musical talent and beautiful voice.

Mr. Richard Green.

A rising young baritone that England has cause to be proud of is Mr. Richard Green, who is a thorough Englishman, and was born of English parents in London. The first that he remembers about music was hearing Mr. Courtice Pounds and his sister, who was a fine mezzo-soprano, sing duets and solos. He early commenced to study the piano and organ, and for two years was under Mr. Edward Holland, of the Royal Academy of Music, for voice-production. After this thorough foundation he pursued his studies with Signor Moretti in Italy. On his return to London Mr. D'Oyly Carte engaged him for the part of "Prince John" in "Ivanhoe." After two months he alternated the part of the Templar with Mr. Oudin, and when this opera was taken off he took the part of the Duke in "La Basoche." He played in the revival of "The Vicar of Bray," at the Savoy, and created the part of "Sir George Vernon," in "Haddon Hall," which ran for 204 nights.

At this juncture Sir Augustus Harris heard him, and immediately made a three years' engagement with him. His first appearance at the Covent Garden was on the occasion of the first production of "I Pagliacci," when he created the part of "Silvio." His success at Covent Garden was followed by his taking several parts during the autumn provincial tour, when he played "Valentine," "Comte de Nevis," "Alfro" and others. His thorough preparation in Italy enabled him to do this without any necessity for rehearsals. Mr. Green has been to Italy a second time and prepared several other rôles, among them the "Toreador" in "Carmen," which he has sung with considerable success. He has not sung very much in concerts, his operatic engagements precluding this. Among the oratorios he has taken part in are "The Prodigal Son" and "The Ancient Mariner," and he has been among the singers at the operatic concerts at St. James' Hall. I quote from the Newcastle "Chronicle" regarding his singing of the "Comte de Nevis" in "Les Huguenots": "Mr. Richard Green, who has a delicious baritone voice and self-restrained method of singing and acting, is surely destined to a brilliant career, and he certainly is a credit to the British nation. In point of beauty of voice and style of singing he can hold his own with the veterans of the lyric stage."

Mr. Joseph O'Mara.

Another of the rising young artists who is fast winning a name for himself is Mr. Joseph O'Mara, the Irish tenor, who was born at Limerick in July, 1866. Mr. O'Mara commenced his course of voice training with Signor Moretti, of Milan, and after studying with him for two years, came to London to continue with Mr. Edwin Holland, with whom he remained for three years. He made his début in "Ivanhoe," February 4, 1891, and sang alternately with Mr. Ben Davies during the run of that opera and "La Basoche" that followed. Here his success secured for him an engagement from Sir Augustus Harris, and he made his first appearance in grand opera in Mascagni's popular work at Drury Lane, taking the part at three hours' notice. Since then he has made the parts of "Faust," "Don José," "Lohengrin" and others his own. Mr. O'Mara has also sung considerably in concert in London and the provinces. His repertoire embraces many songs, beside "The Messiah," "Elijah," "St. Paul," "Golden Legend," &c. Mr. O'Mara made a second visit to Italy for perfecting himself in several of the operatic rôles, and it is principally as a vocalist in this field that he has won his reputation, and the day is not far distant when his fine tenor voice will be heard on the other side of the Atlantic.

FRANK V. ATWATER.

Darmstadt.—For a grand ducal anniversary the choice fell on the opera "Die Folkunger," by Kretschmar, of Dresden, because of the enthusiastic expressions of loyalty to the Souverain contained therein. The subject of this opera is taken from one of the most stirring episodes in the history of Sweden.

Died.—From Vienna the death of Mme. Gabrielle Frankl-Ioëll is announced. She was court pianist with a brilliant past. She was a pupil of Thalberg, Brahms and Goldmark her tours through Germany and Austria were always artistic successes. She was for three years the piano teacher of the Archduchess Christine, now Queen of Spain. After her marriage with Captain Frankl, of the Austrian navy, the pianist did not play in public unless it was for charity.



PARIS.

IN human nature there seems to exist a business sense, a personal sense, a religious sense and an artistic sense. Why should there be strife between these different members of one family? Why not each fulfil peacefully its separate and special function in the domain of progress?

There seems to be a settled resolution in the minds of good people that if the devil is to enter the church it shall not be through the organ loft.

The strange part of this is that musicians, who have not generally been considered part of God's elect, are wholly united with the Church in this stand taken in regard to her music.

In America especially, we are accustomed to think of a slight strife as existing between pastor and choir, one holding for the severe and religious, the other for the secular and "attractive" in melodic worship. In France the musician it is who has taken the initiative in leading to ecclesiastic symmetry, and in insisting upon the ejection of human thought-forms from spiritual service.

In an artistic sense, no less than in a religious one, the Lucia sextet, the Rigoletto quatuor, Mozart's street songs, Cherubini's passionate strains, and Rossini's love strophes, with occasional café chansonette and bouffe movements, have been found "unsuitable."

Part of this may be due to the fact that the organists are all churchmen, born and brought up in church habit. It may be that true artistic taste calls for an agreement between the various parts of an art fabric, be it bijouterie or faith. Possibly the Lord has enough love-plaint going up to Him from real broken lives without listening to its theatrical imitation in the form of religious worship, and has inspired His servants to stop it. The opera indeed may have grown jealous of the inroads of organ loft execution. Certain it is that a slight tinge of envy has mingled with the curé's feeling in regard to people going to church to hear the music and sleep through the sermon.

At all the events the amorous plaints of the Italian opera are declared déclassé, not only by "bell, book and candle," but by baton and organ-stop.

The part that the French organist has taken in this movement, individually and collectively, has been carefully followed in the "Organ Loft Whisperings" and "Musical Progress" of THE MUSICAL COURIER in the past year. A glance over back numbers will show the names of the organists who have sacrificed popularity in following artistic instinct in this regard, societies that have been established in its interest, schools (chiefly the Niedermeyer school) that have educated with this point in view hundreds of brave apostles, the continuous efforts of M. Charles Bordes in bringing forward the music of the ancient centuries, the formation of the "Chanteurs de St. Gervais" for its interpretation, and, lastly, the strongest, most solid, most determined of all, the organization of the School of Song, with the names of Guilmant, Bordes, d'Lindy, Polignac, Boissjolin, Bourgault-Ducoudray, as guaranty of its place in musical progress.

In its creed are articles for the production of plain chant according to the traditional Gregorian expression, its application to the different dioceses, the propagation of the Palestrina music as the model of figured writing, the creation of a modern religious school respecting the texts and laws of the liturgy, the adaptation of the organist's work to the service proper and its union with the classic character of the Gregorian style.

On the other hand appear the recent rules of the Sacred Congregation of Rites for the employment of music in sacred functions, which seem but a ratification of the musician's standpoint.

For example:

All musical composition must conform with the spirit of the ceremony which it accompanies, and adapt itself religiously to the sense and words of the Liturgy as worthy and proper for the house of God.

That the Gregorian chant in every sense represents this sentiment and must be in general use in the churches.

That the chant polyphone and the chant chromatique when possessing the qualities indicated may also be used in sacred ceremonies.

That in the line of chants polyphones the Palestrina writing and that of his best imitators are judged worthy of

the church; also the religious spirit is recognized in the musique chromatique, which has been cultivated to our days by masters of different schools which have been found worthy by the authorities.

That any piece, however worthy, if badly played is unsuitable, and if the player be not capable of strictly religious sentiment in his execution he must confine himself to the Gregorian chant.

That figured organ music must conform to the nature of the instrument, a style grave, harmonic and legato. The accompanist must sustain, not cover the chant. In all entrées, sorties, intermèdes, &c., organs and other instruments used must conform to the character of the place.

The words of the music used must be taken from the sacred books, and hymns and prayers approved by the Church.

In ceremonies not strictly liturgic the modern tongue may be employed, provided the compositions are strictly pious and approved.

All music of a "profane" character, vocal or instrumental, is severely prohibited, especially motives, variations and reminiscences of a theatric nature or which recall the opera.

It is forbidden to omit the slightest word of the prescribed service, to transpose the text, or to make répétitions indiscretes, and no verses must be carried off from where they belong, to form a composition entire and detached.

All improvisation of a nature tending to work against the spirit implied in the above is strictly prohibited.

Voilà, les édits! There's the time of day in black and white from the mitred side of the organ loft and the intention is to adhere strictly to the letter and spirit of the decree. It is a good thing that the advanced musical spirit is in consonance with this musical renovation, else what sadness, where not absolute war! As it is, there are many secular and worldly hearts that by no means hail the severe tests with joy. But so valuable is the possession of a Parisian organ loft—even when the salary is merely nominal, that a man must have a new and brilliant future in his hands before losing it for a difference of sentiment, and so the march of the Gregorian and kindred severity is bound to march onward.

To the worldly minded attendant on church service, however, the situation is a sad one and wholly without consolation. For when all is said and done there is no comparison in point of emotion-call between a Gregorian chant and a Rossini Stabat. Those who find church already a dreary, lonesome, dismal place will find it more dismal lonesome and dreary than before, and if unable to attend opera must lose much pleasure.

But the plea of the Church is that it is not a place to give, but to lift above the need of pleasure, and musicians and connoisseurs find delight in having music that aids not hinders this impression, and so that settles it; the poor "worldly minded" is cast out into the cold to find his pleasure as best he may—which he does no doubt and comes back to the confessional and Palestrina—later.

The reflex action of this movement in the Catholic body must be felt through the Protestant member, which is strongly imitative, and thence to the various dissenting religious boudoirs for which America is noted.

"Répétitions indiscretes" such as "We all like sheep, we all like sheep," "Glory hal-hal-hal" are done for. "Oh promise me!" may be made to serve many a turn at the marriage ceremony, but what is our improvisation going to do, which is just blossoming into a very vineyard of transcriptions, variations, arrangements and rondelles gleaned from all "earth beneath and waters under the earth." And what is to become of upper C, and upper C salary, and what of the "soloist" and what of the mixed choir—and must the devil then have all the composers? Meantime—

ABOUT HYMN TUNES.

I am by no means in sympathy with a wholesale derogation of sacred hymns. Neither do I claim for them by the right of religious sentiment. This is not the place for that.

It may be that many hymn tunes are faulty in construction, misleading as to counterpoint, and not edifying to class-room connoisseurs. But anything which forms a motor power is, in so much, a power; all power is part of progress and must be recognized.

That many hymns exist which do not impel one way or another is true. It is equally true in regard to much music that can be measured by line and rule.

For the "power" exerted by church and Sunday school music in America, look at the place the Church occupies in America to-day, and look to its music as one of the main causes. Further, the greater part of the strength and stability of the American nation to-day comes from the unifying influence of its church harmonies.

Unlike other countries America's Church has not been merely a religious factor, it has been a social factor, and, during the period of the country's artistic, musical and entertainment sterility, its chief social factor.

I allow the power of divine influence in this. I acknowledge the efforts of holy and self-sacrificing persons who have worked to this end with a religious sentiment only in

mind. But I claim that it is chiefly due to the influence of its music that the Church has come to occupy the place it does in our country.

The words have had a certain influence naturally. It is not of that I speak, but of the occult, powerful, emotional and unifying power over human heart, of the rhythm, color, chords, cadences, swing and stir of our church and Sunday school hymns.

For all the hymns are not "bad." Neither are they "sneaky, meek and hypocritical." Most of the hymns of modern times were written by musicians reputed and experienced. Few of them, when well sung, that are not musically stirring. The Sunday school collections are rich in musical treasures of their kind, most of them glorious and heart stirring from their musical shape, force, swing and color, with nothing whatever to say about their sentiment.

These formed the only musical food through a long period of our country's history, and until not so very long ago our only social pleasure. They formed the centre of the "meeting," the "society," the "social," the "reception," the "picnic," the school. They caught and held and united the young who could not be reached by prayer or Bible. They caught the sad, the cynical, the indifferent. They were gayety for middle aged and joy for the aged. Toilers who knew nothing and cared less for the words or the meaning hummed the catching refrains together, and toil was lightened. The Sunday school hymns were the country's concert for many a day, and many an organist, singer, teacher, composer, writer, is edifying the country to-day, whose first musical impulse was stirred by the Sunday school hymn. I know what I say!

The musicians of a country that has so shamefully neglected its musical instinct, and where so many musical souls have gone to the bad for want of opportunity, should be the very last to slur and snub and vilify the only musical education the people have had. From the hymns grew the choirs, from the choirs the recitals, and so on. I repeat, the impulse of our church and Sunday school hymns has been a great—perhaps one of two great musical educational factors in the country; the other has been the presence of German money-makers amongst us.

Precious little the nation has had to do with it, and musicians ought to be the first to recognize the fact. The church hymn has had its place.

INVISIBLE ORCHESTRA.

Opinion is being taxed with the subject of placement of the music in the new Opéra Comique in Paris.

M. Colonne, the eminent chef d'orchestre, ranges himself on the affirmative, finding the sole advantage of the present arrangement in that the conductor has both singers and players in sight of and near him.

Among the advantages of out of sight arrangement he finds:

1. That the musicians can then be placed in concert form, the strings in front, the brass behind, thereby enhancing the sonority of effect, which is "incomparably superior."
2. The singers would not then be obliged to force their voices in order to reach the ears of the audience across a sea of sound.
3. The illusion of the play would be greatly added to by absence of men, instruments and a leader, who belong really to the manipulation not the sentiment of the plot.
4. Shades of expression could be made much more delicate and effective than possible with the present arrangement.

One writer claims that the older French compositions would be impossible or be much marred by invisible orchestra, to which another replies that we are not living for the old works, and that the march of progress demands the new system.

Another claims that for him the sight of the orchestra destroys all emotion, that it is impossible, except by being deaf, to hear what the singers say, if one happens to be seated in the front rows of the theatre.

That the defective lighting necessary to the present system prevents correct execution, and makes the men blind (a new idea and worth considering), and that the conductor, being hidden from the audience, can then divest himself of all impeding qualities—of collar, cuff, coat, even vest, and thoroughly comfortable and at his ease, stir his men to a condition of enthusiasm and ardor impossible under restriction of starch and linings and observation! Well!

Another suggests that the modern composers must have this question fixed one way or another, as invisibility will naturally call for a special treatment of effects whereby neither singer nor music shall be sacrificed.

While engaged on the subject of emotion destroyers, it is sincerely to be hoped that lightning may strike the French claque. Anything more wooden, ice-boxy, unvibrant and illusion-destroying than this way they have here of accentuating what is supposed to be a "point" by a paid for clapping of hands, cannot be imagined.

To a sensitive person it is simply unendurable. I was angry enough to scream aloud a dozen times during "Samson et Dalila" at the Opéra the other evening, and my uneasiness was shared by many. "Samson et Dalila" of all plays—to have a dozen poor students, who are allowed

their seats at half price for the service, indicating to you constantly where you want to feel touched by the circumstances!

To begin with, as we all know, emotion won't be dictated to. It is an unconscious drunk of the senses or it is naught at all.

What harm if those fellows applauded with the slightest resemblance of spirit or feeling? but it is like the wood-chopping of a tramp after dinner.

If you please, in many scores the clap places are indicated. Then there is a chef du claque, an ennuied servitor who conducts in plain view the spontaneous applause! Around him are gathered a group of amateurs, who pay half for the privilege of hearing the piece by obeying this machine signal. The fact of that spot of praise coming periodically out of a lake of lethargic listeners is enough to damn any work.

It might have done at a time when music had shape, when audiences were cradled in delicious periods, and the slightest vibration broke the exquisite reverie into natural and wholesale demonstration.

But the music of to-day is not of that sort. There are no periods, no divine sweeps of feeling, no magnetic clinches of attention. The shapeless and uncolored efforts of science to produce something new are more like the weaving of beautiful shuttles than the pulsations of stirred souls. You want to be let alone; you must think; you must try to find what the author is driving at. Illusion is difficult enough in following the mathematical problems. You can't be annoyed by claque advice.

How they can endure so anti-artistic a contrivance in Paris, of all places, is beyond comprehension. It is divinely to be hoped that something will happen to it.

Rehearsals for "Othello" are being rapidly pushed forward at the Opéra. It has been placed upon the stage for the first time. The decorations have arrived. The ensemble rehearsals will commence next week. It will probably be given the second week of October.

As by the programs already given in, "Progress," "La Montaigne Noire," by Augusta Holmés, will be given in January, and "Tristan and Isolde" later—in April perhaps.

M. Saléza has returned in "Salammbô," Mlle. Berthet in "Faust" and Mlle. Bréal in "Valkyrie." Maurel will sing in "Othello," and Fugère, whose success has been so signal outside of Paris this summer in "Falstaff," will represent the poor fat fellow who mourns the time—

"Quand j'étais page si mince, si mince!" at the Opéra Comique.

M. Carvalho, of the latter place, has returned and is at work. If rumor is to be believed he will have a nice time of it with three engaged "Manons" on his hands! One says the other is not engaged, the other says one is not engaged, and so on. People do not usually dictate to M. Carvalho, but—nous verrons.

Mr. Benjamin Godard's illness has retarded rehearsals of "La Vivandière," in which Delna is to create the rôle. "Mignon" opened the season, "Manon" is to follow, then the works as heretofore given.

The Lamoureux concerts commence October 21.

In March a grand testimonial musicale will be given in honor of Berlioz and Wagner. The Berlioz part will be commemorated by production of "Les Troyens," comprising as first part the taking of Troy; second part, the Trojans in Carthage. The theatre is not yet decided upon. The Châtelet is talked of. Capellmeister Mottl will direct the performances. Choudens is editor of the music in question, and has obtained from the Opéra Comique the abandonment of "Les Troyens," which had been planned as part of the program of that theatre for the coming seasons.

"Une Nuit d'Orient" is the title of a new opéra bouffe in three acts from the united pens of a new author, Wulfram Canaple, and Albin Valabrègue.

Villa des Fleurs at Aix-les-Bains continues to be the musical centre of summering French people. "Le Pardon de Ploërmel," of Meyerbeer was given this week to a crowded house, with Soula Croix Carbonne, Tarquin d'Or, Hyacinthe and Leonetti as interpreters. "Carmen," with Delna, has also made a great sensation. "Maitre Wolfgram," one of Reyer's early pieces, has also been happily given.

Van Dyck will sing the rôle of "Tristan" in the Wagnerian opera in April. M. Van Dyck is a Belgian.

Raoul Pugno and Joseph Hollman were on the program of a recent performance given in the interest of a philanthropic cause near Paris. They played together the Chopin polonaise in C. Pugno played besides a Chopin Nocturne, d'air varié of Handel, a scherzo of Wallenhaupt and an impromptu valse of his own composition. Hollman played his Andante et Mazurka and an Andante et Finale of a Götterman concerto. Both of course were wildly applauded.

Mlle. Wvns, the new artist of the Opéra Comique, has again been making a success, this time in the "Portrait de Manon" at Trouville.

The new ballet pantomime, by Paul Vidal, "The Maladetta," being given at the Opéra, is one of the most ravishing musical compositions I have ever listened to. Infinite in its variety, exquisite in its melodies, original in the or-

chestral manipulation, the two acts seem to occupy but five minutes each. The claque in this case is wholly lost in the spontaneous and generous applause, which fairly bursts from the house with each surprise. "The Maladetta" is a delicious treat.

And what dancing! The best ballet in Europe this is said to be. There is dancing in time and with intention. They say that the severity of examination through which the artists pass to reach the "front rows" is something unbelievable. What perfection!

Mme. Aimée Tessandier is to play in Brussels, Antwerp, Liège, &c., in "Athalie," with chorus and music by Mendelssohn, and "l'Arlésienne," with music by Bizet.

A maximum of ten pupils in each class has been fixed upon by Conservatoire regulation, and much content is expressed, for it has for some time been thought that the number allowed was too large. Cherubini held firmly to eight or even seven as the proper maximum for correct work.

In speaking of the Conservatoire prizes I neglected to state the interesting facts of prize legacies possessed by that institution. For example: The Prize Nicodami for counterpoint and fugue is 500 frs.; Prize Guérineau for chant, 270 frs.; Prize Georges Hainl for violoncello, 947 frs.; Prize Papelin, 1,200 frs. first prize, piano; Prize Henri Herz, piano, 300 frs.; Prize Provost Pousin, 435 frs.; Prize Doumic, harmony, 240 frs. Then there are instrument prizes also. Erards give a grand piano; also Pleyels. Bernadel gives a contre-basse, violoncello and violin, and various wind instruments are offered as well.

Widor has written a patriotic march dedicated to Jeanne d'Arc, a complete orchestration of which has been sent by the Ministère de la Guerre to the director of each military band, who at once put it in rehearsal.

It is surprising the extent to which the smaller Parisian theatres are being this season devoted to operetta and other miniature musical work. Les Bouffes Parisiens is the home of the operetta. Music by Audran and Wormser will be given among others this season, also some pantomime musicales, one of which is to be written by Loie Fuller! (with collaborators!) "Thimour," by Planquette, will be seen at the Gaité: an operette, by Serpette, at Les Nouveautés; Les Variétés and Folies-Dramatiques will both be more or less devoted to music. "Don Quichotte," at the Châtelet, with a new score by Renaud; last, but not least, at l'Ambigu will be heard Raoul Pugno's "Deux Drap-peaux," music in three acts to a pantomime by Amic.

Always a surprise to an American is the hearing of a home tune with French harmony at one of these places. Of all the diluted concoctions of sound that is the worst. Our "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," for example, what a virile swing of chords (even if there are but two) in that classic morceau struck by a good military band swinging down Fifth avenue in a procession! Here at the Gaieté as an accompaniment to a bit of cheap French frolic, what a thin, puny, weakling thing! "A little peach in the orchard grew," at La Scala, with Yvette Gilbert for interpreter and a pig for a peach tree—what a wretched disappointment of sound! The rollicking "Bowery," at the Ambassadeurs, is like a boulevardier's yawn. One could not imagine that the harmonization of a tune could so completely alter its expression. The French don't seem to catch the sentiment at all, and the musical arrangement is entirely too thin for a jolly idea.

Indeed, of all the stupid and Saratoga-chip-without-salt entertainments ever offered to human mind that of the Paris Café concert is the thinnest, flattest and most idiotic. The French mind does not seem to have any sense of humor whatever. Out of their serious and artistic element, and

they drop right into vapidty or vulgarity. There seems to be no middle ground. Their artists (?) offer absolutely nothing in the line of cleverness or skill, and the singing resembles the calling of rag and vegetable merchants in the streets. Yet the places are filled the year round, and how the people watch and listen!

It is beautiful the way French people listen!

Mr. Harrison Millard and Marie are in Paris, she to perfect herself in the French language and take a few lessons in dramatic style, he to rest, take a peep through the Paris he loves and see that his daughter follows properly the instructions of her teachers. She is studying with Trobadello, who takes a deep interest in her and prophesies for her a brilliant future. Wherever she is heard she creates a sensation, the timbre of her voice being extremely thrilling and her method perfect. She is moreover very pretty and dresses in French taste. One has to be accustomed to seeing spoiled American girls in Paris, however, to realize the worth and grace of Marie Millard's disposition and training. She is the best behaved American girl I have met in Paris—delicate, tactful, kind, considerate, quick, amiable and appreciative.

Mr. William C. Carl has been honored by having his portrait painted by M. Felix Guilmant, oldest son of the organist-composer, who is a most excellent artist and pupil of Bougourot at the Beaux Arts. The portrait is an excellent one, as you will all later have the opportunity of seeing for yourselves.

Meieromsky, the tenor, well known in New York, is studying with Trobadello. He takes two hour lessons every day.

Mes félicitations to Mr. and Mrs. George Metcalfe.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

A New Quartet.—An Italian, Alessandro Bertinelli, has invented a mechanism which enables him to play four instruments at one and the same time—and a mechanical quartet player. The new invention is called monimophone.

An Historical Entertainment.—On August 31 a musical entertainment was held in the historical rooms at Sansouci. It was here that the great King Frederick II., after the exertions of the day, amused himself with friends, among them Voltaire, and where, every evening, he had his concert, at which he sometimes took part as a flutist. The occasion was a revival of bygone but not forgotten times. Since the days of Frederick William IV., this was the first time the castle had been opened for any other purpose than to be shown to foreign visitors in Berlin. But what gave the Imperial concert a peculiar charm was the fact that at the express wish of the emperor all the performers appeared in costumes of the time of Frederick the Great, and that the compositions of the great king were repeated. The large hall remains as it was during the life of the king. Professor Menzel has represented in his famous picture in the National Gallery an evening entertainment as given by the great king, portraying so exactly the character of the times that one would suppose he himself had been one of the invited guests. The arrangement of the whole apartment, even to the placing of the music stands, handsomely inlaid with tortoiseshell and silver, was exactly like that given in the painting, as were also the rococo costumes of the musicians. The memorial festival, if it may be so styled, was of a semi-private character. Only persons belonging to the immediate surrounding of the Imperial couple were invited, and those present numbered only 20.

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BOSTON, Mass., September 23, 1894.

THE fifty-fourth season of the Boston Museum opened the 17th with a performance of "Prince Pro Tem." It is the intention of Mr. R. M. Field, the manager of the Museum, to make this theatre the home of operetta during the season, and the Museum is undeniably well adapted to such a purpose. Mr. John Braham is the musical director, and, as you know, his instinct, training and experience fit him admirably for this responsible position.

Last season the operetta of Messrs. Barnet and Thompson was in two acts. It is now in three. "Silvano," a troubadour, has been introduced to assist in the winding up of the plot, and incidentally, but purposely, as when the part is played by Miss Anne Sutherland, to show strong, finely made legs and a weak, slightly developed voice. Under the circumstances, and as Miss Sutherland gave such unalloyed pleasure from the anatomical standpoint, it is perhaps unkind to speak of her singing; but we must not forget that she appeared in an operetta and was obliged to sing.

The second act is now given up chiefly to variety business, and when I tell you that Miss Annie Lewis sang the "West Point Cadet" with a drill by way of interlude, and "You Can't Play in My Yard," and that Mr. Marion indulged himself in a "Mélange Eccentric," followed by an imitation of an Italian orator dilating on the character and deeds of George Washington, you can form readily some idea of the entertainment. There were strangers near me who enjoyed the second act hugely. I learned afterward that they were from Philadelphia.

"Prince Pro Tem" now has many musical fathers; almost as many as were given by tradition to Pan, the son of Penelope and the suitors, if we should believe old commentators. First of all, easily first is Mr. Thompson; then there are Marcheroni, Woods, Sousa, Braham, Petrie, Marion, Paxton, Gleadhill, Berkeley and Tracy. It is not necessary therefore to inform you that the present edition is "up to date," with all that is therein implied.

The operetta was mounted prettily, and the song and lines of Mr. Fred Lennox and Miss Josie Sadler redeemed much that was dull in the performance. I do not know how versatile a comedian Mr. Lennox may be; but as "Tommy Tompkins" he is a delightful apparition. He is so self-restrained; he makes his points so easily and with such elegance of bearing. Far, far from him the methods of the athletic comic opera comedian who now, alas, dominates the stage; who, after he has knocked the hearer down by the violence of his jest, sits on him a-straddle, and insists that he should hear it again and again. Delectable, too, are the authority and the seriousness of Miss Sadler.

I spoke of the work of Messrs. Barnet and Thompson when it was produced here last season, and it is unnecessary now to review it. Among those who appeared in the cast last week were Miss Fannie Johnson and Messrs. Harry Davenport, Charles Kirke and G. F. Marion.

The talk about Verdi's final choice of a subject for a tragic opera reminds me that there is an "Ugolino" by Dittersdorf (1796), grand opera in two acts; "Il Conte Ugolino," cantata by Zingarelli (1808), and "La Morte d'Ugolino," dramatic cantata by Donizetti (1835), not to mention the famous tune sung in Florence before the birth of legitimate opera.

Did you ever, moved by desire of a lark or driven by angustia, write advertisements? I have a friend who claims to be the author of the most widely read poem of this century, and yet you will not find the verses in any anthology. The title is "The Lay of the Lonesome Lung," and it was published in a cough medicine circular.

Some time ago I wrote a musical article for a newspaper edited by the owner of a patent medicine. In many respects it is a most unprejudiced and discriminating review of the first production of a masterpiece. To be sure, I never heard the symphony, and I knew of no one who was present at its production; and to my great mortification I have never seen the article since the date and only issue of the newspaper. But as it reminds me forcibly of reviews that I have seen lately in English journals, I ask as a favor that you reprint it. Of course the name of the patron of

the talented young composer is not now given, and, obeying the Horatian maxim, I have used a file.

"JOY TO THE WORLD."

A REVIEW OF THE PRODUCTION OF A REMARKABLE TONE-POEM.

At last the great work of our talented and adopted fellow citizen, Signor Rubato Vesuvio, has been heard in its full greatness. All anticipations were realized; the success was overwhelming. After the final glorious chord Signor Vesuvio was presented with a laurel wreath by the president of the Mologian Society, and the cheers of the large and cultured audience—it was a pleasure to see so many ladies and gentlemen in full evening dress—drowned the jubilant flourish of drums and trumpets that accompanied the presentation.

It will be remembered that Signor Vesuvio came to this country a wailing and disheartened dyspeptic. He could do no work; he was a wreck mentally and physically; food was repulsive, drink could not be endured even in thought; at night he had frightful dreams, accompanied with gnashing of the teeth; in the morning he said, Would God it were even! and at even he said, Would God it were morning!

Physicians were in vain. At last a friend recommended "BANGS' BORBORYGMAL BOLUS."

Signor Vesuvio followed faithfully the directions, and no one who sees to-day his robust figure and animated face would believe that a year ago he was without hope, ripe for blasphemy. In gratitude—for the price of relief was a paltry sum—the composer conceived the idea of a great musical composition, not blindly fashioned after the classic models, but full of the nervous realism of this end of the century; a work that should express in music the sufferings and the healing of mankind.

The first movement, allegro con fuoco, describes the sufferings caused by disease. The themes, admirably contrasted, are as leit motifs, each one of which portrays a disease. Superb instrumentation clothes each theme in gorgeously colored garments. Among the most striking of these phrases are the following: Salt rheum and eczema, the sources of so much discomfort, are depicted by a pizzicato ostinato, while the first horn sings a plaintive melody. The woes of dyspepsia are graphically expressed by a skillful use of the lower tones of the bassoons, punctuated by dull thuds of the tympani. Nervousness and neuralgia find mimic representation in a remarkable employment of violin tremolo with piccolo shrieks on the off-beat. Haydn himself did not hesitate to imitate the crawling of the sinusoidal worm in "The Creation," and his imitation has been much admired; but the progress in music since his day demands keener expression, and Signor Vesuvio has shown his scholarship and taste by giving the ring-worm motif to the cellos and the double basses in a species of circling, never ending canon. In the painting of rheumatism the fancy of the composer approaches the grotesque, although the use of the oboe, as well as the strange employment of brass and pulsatile instruments, is highly effective.

The second movement, adagio, is in the nature of a funeral march. To write thus without remembering Beethoven, Chopin and Wagner is a severe tax on a composer's invention. Signor Vesuvio, however, rises to the occasion and he invests the music with symbolical meaning. The themes of disease enter, hinted or in full form. Wails and lamentations, the dread of inevitable and painful death mingle with the very expressions of death in grand and sombre polyphony. Clarinets, beloved by Berlioz, breathe forth mournful and melancholy tones. All is dark. Hope has fled the earth. But the march leads by a masterly transition into a scherzo, which is the complete expression of the mad joy of poor humanity at learning of the discovery and the character of Bangs' Borborygmal Bolus.

The transition is managed with surprising cunning. The last notes of the march die away; nothing is heard but isolated drum beats, muffled, full of mystery, which oppress the heart of the hearer, as do the clods of earth that fall on burial planks; then long drawn tones of the double basses, sustained by the contrabass, turn conviction of despair into uneasy expectancy. There are faint auroral flashes of hope. One instrument after another lends corroboration; the benefit of the Borborygmal Bolus is acknowledged first by a few, then as its properties are fully realized a joyous fanfare of trumpets (the score calls for eight trumpets) gives the signal for tumultuous merriment. Disease is henceforth without terror. The curse is dead.

It would seem then that a fourth movement must be necessarily in the nature of an anti-climax. The genius of Vesuvio has avoided this danger. The finale is a "Hymn of Thanksgiving." The hymn is really a theme with variations. The hymn is announced by the brass in simple and dignified strains; the variations that follow show richness of ideas and a consummate mastery of contrapuntal technic.

It would be a pleasure to speak of these variations in detail, but the agreeable task must be deferred for the present. The trained ear will discover readily the disease themes of the first movement woven, as embroidery, in the substantial subject; they no longer excite terror; they serve by their subordination to enhance the calm assurance of the certainty of the remedy.

The rheumatism motif is turned into a galop. The im-

poverished blood theme is now restored to full proportion. The pizzicato of eczema is transformed into a firmly bound and soothing legato. At last the theme appears in a fortissimo of tremendous power. The resources of all known instruments are freely invoked. A chorus of 500 gives vocal volume. Harps and organ, gong and xylophone, the latest members of the Sax family, guitars and mandolins, bells and a cannon swell the tribute of the praise of nations.

The other numbers of the program, the prelude to "Par-fal" and Beethoven's Fifth piano concerto (the solo part of which was played in a masterly manner by Mr. Leonidas Swett), are familiar to all, and they do not now call for special words of criticism. Nor is it too much to say that these works seemed dwarfed by the gigantic tribute paid by Signor Vesuvio to Bangs' Borborygmal Bolus.

Miss Lottie Collins will make her debut in operetta the 24th at the Columbia Theatre. She will appear in the first production of "Devil Bird," text by Frederick Bowyer, music by John C. Sorg.

Duff's Comic Opera Company will open an engagement at the Tremont Theatre the 24th in "The Mikado." Miss Burke, Miss Swain, Miss Atkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Digby Bell, and Messrs. Stevens, Kingsley, McLaughlin and Ravenscroft are in the cast.

Mr. Henry H. Huss will play the solo part of his piano concerto at the Symphony concert December 29. This will be the first performance of the concerto in public.

A cello concerto by Mr. Arthur Foote will be played by Mr. Schroeder at a Symphony concert.

Miss Gertrude Franklin, and in all probability Mme. Nordica, will appear as soloists at the Symphony concerts.

Mr. Henry M. Dunham, organist, assisted by Mr. Augusto Rotoli, tenor, will give a concert at the Shawmut Church the 27th. The program will include pieces by Bach, Rossini, Mendelssohn, Rotoli, Dunham, Bibl, Clausmann, Tombelle.

PHILIP HALE.

Died.—Luigi Ferranti, cornetist, for many years member of the orchestra, died at Ferrara, seventy-nine years old. He was the father of the mezzo-soprano, Virginia Ferranti, who is actually in Mexico, and a brother of Pietro Ferranti, the well-known basso buffo.

E Falsa.—Newspapers containing the statement that Mascagni would come to New York next winter to conduct his "Ratcliff" have found their way to the composer's home. He wrote in return to a friend in Berlin: "La notizia è falsa; io non ho mai pensato, finì ad ora ad andare in America." (The notice is false; I have never thought of going to America.)

Marino Mancinelli.—Hardly had the news reached us that an excellent performance of "Lohengrin" at Rio Janeiro had been given under the leadership of Marino Mancinelli, who not only led the orchestra, but also bore the financial burden of the opera season, when it was followed by the announcement that the genial orchestra leader had killed himself with a revolver. Very likely the losses he met with in the undertaking were the cause of this unfortunate deed. Mancinelli was born at Orvieto in 1842.

Karl Streitmänn.—An interesting suit is pending against the well-known tenor of operetta. It appears that he has published a waltz, "Liebeszauber." This waltz, Rudolph Sinnbold, a New York actor and singer, claims as his composition, and that he had sold the common ownership to Streitmänn for \$5! Streitmänn had, however, never paid the \$5, but had published the waltz instead. To this accusation Mr. Streitmänn has not yet filed his answer, so says the "Berliner Courier."

Worms.—The grand festival hall building at Worms in which were to be given operatic and concert performances on an unusual large scale, does not seem to carry out the promise held out at the time of its conception, as it has no stock company. Arrangements have been made by the management of this with the theatres of Darmstadt and Mayence, by which the members of the two latter houses will appear during the coming season in Worms. That from Mayence will furnish exclusively the opera personnel and that from Darmstadt the dramatic.

Le Cygne.—A composition for an instrument seldom heard—the viole d'amour, or "love violin"—entitled "Le Cygne," by Saint-Saëns, was charmingly interpreted at a concert a week or so ago. This instrument is specially commended by Berlioz in his treatise on orchestration as an instrument capable of producing the most ethereal effects, quite unattainable on any other instrument of the string kind. Meyerbeer has occasionally used the instrument with judgment and effect, and a well known passage in "Les Huguenots" might be quoted where the tones of the viole d'amour always leave an entrancing impression on the ear. The instrument was in past centuries far more fashionable than at present, and the concert-giver illustrated this fact very pertinently by choosing as his other solo on the viole d'amour a sarabande by Marais, a composer who flourished a couple of hundred years ago, and whose quaint and antique turns of melody were very appropriate to the character of the instrument.—London "Musical Opinion."



CHICAGO OFFICE OF THE MUSICAL COURIER, 226 Wabash avenue, September 22, 1894.

SILENCE still reigns in our concert halls, but preparations are rapidly being made for an unusually busy and brilliant musical season. The only public performances of this week were "Athenia" and a recital by Frederick Boscovitz.

A second hearing of "Athenia" but confirms the opinion formed of it at its first presentation. The play is stupid, the music copied and the effect of the piece is tiresome to the point of being almost unbearable.

Mr. Boscovitz is giving a series of historical piano recitals at Lyon & Healy's. His programs contain examples of the different forms of composition for several centuries. He has played many of them here before.

Chicago's musical season begins later each year. The schools have been open and private teachers have been in their studios since the first of this month. But none of them have their time fully occupied as yet. There are a few exceptions, but the large majority are waiting for pupils to return, and it will be October before the usual busy aspect in schools and studios is seen. There have been several additions to the number of our musical institutions and all are now putting forth their best efforts to secure patronage.

The Chicago Musical College is the oldest and best known of local organizations. It has been the custom of the college for several years to give fifteen free scholarships each year to talented persons who have not the means to acquire a musical education. This year twenty-five free scholarships have been awarded and Dr. Ziegfeld has a number more under consideration. This is certainly most commendable, and clearly shows that the doctor has the interest of musical art at heart and is doing all he can to further it.

Other institutions are doing the same, and lack of means is now no obstacle in the path of gifted young people. Some of the greatest artists and composers have received their educations at the hand of some interested patron and lover of music whose wealth enabled him to develop talents which would otherwise have been lost to the world. The schools which are generous in this respect will lose nothing in the end, and will be no whit poorer in purse for their gifts to the world of music.

Mr. William Peters, a talented young musician, whose home is in Sandusky, Ohio, has been in Chicago for a few weeks. He has lately returned from a three years' course of study in Leipzig. Mr. Peters has devoted his time principally to the study of the violin and composition, although he plays the piano far from indifferently. Mr. Peters has decided talent for composition as well as for playing. He has already written some marches for military bands, some compositions for the violin and others for piano solo. His work is original and spirited and he shows a fine conception of the art of instrumentation and an imagination decidedly poetic. Mr. Peters intends to spend this winter in Chicago. He will continue his study of the violin and has placed himself under the instruction of Bernhard Listemann. He also intends to work steadily on compositions. Mr. Peters is only twenty-one years of age, and gives promise of a brilliant future. He is modest, earnest and full of the enthusiasm of youth.

Chicago artists are meeting with success in other cities. Mme. Francesca Guthrie-Moyer has been engaged to sing at the Worcester Festival, and several of our singers and instrumental artists have already made concert engagements in the East as well as in cities near home. All this seems to indicate that Chicago is rapidly becoming an art centre.

One of the most gratifying items of news that I have heard this week comes to me in a letter from George Ellsworth Holmes. Mr. Holmes has been afflicted with a serious illness for several months. He had made arrangements and almost finished preparations to go abroad in June last when he was prostrated by sickness of a serious nature. He has now recovered his health so far as conquering the disease is concerned and is taking rest and recreation at Fox Lake. He says he feels almost as strong as ever, and that he will go on with concert and oratorio work this season as usual. It will be most gratifying to a host of friends and admirers of Mr. Holmes to know that his magnificent voice will be heard unimpaired in the con-

cert halls of the country this season, as he intended to remain some years abroad. His loss is our gain, and while no one is glad that he was so sorely afflicted, all are glad that he will remain with us another season at least.

Wm. H. Sherwood has returned from his summer sojourn at Lake Chautauqua. He is as brown as a berry and looks the picture of health. Mr. Sherwood has become a most enthusiastic cyclist. He says it is the most grateful exercise he has ever known and that it refreshes him after a day in his studio to mount his wheel and ride home. He is already full of discourse as to the merits of different wheels and buys about one a week. Mrs. Sherwood accompanies him much of the time and is nearly as enthusiastic as he is.

All these things must help a musician as well as anyone else. A gentleman said to me in a conversation a few days ago that he did not see how it was possible for one man to do so many things successfully and do them so well. He said: "Look at Sherwood, what a repertoire he has; how many miles he travels, how many concerts he gives in the course of a year, and besides all these teaches a large class of pupils, and now he is riding a bicycle and never seems tired or overworked, but is always genial, happy and smiling, with a good word for everybody!" Well it seems to me that the many-sided man is after all the most successful. There are a number of other musicians who are riding bicycles this year, and it would not be strange to hear of a musicians' bicycle club. A Philistine said to me the other day: "There is nothing strange in a musician riding a bicycle. All musicians take naturally to wheels."

The Chicago Concert Company is the title of a new organization. It has a capital stock of \$75,000, and the incorporators are Thos. W. Blatchford, I. F. Ingersoll and C. G. Cutter. The objects of the incorporation are not yet stated.

Theodore Spiering has returned from a long visit to Europe, and has taken a studio in the Auditorium.

Salvatore Tomaso has written and published a march called "The Naval Militia March." He also announces the opening of his mandolin school on October 1.

Thomas Allen Box, the well-known tenor of the Pacific Slope, is a guest of Mr. John de Bruyn Kops, of the music house of Kops Brothers. Mr. Box intends to study in Chicago for two years and then will go abroad.

Max Bendix has the sympathy of friends and acquaintances in his recent affliction. Mr. Bendix' mother died a few days since.

WALTON PERKINS.

Career for a Married Woman.

WHAT do you think is the news! Helen Singwell is going to Paris to study for opera!"

"Helen Singwell? But she is married!"

"Oh yes, I know, but George is very good about it! You see she is tired of the whole thing. She has too much talent really to settle down to domestic life. Indeed I do not blame her. George Singwell is just the sort of a namby-pamby I would expect a woman to leave, he!"

"Why, Carrie! How can you as a professedly loving and dutiful wife utter so thoughtless and superficial a remark upon so big and important a subject?"

"George Singwell was the man of her choice, if he is namby-pamby. She was not forced to marry him; she did it of her own free will, and I believe exercised both selfishness and self will in the matter. She now finds she has made a mistake; that is her lookout. The man has based his life arrangements upon her attachment. He has denied himself in every way to make her comfortable and happy. He has worked hard and been faithful to her. He has been as good a husband as it was possible for him to be."

"Now if she has lost interest in him there are two things for her to do. One is to brace up and bear it as she would be obliged to the disaster of death or accident; to hide her feeling from the world, if possible from him; to do everything in her power to change it, and to pass her life in the satisfactions of good behavior and duty faithfully done."

"The other is to march straight up to the man she has defrauded, tell him how she feels and the hopelessness of change, give him back his home, his honor, his liberty, his property—everything which he has bestowed upon her—dress herself in a gown of her own making and go forth to her Paris or her London to chase her career for good or ill."

"Let her not compromise matters and, betraying her husband with a kiss, take of his substance, his money, his name, his protection, leaving him nothing but the hindering name of wife and go forth into a strange city to bask in the excitements of a new existence and, ten to one, in the smoke of other men's cigars!"

"What of her wasted talent?"

"She will have to be very sure of an unquestioned and all powerful talent and an all ruling instinct besides, if turned loose on her own responsibility, without a so-called husband behind whom to cringe and whimper when adverse winds blow."

"This will benefit art at least; for about one in twenty of those studying for public career in Paris to-day is fitted to achieve. The talent that is praised by friends in a husband's drawing room goes a very short way before an exacting and indifferent public. My lady will think twice before starting out in her own gown to win by merit alone. Mrs. Singwell has not any such power. She has some voice; better than the rest of her circle, perhaps. But who are her circle? Artists, by no means. She has good face and figure. They go far with the public when accompanied by gift; no farther than the case of the opera glass without it. Besides, she is no longer young. Young! yes, but not to commence a musical career of the type that shall pay for a home!"

"America does not offer to her masses generally the fundamental musical education necessary to an art structure. Even here, where she perhaps knows more than her audience, she cannot enthuse—she can only attract through friendship and curiosity. In Europe she must sing before audiences made critical and intelligent by ages of tradition, public musical education and the teaching of the world's best singers and players."

"How is she to acquire this knowledge in two or three years? How is she to become the musician they demand? She will have to study a new song language, as different from that in conversation as the conversation is from ours. By it she must get the favor of people who, although indulgent to foreigners in conversation, will not tolerate false diction in an artist who is a supposed teacher. She has neither head, tongue, perseverance nor character to fulfill the conditions, even if her voice were ten times as appealing as it is. It is a losing venture on the face of it."

"Still you cannot blame her for making the venture when you see what others have gained by it."

"Jenny Lind, Bernhardt, Ristori, Rachel, Patti might be so justified, if born without heart or conscience in addition to their forceful genius. These women stirred human hearts as children; they are women of unquestioned power. Except through courtesy, few people would go out of their way to hear Mrs. S. sing."

Moreover, even with great geniuses, success at the commencement must be bought by more than merit. Were there a law prohibiting the appearance of a genius who had not saved her name spotless, the list of great stars would be lamentably short."

"You speak of other men's cigars. Is that a rule?"

"The possibility is a rule. The woman who has little enough sense of duty to leave her husband's side for the public, with love of self, vanity and ambition for impulse, is not the one to be rigorous in her code of action. To one accustomed to care and petting, evening hours alone in a dreary Paris boarding house or hotel are not agreeable."

"Much is demanded besides talent in making a career. The possibility of unblemished life is before all. The record is short of those who have maintained the theory in climbing artificially to the top, as the climb after marriage must in most cases be. And there is much outside the limit of absolute wrong in the life of the married career seeker which is far from justice to the man by whose name she is sustained and by whose money she is supported."

"Mr. Singwell gave his consent."

"It is unfortunate that there are men of this character who permit their wives to go forth to the world and show what poor creatures for love they (the husbands) must be not to be able to hold the interest of a wife."

"Time was when I imagined all such men to be in fault, and to have caused the change by selfishness or worse. I now know that career craze in a woman is a mania before which Cupid himself is powerless. Besides, there is, alas! such a thing possible as declension of marital magnetism, a deplorable condition calling for all the duty and conscience of a wife to keep her home respecting. But in any case she should not take his money or impose upon her husband obligations for which she makes poor, if any, return."

"But is a woman to lose her whole life for one mistake? Think of the wretches of husbands to whom women remain tied as to logs drawing them down who might go out and create for themselves a new life of many happy years!"

"So far I have only been considering men who do not cause the domestic death. There are many things for a woman to do when the husband is faithless or unloving. She is indeed fortunate if she can patch up a shattered fate and make vanity and ambition a substitute for the love life. But, alas for the woman to whom such a catastrophe and such a necessity come! She is the subject for pity, not for congratulation. She should be censured instead of praised when undertaking it voluntarily. Talent is no justification for a woman's turning her husband's home into a desert especially with such indifferent talent as in the majority of cases."

"But there may be extenuating circumstances."

"Oh, yes, there are extenuating circumstances in some cases."

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

The New York Philharmonic Club.

THE New York Philharmonic Club enters now upon its seventeenth season. In looking back so many years and calling to mind the musical organizations existing in those days there are but very few that have stood the test of popular appreciation and are now in the active field.

The club had a small beginning, but the demand for its services because of its merit, has increased steadily, so that it has been compelled to broaden out, and instead of coming before the musical public in four or six concerts during a season the organization has been for some years past in continual demand throughout the country, being, as a fact, constantly employed.

That this enhances the artistic result of the ensemble playing of its members is without question. These Mr. Eugene Weiner, the director, has always taken the greatest care to select from such as are considered occupying the front rank of the art, and their work has met with the approbation of the public, the press and renowned composers, who in many noted instances have thought it an honor to compose for or dedicate to the club suitable works.

The New York Philharmonic Club is booked already for the greatest part of the coming season, and consequently the director, Mr. Weiner, has every right to believe that the value of its services is increasing with every year of its existence.

The prima donna of the club will be Miss Clara C. Henley. "This talented young lady is a daughter of New York, of Puritan descent. She is a high soprano, whose range, evenness and perfect quality are unusual, while the bell-like tones in the higher register are marvels of voice production. It is difficult to imagine more perfect intonation, more brilliant vocalization, or a better execution of the trill and staccato. Her repertoire is extensive. In classic composition, in old and modern opera, in oratorio, in the songs of Schubert, Schumann, Rubinstein, as in popular ballads, Miss Henley interprets the spirit of authors exquisitely."

The personnel of the club is as follows:

Mr. Eugene Weiner, the director of the New York Philharmonic Club, has a world-wide reputation as a flute virtuoso.

Mr. Sol. Marcossou, of whom we shall say more below, is a violin virtuoso of the highest possible order.

Mr. Henri Haagmans is one of the finest violoncello virtuosos.

Mr. Frank Porte has won the well merited admiration of numerous audiences in both hemispheres, and Mr. Paul Mende, the viola soloist, and Mr. Richard Helm, who presides at the double bass, have held the most flattering positions in celebrated orchestras here and abroad.

Here are a few press comments on the work of the past season:

The pleasure which comes from hearing a fine program of chamber music, performed in a way that gives at least a large measure of satisfaction, was enjoyed by at least 800 people on this occasion. The musicians did their work with manifest love and sincerity, and the listeners gave them the encouragement of intelligent and affectionate appreciation.—New York "Tribune."

The club is composed of a sextet of musicians who have obtained special prominence as soloists in the best musical circles, and as a result their services afford a most delightful evening to those who can appreciate a high class of chamber music admirably interpreted by these well-known players. There was at no time the least variation of one common idea; there was no lack of consistency or want of delicacy in the phrasing in a single instrument; all seemed guided by but one mind, and from first to last it promised to be, as it was a triumphant conclusion to the program.—New York "Herald."

The artistic performance of the Philharmonic Club needs no special commendation. The members, from continual association, have acquired the habit of playing together, and the result is a unity which is essential to good concerted music. In the playing of the Philharmonic Club there is the essential earnestness and absence of any tendency to make an individual exhibition of skill which go far toward the genuine enjoyment of their work by the lovers of this class of musical entertainments. The Philharmonic Club deserves cordial recognition from all persons interested in the promotion of music. Each of the members is a prominent artist, and thoroughly competent to perform his share of the work. There is, however, no evidence of a tendency to display virtuosity by any of the performers, and as a model of ensemble playing the club is without a rival in any other similar association on the concert stage.—The New York "Times."

EUGENE WEINER, FLUTE VIRTUOSO.

Among our flutists, Mr. Eugene Weiner, has for many years been a prominent figure. It seems almost unnecessary to give a biographical sketch of this well and favorably known musician.

Mr. Weiner is the best flute player that has been heard in New York for many years. He is an artistic flutist and plays with remarkable delicacy and grace.—New York "Herald."

The renowned flute virtuoso, Mr. Eugene Weiner, also performed at the last Imperial Musicale, and his unsurpassed play evoked the highest approbation.—"Le Siècle" (Paris).

Mr. Weiner is the greatest flute player we ever heard.—St. Paul "Dispatch."

Mr. Weiner is one of the first flute soloists of the age.—Milwaukee "Sentinel."

Mr. Weiner is an artist in every sense of the word; his flute solo was the gem of the evening.—Louisville "Courier-Journal."

SOL MARCOSSON, VIOLIN VIRTUOSO.

Mr. Sol Marcossou was born in Louisville, Ky. He gained great success both as a quartet and solo player in Europe, after having had five years of study with De

Ahna and Joachim. What critical Berlin thought of him a few excerpts from local papers will demonstrate:

Herr Marcossou understands how to enchain the hearts of his listeners by his artistic violin playing.—Berlin "Lokal Anzeiger."

The violin virtuoso, Mr. Marcossou, who had once before played before our people, caused a lively anticipation of enjoyment. That he is the favorite pupil of the king of violinists, Mr. Joachim, we can easily believe; we can also credit the report that the master is very proud of his pupil, who in all great and fine points is himself already a master.—Berlin "Journal."

FRANK S. PORTE, VIOLINIST.

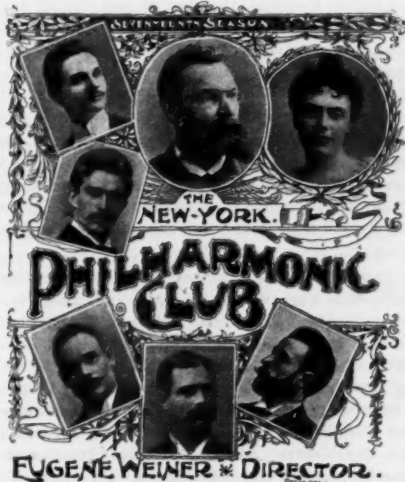
Mr. Frank S. Porte was born in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y. He began his musical education under the direction of some of the most prominent teachers of New York and Brooklyn. He was a member of the New York Symphony Society Orchestra (Damrosch, director). Later Mr. Porte went abroad and studied in the renowned Brussels Conservatory of Belgium, under the instruction of the celebrated Eugene Ysaye, after which he accepted the engagement as violinist of the New York Philharmonic Club.

PAUL MENDE, VIOLA SOLOIST.

Herr Mende is a native of Dresden, Germany, and a graduate of the Conservatory of that city. He has been in this country two years, during which he occupied the position of first violin with the Patti Concerts under the management of Mr. Abbey. Herr Mende is a finished violinist and good musician generally.

HENRI HAAGMANS, VIOLONCELLO VIRTUOSO.

Mr. Henri Haagmans was born in Rotterdam, Netherlands. He is a pupil of the Leipsic Conservatory. After



having studied composition and violoncello for several years with Dr. Jadassohn and Professor Klengel, he became a member of the Leipsic Gewandhaus Orchestra under Carl Reinecke, and first and solo cellist of the Conservatory Orchestra, under Professor Sitt; later Mr. Haagmans accepted the position as solo cellist with the Hamburg Orchestra, under Paul Prill. After that he went to Berlin, taking lessons of the greatest living master in chamber music, Prof. Joseph Joachim. In Berlin he was greatly admired by his instructor, the great cello virtuoso, Robert Hausman, and other eminent musicians and composers. Professor Woldemar Bargiel, the well-known composer in Berlin, writes:

Having frequently and with great pleasure played with Mr. Henri Haagmans, I cheerfully recommend him not only as a cello soloist of an excellent training, with beautiful tone and great execution, but also as a skillful, thorough musician of quick and correct conception.

WOLDEMAR BARGIEL.

Berlin, February 4, 1894.

RICHARD HELM, DOUBLE BASS SOLOIST.

Richard Helm was born in Germany. He is one of the finest artists on his instrument; was for several years a prominent member of Dr. Hans von Bülow's orchestra; also with Theodore Thomas in this country. He is an artist in whom the management of the club take great pride.

MISS CLARA C. HENLEY.

Miss Henley won the admiration of the audience by her charming manner and delightful singing, her voice being particularly sweet and well cultivated. Her selections were admirable and admirably rendered.—New York "Herald."

Miss Clara Henley was in excellent voice, and created a furore with her rendering of the aria from "Figaro's Hochzeit," by Mozart; "Magic Song," by Meyer-Helmund, and "Ave Maria," from "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni.—New York "Staats-Zeitung."

Twelfth Concert of Brooklyn Orchestra.—Miss Clara Henley sang an aria from Saint-Saëns' "Samson and Delilah" and two songs by Raff and Meyer-Helmund, which were promptly applauded and vociferously encored. Miss Henley's voice is clear, sympathetic and well trained. She is an excellent artist.—Brooklyn "Citizen."

A Mason & Hamlin piano and organ are part of the equipment of the club. With such material the New York Philharmonic Club enters the musical field, and its success artistically as well as financially is a foregone conclusion.

Nuremberg.—For the fourth centenary of Hans Sachs, who was born in 1494, Wagner's "Meistersinger" will be given during the time of the festival.

Burmeister and Bismarck.

ON arriving at Varzin we found only a few most primitive houses and in the street some not very clean children, with bare heads and feet, playing in the dirt. We stopped at a watchmaker's, who also kept a sort of an inn, and his wife waited on us and led us to the front of Bismarck's house. All the buildings seemed to be abandoned and a delicious quiet and peace reigned about the whole ground. The door of the main building was shut and we looked in vain for a bell. At last some life came on to the scene. In the kitchen we heard a furious scolding, and an old cook coming out from there we asked her to show us the right way. She had not yet stopped her temper, and shouted to us that it was not her business to wait on strangers.

After this kind reception we tried to get into the house from the garden on the other side, and were looking for an entrance when a door opened and two immense gray Danish dogs jumped out. I knew at once they were Tyras and Rebecca, who always accompany their master on his walks. They seemed to have the intention of giving us a similar reception to the one we had already experienced, but just then the Prince appeared himself. The first impression which the man of "blood and iron" made upon me differed very much from what I had imagined.

From the numberless portraits, caricatures and descriptions I had pictured his face as being irregular, unsympathetic, bulldog-like, the eyes dim, the skin red and wrinkled and the figure bent by age. I was thoroughly disappointed. I was looking at an aristocrat from top to toe. He carried his huge but well proportioned figure very erect in spite of his eighty years, and his clear and blue eyes, smooth, white complexion and the energetic but noble features corresponded thoroughly with the image one is inclined to make of a great statesman.

The Prince called to the dogs, and on walking toward us at once recognized Mrs. Burmeister, who had played at one of the afternoon teas in his castle at Friedrichsruh last March. He greeted us open-heartedly and cordially. Our conversation touched neither politics nor music. I imagined he was tired of the former, and I knew of his indifference to the latter. Our talk, however, soon became animated. After some complaints about the weakness of his "old bones" he began at once to speak about the United States and their institutions, and took a special interest in the situation of the Germans living in America.

I assured him that among them no German was more popular than he, and gave him also an account of the success of the German Historical Society in Maryland. He asked whether some descendants of the Palatines, who emigrated to America about two centuries ago, were still living in Maryland or Pennsylvania. Bismarck's memory in history has always been a marvelous one, but I did not expect such a knowledge of this early emigration.

We were talking about my native city, Hamburg, and its surroundings when he suddenly broke out with an ironical smile, "Yes, they tried once to make me a Lauenburger." Lauenburg is a dukedom, near Hamburg, and was offered to Bismarck by the present Emperor when the latter dismissed him so unexpectedly in 1890. The Prince, of course, never accepted the offer, and besides bears his tragic fate with the greatest dignity, contrary to so many false reports.

The Prince is very fond of farming, and he spoke at some length about his farms, the coming harvest and the damages which the deluge of the past month had done. In this way the conversation was carried on from one subject to another, the Prince being in an excellent humor. His manner of talking was very clear but rather slow. It seemed as if he first had to form the words before he uttered them. At the close of our talk he said he regretted much that we could not see his wife on account of her being seriously ill, and added that the next time we would come we would find a comfortable hotel in Varzin, which he is now building for his visitors. When our visit came to an end we were very much impressed by the hearty and cordial way he asked us to come and see him again next summer, if he were still living.—Richard Burmeister, in the Baltimore "Sun."

Sarasate.—Sarasate has had thirty-two watches given him by different admirers, most of them in the shape of a violin.

Cardiff Festival.—At a recent meeting of the Cardiff Musical Society a draft program for the triennial festival to be held next year was submitted, including Berlioz' "Faust," Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" and "The Messiah." Professor Stanford had informed the committee that the work he would offer to the festival was entitled "The Bard," and Sir Joseph Barnby had intimated that his work would take the form of a "Te Deum."

ROSA LINDE, the great American Contralto,

FOR CONCERTS AND ORATORIO.

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JOHNSTON & ARTHUR, Decker Building, Union Sq., West, N. Y. City.



The Milwaukee Music Verein—Will present the public during this coming winter with several grand concerts, which are to be held at the Stadt Theater. The concerts as arranged are as follows: (1) October 28, when only members and their ladies are admitted. On this occasion the Steinway concert grand, a present from Mr. William Steinway, an honorary member, will be dedicated. The pianist Hans Brüning will make his first appearance in America and many other artists have volunteered their services.

(2) November 6—Beethoven evening. The Ninth symphony will be given, with Marcella Lindh, W. Rieger and Conrad Behrens as soloists.

(3) December 18—"Antigone," by Sophocles; music by Mendelssohn.

(4) February 19—Miscellaneous concert.

(5) First week in May—Concert, "Manasse," by Fr. Hegar. This work has caused much favorable comment when produced lately in Germany.

The Euterpe Society—Last Thursday, at Chandler's, 300 Fulton street, Brooklyn, a meeting of the Euterpe Orchestral Society, of Brooklyn, lately conducted by Prof. Mortimer C. Wiske, was held to reorganize for the season of 1894-95 and elect officers and a musical director. The following were elected: President, Stephen C. Martine; vice-president, Clyde Notman; second vice-president, Henry Voegel; treasurer, H. A. Burlein; secretary, J. A. Johnson; musical director, Prof. Carl Venth; concert-master, E. W. Wilmarth; financial secretary, F. E. Craig; librarian, C. H. Pine; chairman membership committee, L. H. Stagg; chairman reception committee, E. V. Dorney.—"Times."

Doomchef in New York—Costia Doomchef, a talented boy violinist, who has just arrived in this country, coming from Japan by way of San Francisco, gave an informal recital Thursday afternoon in the hall of the New York College of Music.

Bekelman—Bernardus Bekelman will return to the city next week.

Lambert's First Concert—Edourd Remenyi, Alexander Lambert and Hans Jung will be the soloists at the first concert at the New York College of Music in East Fifty-eighth street on October 2.

Cesar Thomson—Cesar Thomson will arrive in this country some time the latter part of October, and will make his first appearance at Carnegie Music Hall, October 30, when the great artist will be heard in the First Bruch concerto, and the great fantasia "Non piu mesta," by Paganini, in the playing of which latter composition he is said to excel all violinists. Thomson's time is almost completely filled. He has been engaged by the Boston Symphony Orchestra for six concerts, and will also be heard in the third New York Philharmonic Concert, when he will play two compositions very rarely heard on account of their technical difficulties, one of which will be the "Concerto Pathetic," by Ernst.

Henri Haagmans—Mr. Henri Haagmans, the violin-cellist of the New York Philharmonic Club, received a letter from his former teacher, Joachim, in which is this highly complimentary passage:

I can only say that I miss you, having at all times had much pleasure to observe your work in quartet playing, as well as in the orchestra. May you find for your fine and much appreciated talent the right field, and I should like to meet you soon again! This is the earnest wish of your affectionate,
JOSEPH JOACHIM.

This is praise indeed, for Joachim, unlike other renowned masters, is very chary of his compliments.

Fannie Hirsch—Miss Fannie Hirsch, the soprano, has arranged her music lessons so she may accept solo engagements at oratorios and concerts. Miss Hirsch is one of our foremost concert sopranos, which is attested by numerous press notices of her work in the past.

Carlotta Pinner Returns—Miss Carlotta F. Pinner, well known as an excellent musician and as a soprano of high range, with a method acquired from Italian masters, has returned to the city and is open for concert or opera engagements for this winter's season. While at Amityville and Arverne this summer she delighted the sojourners by the sea with her singing.

The Tødt's—Mr. and Mrs. Theo. J. Tødt will reopen their vocal studio, 151 East Sixty-second street, on October 1.

What He Played—On Saturday morning a gaunt looking man called at Proctor's Theatre and announced himself as the world's champion long distance piano player. A

certificate which he drew from his pocket declared him to hold a record of thirty-seven consecutive hours' piano pounding, and, as the man explained, it was the piano, not the player, that then gave out. He told Mr. Proctor that he wanted a place as continuous piano player in his theatre. Mr. Proctor, who always likes experiments, gave the regular musician a day off and told the new man to go ahead and see what he could do.

The living pictures were about to go on, so he was told to sit down and play an appropriate accompaniment to each of them.

By way of an overture, and a gentle hint to Manager Proctor at the same time, the man played "I Need Thee Every Hour." "Fording the Stream" was the first picture. The musician at once played "One More River to Cross." "A Life on the Ocean Wave" was his accompaniment to "The Fisherman's Courtship," and for "Comrades" he played "Johnnie Get Your Gun" with both pedals. In fact, his accompaniments went swimmingly until the last picture, "The Temptation of St. Anthony," was shown.

For a moment after the curtain rose the piano player seemed phased. Then a look of inspiration slipped into his features, and running his fingers melliflously along the keys he began "He Never Cares to Wander from His Own Fireside."

And to-day the man is wondering why Mr. Proctor found his work too original for a respectable all day ladies' performance.—"Evening Sun."

Rondout, N. Y.—On the occasion of the return of Rev. R. L. Burtzell, D. D., the distinguished pastor of St. Mary's Church, Rondout, the choir of that church sang an elaborate musical service consisting of Wiegand's mass in A minor and the offertory "Tu Es Petrus," by Lavallée, accompanied by full orchestra and organ, and conducted by Mr. Wm. H. Rieser. The program throughout was given in a manner reflecting great credit upon Mr. Rieser.

Mrs. Elizabeth Churchill Mayer—Mrs. Elizabeth Churchill Mayer, formerly of Fifty-ninth street, has taken quarters at Hardman Hall, where she will resume her vocal lessons on October 1. Pupils are prepared for opera, oratorio, church and concert and can also receive lessons in theory and harmony.

Mr. Carl at Home—Among the passengers on the steamship New York, of the American line, were Mr. Wm. C. Carl, the noted organist, and the tenor Mr. George L. P. Butler, who have spent the summer in Paris. Mr. Carl brings with him a portfolio of novelties, which he will play during his concerts this season, and among those which have been written especially for him this summer are: Concert Piece (MS.), B. Luard Selby; toccata (MS.), Georges MacMaster; andante, Aloys Claussmann, and andante et toccata, Henri Deshayes. This week Mr. Carl appears at the Worcester Musical Festival, performing Händel's Seventh concerto for organ and orchestra, after which he will make an extended tour through the country. While abroad Mr. Carl was the guest of Mr. Guilman at his chateau for more than two weeks, and he was the recipient of many honors by the French musicians.

Ross Jungnickel—Mr. Ross Jungnickel, pianist, formerly conductor of the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, has returned from Nantucket, Mass., and opened a studio at 731 Lexington avenue.

Brooklyn to Honor Beethoven—On October 20 the Beethoven bust, which was won by the German singing societies of Brooklyn, will be unveiled in Prospect Park. By a resolution of the Board of Aldermen all the public offices are to be closed in the afternoon of that day and flags displayed on the public buildings.

Augusta L. Gottschalk—Miss Augusta L. Gottschalk, director of music at the Rye (N. Y.) Seminary for over thirteen years, is forced to take a vacation of several months owing to ill health. Miss Gottschalk has been a most efficient teacher, and her early return in full health is to be hoped for.

John Howard—John Howard, the widely known teacher of singing and correspondent of THE MUSICAL COURIER, will return to New York October 10 to meet many pupils from distant States. As Mr. Howard will introduce his method in London during its musical season, May, June and July, his season in this city will be shorter than usual.

Jeanne Franko—Mrs. Jeanne Franko, after a summer full of business, playing at different watering places with accustomed success, has returned to the city, where she will receive pupils at her new studio, 100 East Seventy-sixth street. Mrs. Franko is also ready to take engagements as violin soloist in concerts.

Lena Doria Devine—Miss Lena Dora Devine, the vocal teacher, has opened her winter season of voice lessons with very gratifying results. That she is well equipped to do justice to those entrusting her with their voice material is amply vouched for by her former instructor. In a tastefully gotten up circular it is stated that "during her three years' course of study Miss Devine resided with the family of Signor Francesco Lamperti, and she assisted at the lessons of her fellow students, many of them distinguished artists. She also appeared in concerts in Italy and Germany, her engagements often being procured by Madame

and Signor Lamperti." "Her voice is a light soprano which has been so well and thoroughly schooled that one immediately inquires with whom she has studied, and naturally, when her teacher has been no less a personage than the distinguished Maestro Lamperti, of Milan." So says Dr. Richard Pohl, the eminent German critic. Miss Devine will also appear in concert during the coming season.

Russian Church Music and Living Pictures—Madame Eugenie Lineff, with her Russian choir, has, so to say, recovered for the American public the Russian folk music in general and the Russian sacred music in particular. While giving her concerts last season in New York, Chicago (during the World's Fair), Boston and other cities, it was evident that the American audiences have grasped the originality and highly appreciated the peculiar beauties of Russian church music, which indeed is held by all those competent to judge as the most perfect expression of religious feeling. As in Russia no instrumental music has ever been allowed in churches (being explicitly forbidden by the Ecclesiastical rules), the cultivation of vocal music has been carried on in that country with a special care, nay, with a true religious fervor, for nine centuries. Under such conditions it is but natural to expect that in Russian churches should be found the rarest treasures of choral singing. As Madame Lineff has decided for the next season to supplement her concerts with "Living Pictures" of Russian life, some living tableaux will also be dedicated to sacred music. True, the religious rites in most cases do not admit of their being reproduced on the stage, still there are moments of religious life which can, with perfect propriety, be shown in picture.

No important step of Russian peasants of to-day is made unless blessed by the Church. Birth, marriage, death, long voyage, occupation of a new house, use of the new crop, drought, plague and so forth—on all such and many other occasions appropriate prayers are delivered, and the Church's blessing is invoked.

Mme. Lineff has arranged to put up a very charming tableau—"Consecration of Fruits"—in which a number of pretty women who have gathered in the churchyard appear in national costume with baskets of different kinds of fruit for the consecration of the new crop.

The clergy of Russia have had their share in conquering and civilizing the inhabitants of the great plains and vast forests belonging to the Russian Empire. In former centuries it was of usual occurrence that in the wild plains disputed between the Russians on the one side and the Tartar horde on the other, among the Russian warriors was seen the figure of a monk or priest—the vanguard bearer of Christian civilization. Here a fine picture is suggested.

Ida Letson Morgan—Ida Letson Morgan, the pianist, was heard on September 19 at a musical given by Mrs. H. G. Bell, at Rutherford, N. J., in several solos, having great success. She played Moszkowsky's waltz in E major; Chopin's ninth etude; Weber's rondo brillante in E flat major; Godard's second mazourka; Chopin's scherzo.

Dr. and Mrs. Carl Martin have returned to the city and will resume tuition next week at 15 East Seventeenth street.

F. Wight Neuman—Ferdinand Wight Neuman, the Chicago impresario, has returned from a European trip and will leave to-day for Chicago.

The Burmeisters at Home—Mr. and Mrs. Richard Burmeister (Dory Peterson), the well-known pianists, are back at their home in Baltimore after a pleasant vacation spent abroad. Mrs. Burmeister has been in Europe for over a year and has made some very successful concert tournées in the capital cities of the Continent. This artistic couple will be heard in recitals during the winter and Richard Burmeister's symphonic poem, "Die Jagd nach dem Glück," is to be played at one of the Seidl concerts.

Alberto Jonas—Alberto Jonas, the piano virtuoso, will be in Ann Arbor, Mich., where he will teach and play at the university. He will play in New York next January.

Marie Louise Bailey.

ONE of the important events of the coming musical season will be the piano recitals by Marie Louise Bailey, who has been engaged for a tour of 100 concerts, beginning in October. Miss Bailey will make her first New York appearance October 30 in Music Hall, on which occasion she will play the Rubinstein D minor concerto and the Liszt Hungarian fantasia. Miss Bailey, who is an American, has been exceedingly successful in her European concerts, and the criticisms which she has received have been legitimately won. She possesses a remarkable command of the finger-board, her technic is developed to an unusual degree, and her repertoire consists of the most difficult works of modern piano playing. The King of Saxony has bestowed upon her the title of Court Pianiste. We shall look forward with great interest to her New York début. Miss Bailey's tour will take in all the important cities of the United States. A very good portrait of Miss Bailey can be seen in the European edition of THE MUSICAL COURIER.

Church Music.

By H. G. GANSS.

FOR years there has been manifested more or less of a tendency in the sphere of church music to go back for models even to times earlier than art itself. The severity, solemnity and grand simplicity of the old ecclesiastical chants has won many to the belief that here was the only music—the only solution of her choir problem that in those traditional tunes, plain yet inimitable, the prayers and pious aspirations of the Church once for all were inspired with a form of utterance to be forevermore repeated in all public worship. Nor does this enthusiasm limit itself to the Church alone, but finds expression with many zealous and erudite defenders in those separated from it. The indecorous, theatrical and inartistic encroachments of modern music in our churches, the fact that in some of them even the Holy Sacrifice seems but a frame for musical elaboration—in fact making all devotions subsidiary to it, all combine to urge these champions on to adopt drastic measures to have music again occupy the ministry where she becomes an aid to piety, an incentive to devotion and a most potent auxiliary in glorifying God.

It is the same sort of sentiment which led a Cornelius and Overbeck and other painters of their school to try and shut out the garish daylight of the present and paint by the dim, consecrated halo of early Christianity, when faith was more simple and earnest than it now seems.

Learned treatises and exhaustive reviews have been published in England, France, more particularly in Germany, where the movement seems to have taken its inception and where the most encouraging results have been obtained, to awaken interest especially in ecclesiastical circles to the sweet beauty, heart-searching pathos, unctuous piety and exultant majesty of the primitive chant. It has even been strongly intimated by this pre-Palestrina school, a school though numerically small, yet full of aggressive zeal, that the creations of modern music, the masses of Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Gounod, are a degenerate, worldly music compared with these inspired and ordained forms of solemn song.

How reasonable this is may appear from a few considerations which we beg to submit.

In looking over the history of music we discover that it has passed through three stages—that of nature, of prescription or ordinance, and that of free art. Which of these is the highest? Which shows its adaptability most to the holy functions that first inspired its employment? Which gives fullest expression to the intentions of the Church? Which, in a word, affords most full and perfect utterance to man's highest, holiest aspirations?

Every history of music opens with quotations from Holy Writ, the traditions of nations showing its earliest use to have been religious. The simplest language which the private or the social heart knew for its joys and griefs was naturally the best that could suggest itself to the fresh instincts of the early races for their temple service, their communion with God. The difference between secular and sacred music must have been slight. It was all sacred, for it was of the heart; it was all secular, for it sprang spontaneously from child-like intimacy with nature, when the sense of the supernatural was a living reality, and not divorced from natural experience. And what sort of melodies were those thus born in common life and consecrated at the altar? Mere stammerings and dark gropings after melody.

True, the Greeks with their exquisite sensibility to sound and the rhythmic structure of a greater part of their literature, must have made considerable progress in the direction of melody; but they had no harmony in our modern acceptance of the word. They sang only in unisons and octaves. Grote and Schlegel claim that this music had a powerful ethical effect. The former even endeavors to show the mental effect of each particular style of music on the hearer. "In the belief of all the ancient writers every musical mode had its particular emotional influences, powerfully modified the temper of hearers and was intimately connected with the national worship." But if we take into consideration the absence of the art, which tests the highest and lowest grade of musical inclination—time and harmony—we at once notice that little progress could have been made.

It was a simple, rude and grave music from our present standard of judgment, nor can we find aught else through all the glowing period of Grecian art, nor even until far down in the Christian centuries. Speech must have an existence before grammar, and music began before scales, thorough bass or counterpoint.

It is not to be wondered that these primitive, rude germs of melody, adopted by the first ministers of religion, pagan, Hebrew or Christian, should become traditional and stationary models, consecrated as the sole legitimate forms of music, so that in a measure they really checked the free and natural development of art. In the history of music, as in our own lives, the ghosts of our past habits, if we pay too much heed to them, paralyze present endeavor. When once under the control of the Christian Church

music entered a slow phase of dogmatism and exclusivism, so that these tuneful aspirations of an age before art became a matter of ecclesiastical ordinance which creative genius did not dare to overstep. As the monastery became the depository of all literature, so it became the nurse of the infancy of music. The child was kept closely to its cradle, as if it had no destiny beyond, rocked by certain rules and theories, that permitted little expansion on the secular growing world of nature and of genius. These rules and theories, complex and abstruse, as well as the plain old stock of tunes and chants, were a Greek legacy, an outright adoption of Greek modes or scales. These, in fact, were no scales at all, at least not nature's scale, inasmuch as they had not the means of harmony, but were mere barren sequences of notes in unison.

The music of the first five or six centuries of the Church consisted of the simple canto fermo or plain chant, called after St. Ambrose and St. Gregory the Great. It was sung in unison or octaves. No harmony, no parts appear in the old missals, graduals, rituals and antiphonaria. Dr. Burney, in corroboration of this, says: "The chants of the first ages have no other constituent part of good music than that of moving in some of the intervals belonging to the diatonic scale; nor do any stronger marks of selection and design appear on them than might be expected in a melody formed by a fortuitous concurrence of musical sounds."

Nor is it to be wondered again that out of this very self-denial and limitation there should have been a certain positive gain of masculine vigor and sublimity. The superior richness and variety which some enthusiasts of the old sacred music find in the ecclesiastical or Gregorian tones cannot be set down to imagination or to peculiarly attuned ears. We may smile at their assertion of the degeneracy of all modern music, as if every character from the twelve modes were a corruption and approach to worldliness. We may also point to the fallacy of supposing that the old works were richer in their twelve scales borrowed from the Greek than we are in our two, which we call major and minor. We may easily show that their twelve authentics and plagals were simply our one scale in a sheathed state of half development, in the same way that Goethe says that snakes and fishes are sheathed men.

The seven notes of our natural diatonic scale were the fixed elements of each and all of them; the semitones had not yet got their arms out, and at this point the serial unfolding was arrested. All the same, each mode had a genius or character peculiar to itself; exercised a powerful influence for good; possessed in itself the gist and germ of our modern musical system, and in its way and time was a most potent medium in adding dignity and fervor to the pious faith of our forefathers. After all it was not the artistic skill displayed in executing the chant as much as the deep-seated devotion of the singer that gave it such an incomparable charm. St. Augustine summarizes the true import of church music when he says: "A hymn becometh Thee, O God in Zion. Where? In Zion, not in Babylon. But Thou dwellest in Babylon? I dwell there according to the flesh, but not according to the heart. Therefore I do not sing here, for I sing according to the heart and not the flesh. The tone of the flesh is heard by the citizens of Babylon, the tone of the heart is heard by the King of Jerusalem. Therefore, do not sing, inasmuch as you are of Babylon, but sing inasmuch as your dwelling place is above." (August. In Ps. 64.) The song of the Church, like prayer, must swell from the heart and not find its mission in a mere utterance of the lips.

In every form of worship music has always formed an important part. Religion gave birth to it. Sanctioned by Scripture, enjoined by the Church, familiarized by long use and noble and elevating in itself, the praise of God in song, for it is nothing else, is surely one of the most solemn and impressive parts of the service in the Church. We say is, but alas! it too often is as far from solemn, as far from impressive, as far from what it should be as can well be imagined. Ignorant singers, uneducated organists, untrained choirs, and, more than all and worse than all, the abominations in the shape of musical compositions, masses, choruses, solos, which make up the trashy flood of publications that stream from the press for the benefit of the publisher rather than for the glory of God or the improvement of musical science, are among some of the difficulties that lie in the way of good church music.

We are slow in learning what church music should be. Musical inanity and bathos have by long usage become familiar and thought to be the proper form of praising God in song. To this list new abominations are daily added, productions defying all known laws of composition, arrangements from secular music, a little altered in form and introduced, like wolves in sheep's clothing, into the service of the sanctuary. Such music must arouse a shudder in every Christian heart. We cannot hear "Il balen" sang to the words of an "Ave Verum" without calling to mind the whole personnel of "Il Trovatore." It is impossible that such associations should not be awakened with thoughts as unfit to fill the mind of the devout worshiper as angels of light are to keep fellowship with the devils of the pit. Yet how prevalent is not the custom? What choir can claim an immunity from the contagion? What organist

has the hardihood to uphold the pure and lofty ideals of the Church?

In view of this the promulgation of the late decree on church music by the Congregation of Sacred Rites, which, while it is virtually but a corollary of that of the Council of Trent (Sess. xxiii., c. 18), will be hailed by all lovers of the liturgical chant with unfeigned pleasure as being, to say the least, most opportune. In musical circles it will arouse more than ordinary interest, and will possibly give a new impulse to the study of not only plain chant but the music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, whose accredited exponent is Palestrina. The comprehensive method adopted by the Congregation of Sacred Rites gives renewed evidence of its vigilance and solicitude in guarding the dignity, reverence and, more yet, the artistic standard of church music in a sphere where but too often it is thoughtlessly relegated into the hands of incompetent laymen, to whom the sanctuary, with its sublime mysteries, is an object of secondary consideration, if not supine indifference.

The complete and unconditional surrender of music into such hands could not but be productive of scandalously grotesque and artistically immoral results, in which all sense of devotion—even musical propriety—is most violently outraged. The most vacuous musical rubbish, to which even our mercenary musical publishers would blush to give their imprint, finds a ready acceptance in our church choirs, and Sunday after Sunday these musical monstrosities, barrel organ fashion, are ground out to a patient and long suffering congregation.

From the time of St. Gregory down to this last decree the watchword of the Church invariably was: "Musica debet esse honesta non debet deformare cantum planum." Music must be endowed with a sense of propriety, it must not ruthlessly mutilate the Church's chant. It is the Church, the episcopate and priesthood who should be the musical sentinels on the walls of Zion and debar all ingress to the frivolous, vapid and musically meretricious that has silenced the voice of the Church and opened the floodgates of the operatic, execrably performed at that. The choir loft is in a measure as much the domain of the priest as the sanctuary itself. To him belongs the duty of having the Liturgy carried out in all its details decently, reverently. Music is not a mere adjunct or convenient accessory to the holy Liturgy—it is an integral part of it. "Musica ecclesiastica est pars integralis cultus ecclesiastici." (Brunnemann De Jure Eccles. L. I., cap. 6.)

The Congregation insists upon the elimination of all unseemly distracting operatic music, and with equal vehemence upon the retention of the Gregorian chant in its primitive integrity and elemental vigor.

As an evidence of the forethought and circumspection of the Congregation of Sacred Rites, showing that it is in touch with the healthier sentiment current with musicians, we have the unobtrusive but all the same meritorious work accomplished by French musicians. The musical leaders of France, including such names as Guilmant, Boisjolin, Ch. Bordes, Bourgault-Ducoudray and l'Abbé Perruchot, have formed a schola cantorum, a school of singers, with ramifications throughout the great republic, with the object in view that a music shall be introduced into the Church that shall accord artistically and liturgically with its ecclesiastical character. "What Guilmant, the greatest of living organists, touches," says a late writer in THE MUSICAL COURIER, "is branded with truth and worth; Bordes, than whom none has done more efficient work in rendering the colossal creations of the Roman, Florentine and Netherland schools of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by his famous choir, Les Chanteurs de St. Gervais; Boisjolin, a savant, critic and scholarly writer on musical topics; Bourgault-Ducoudray, professor of history in the Conservatoire and musical archaeologist, all are working with an assiduity and unselfishness to introduce the chant that presages success and the dawn of a new era in ecclesiastical art."

Perhaps more than a mere incident in their labors is the resolute determination to introduce the edition of Dom Pothier's liturgical works. It was the saintly Benedictine of Solesmes, loyal to the traditions of his great order, who gave this great revival in France its initiative. Not satisfied with the editions that had been published, he began a most minute and critical and apparently thorough and exhaustive study of the old manuscripts, familiarized himself with the neumæ, the ancient mode of notation, in appearance more like a cuneiform inscription than an intelligible system to read music. The complex system he had to unravel may be inferred from the fact that no less than twenty-eight of these neumæ, dots, curves, strokes and brackets and combinations of them are found in the Antiphony of St. Gall alone. The old manuscripts at times led him to seemingly inextricable labyrinths of musical changes and variations. The chant was simple and unadorned, and yet he encountered examples of a musical extravagance and turgidity that could not be paralleled in the palmiest days of the Rossini school. Surely St. Gregory could not have been inspired to note down a composition where as many as 160, nay, 200 notes are formed on one syllable. No; the chant of St. Gregory was simple and unadorned, but its rendition by singers was the subject of reform even in the

fifth, sixth and seventh centuries. History plainly tells us that Leo II. (A. D. 683) "improved the chant of Gregory."

Dom Pothier saw clearly that our modern compilations could not be traced anterior to the tenth and thirteenth centuries. Accordingly he followed the advice Charlemagne gave to his compatriots eleven centuries before, when he peremptorily dismissed the recalcitrant singers with the stinging words, "Go ye to the fountain of St. Gregory, for ye are only the rivulets and ye have manifestly corrupted the ecclesiastical chant." He delved into the archives of monasteries and libraries, unearthed ancient documents, deciphered forgotten manuscripts, sifted the accretions and mutilations of centuries, compared the result with the editions already extant, and reproduced as near as possible to its pristine simplicity and ineffable grandeur the liturgical chant of the Church.

He had a number of editions to consult, no two alike, yet all claiming to be authoritative. There was that monumental work, the "Graduale Romanum"—a lasting memorial of Palestrina's faith, piety and genius. He never saw it published, for it was only issued from the Medicean press twenty years after his death. In his pupil Guidetti, who really achieved for plain chant what his master did for polyphonic music, a worthy and indefatigable champion was found. Under the auspices of Gregory XIII. and Sixtus V. Guidetti issued from the same press (1582-1614) in quick succession the "Directorium Chori," "Rituale Romanum," &c. Then to add to the meek monk's bewilderment there were the editions of Reims, Tours, Mechlin, Dijon and Paris. Lastly the Ratisbon edition, issued by Pustet under the patronage of Pius IX. and Leo XIII.

The edition was edited by Rev. F. X. Haberl, an exceptionally worthy and competent musician, and issued typographically and critically in a form that was thought to be above cavil or criticism. The work was executed by command of Pius IX., who deputed the Congregation of Sacred Rites to superintend its publication. The Congregation in turn summoned to its aid a commission of four experts, who were to formulate rules for the proper rendition of the chant according to the intentions of the Council of Trent, and who should exercise corrective supervision over the entire work. To Pustet was awarded the typographical execution of the work, with the privilege of printing it with exclusive Papal approbation for thirty years. (See Dec. C. S. R., December 18, 1871.) This privilege was not renewed, if a notice purporting to emanate from the College of Sacred Rites and published in the daily press within the last few weeks can be relied upon.

That Dom Pothier's version of the chant meets the musical requirements of unimpeachable artists as well as the liturgical demands of the Church we may glean from Gounod's discussion of it. After paying a visit to the Abbey of Solesmes he writes as follows: "You close your eyes and open your ears all to hear this marvelous music, just as you would at a real concert of artists, and you soon forget that you are in the nineteenth century, except so far as the execution recalls that of the best performers of the present day, including those of the opera. And yet it is plain chant that those monks are chanting, but a plain chant so cantabile with its neumae-forming motives and its notes not horribly long and uniformly funereal, like those that the ignorant singers of our parish churches swallow up and spit out at us from their yawning jaws. Here, on the contrary, you listen to a charming and brilliant succession of psalms, hymns, antiphons, &c., the motives of which are always so varied that the one, two, three hours of service pass in an enchantment of your whole being."—Philadelphia "Catholic Times."

Systematic Development of Musical Consciousness.

IF the tonic sol-fa method of elementary music teaching were generally practiced in the public schools of America, as it should be, much that I now have to write would not be necessary. For it is the great virtue of this method that it makes music study turn entirely upon the development of accurate musical perceptions and the transference of these perceptions into concepts, whereby when the student sees the signs of a particular musical combination the sounds themselves immediately present themselves to his mind clearly and without difficulty. So clear is this that even when modulations take place the reader not only recognizes the fact and realizes the new key, but he also recognizes the link between the old key and the new, and is able to go from one chord to another without losing his bearings. Moreover, when he has really read a certain piece of music he can play it in one key as easily as in another, saving only the unavoidable differences in the lay of the ruling chords of a key under the fingers of a player.

It is true that much of this thinking has already been done for the student in the notation itself, which discards all those confusing elements of varying representations, and confines his attention to the facts of relation in key, whereby every accidental is immediately distinguished as the chromatic of a certain scale tone or a natural tone of a new key—according to its nature. Thus musical concepts are immeasurably simplified over staff representations, and the student

is furnished with something which we cannot give him in connection with the staff, namely, a generalized statement of a particular musical progression, valid for all possible keys and for accurate determination, needing only to be designated as intended to be played in such or such a key. Thus this method of notation and the system of instruction that goes with it are exactly what the teacher needs, that he cannot possibly do better than to turn himself to the Standard Course, and the other elementary courses of the tonic sol-fa, for suggestions and for an order of development which will be of great use and advantage to him.

There are other reasons why it would be simpler to have a certain part of the early education done in singing. Mainly because the voice is the organ of the soul. Whatever one sings one necessarily cares something about, and utters the music as that of something within one. Playing is abnormal at first. The prehensile hand was not originally designed for playing the piano, though it has made a very good record latterly in this direction. It was not intended as an organ of speech, but it has found ways of interpreting the moods of the soul with great delicacy.

But for the immediate use of teachers living remote from musical centres and desiring suggestions available for better directing some favorite and talented little pupil the following suggestions are in order:

What we are to seek to do is to give the pupil one after another the elementary tonal concepts which make up music. At the bottom of these lies the common chord. This is the start which nature gives us, since the tones of the chords are already found in the partial tones of the piano itself. It would be an instructive lesson to teach the pupil to sound these tones by sympathetic resonance. That is, holding C two octaves below middle C, let the pupil sound violently C above, G, C, E, G, C, always ascending. Let the pedal be held while these tones are sounded. Then upon letting go the pedal the tones of the chord will be heard from the bass C, which is still held by the finger. Single tones can be sounded in reverse method; holding middle C without sounding it, touch C an octave below violently and you will hear an answer from the middle C as soon as the pedal has been released. (I may say that the object of using the pedal in this exercise is simply to promote freer vibration, thereby making the resonance stronger and the sympathetic response clearer.)

The major triad needs to be known well. The pupil must be able to sing its tones one after another and to recognize them when heard. Touching a bass, in order to give the bearings, he should be able to tell whether a tone in the treble belongs to the chord, and, if so, what tone of the chord it is—whether root, third or fifth. This involves considerable experimenting and a few weeks' time. Then the minor triad is taken up in the same manner; then the chords of the dominant seventh. From this point it is time to go on to chords in connection, *i. e.*, to the chords of which make up a key. A key in its simplest aspect consists of three triads superimposed; the tonic in the centre, the dominant above and the sub-dominant below. Then when the tones are collected within an octave and sounded within order of pitch we have the scale. But the scale is not the elementary unit. The chord is the unit. When all the scale tones are sounded, cause the pupil to sound all tonic elements in the scale; then all the dominant; then all the sub-dominant. Then sound single tones, and cause the bass to be touched a little later; that is, sounding middle C, touch C in the bass very softly a little after. The melody C must be sounded with earnestness and fullness, in order that its harmonic feeling may be appreciated. Sound D in like manner and answer it with its proper bass; then E and its proper bass, C; then F with its own bass, and so on. These experiments the pupil will do himself as soon as shown, and as soon as he has learned how to form keys by the succession of chords which I have mentioned.

I have always been accustomed to secure a considerable degree of musical thinking through the memorizing of pieces. It is sometimes objected to this by those who have not followed the process for a long time that the pupil retains in mind only the memory of staff places, or at best of key-board places, and not music as such. This may be so at first in some cases. And there is one way in which it can be changed. It is to cause some little piece to be memorized. Then have it transposed and played in some other key. The first attempt of this kind will not generally succeed immediately, but will need to be worked up to. The process of transposition must be shown. For this there is nothing so good as the tonic sol-fa notation. Cause the pupil to write a phrase in sol-fa, and then to play from her notes in several keys at your direction. Then write out a bass or two in the same manner, and cause her to carry it out in different keys as directed from the same notes. A little of this will give her the idea. Something very simple will be best at first, like the first line of a Schubert waltz. The second line of each of these little forms of Schubert sequences in different related keys, and will be more difficult to transpose than the first line. For that reason leave the second line until later.

When the pupil has transposed a few very simple and diatonic things into various keys the more difficult things

are to be taken up. And later let her learn something pretty, in the way of a short piece, and then work it out herself in a new key every lesson for several weeks. You will be surprised to discover what this process will do for her musical intelligence. The exercise of transposing the same thing into various keys disassociates the melody and its harmony from any particular place in pitch, and puts it into the realm of pure music, where musical ideas as such go on to their conclusion.

In the very simple parts of ear training the methods of the tonic sol-fa are the best yet devised, and the teacher cannot do better than to follow them diligently.—W. S. B. Matthews, in the "Musical Record."

The Organ.

By J. F. ROWBOTHAM.

IT has been well said that he who can take an interest in scrutinizing a simple pipe will find a life-long study in examining an organ. The king of instruments, as it has so frequently been called, is termed by Berlioz the Pope of music, in contrast to the orchestra, which he christened the Emperor. Berlioz was writing in allusion to an organ concerto, a species of composition for which he seems to have had no particular fancy. It is a rivalry, he declares, between pope and emperor—the orchestra emperor, the organ pope. Each in its own domain is a master, and there is no means of comparing them together. There is this element of truth about the definition—that the organ, like the orchestra, is really a collection of instruments. In the organ this collection of instruments is controlled mechanically by one player; in the orchestra the control of the conductor is, if we may so express it, a moral one. The conductor cannot prevent the instruments going wrong if they suddenly take it into their heads to do so; but an organist can at once rectify or prevent an error by the pressure of a finger or the closing of a stop.

When, then, did this elaborate collection of pipes which we call an organ first come into being? We may pass back through century after century, and still we find organs existing in the civilized world. Eighteen centuries and more we shall have to travel through before we arrive at the birth of the instrument. And when we have reached that we shall find that we have likewise reached the birth of Christianity. The organ as a perfect instrument is, in fact, as old as the Christian religion, and may to some extent be regarded, so far as its development is concerned, as the outcome of the Christian spirit.

This is a tremendous antiquity for a musical instrument, and the reverence which so often attaches to an organ is amply justified by facts. Yet there was once a time when the organ had no existence, and it will be our business in the present paper to trace the gradual steps in the growth of the instrument from its humblest and most unobserved beginning until a tolerable stage of maturity was reached, from whence onward the instrument may bear comparison with the organs with which we are familiar to-day.

About two to three centuries before Christ, a Greek barber lived at Alexandria who was marvellously skilled in all kinds of mechanical contrivances, and especially in musical mechanics, which seem to offer such a favorite recreation to ingenious inventors. This man had invented, among other things, a musical clock, which was a contrivance to tell the time of day by means of the dropping of water upon little wheels, which went round and round as the water dropped upon them. The turning of the wheels communicated their motion to a little plaster statue which held a stick in its hand and pointed to the hours marked on a dial face on a pillar. Subsequently the wheels were so arranged as to force air through a little flute, which sounded the hours instead of merely silently indicating them as the stick had done.

From this beginning Ctesibius proceeded to the design of "the water flute" or "water pan-pipe," which consisted of a number of flutes through which air was forced by the motion of water. The effect of this must have been the same unruly, ill-regulated sound which we may hear to-day in an æolian harp. But when slides were added at the bottom of the flutes the first step had been taken toward turning the "water pan-pipe" into an organ.

The next step in the development of the mechanics of the organ was to regulate the currents of air so that they might pass in a steady and equable volume into the pipes. And the finishing touch was to furnish the slides with strings or trackers, so that they might be opened or shut at will.

In this first stage in the development of the organ, the instrument in its complete form was something as follows: There was first a large vase half full of water, which had an inverted funnel in it, connected by a pipe with a flat box or wind chest above. On each side of the vase were cylinders with pistons inside them, which were worked with levers from below, like pumps. These cylinders had pipes running from them into the central vase down through the water into the bell of the funnel. There were valves at the top hanging by movable chains. When therefore it was necessary to fill these cylinders with air, the lever was

raised, the valve immediately descended, and through the hole the air rushed into the cylinder. But directly the lever was pumped downward and the air sent rushing up the cylinder by the piston, at the first puff the valve closed at the top, and the air therefore rushed through the pipe into the central vase and down into the bell of the funnel. From thence with redoubled force, owing to the weight of the funnel and the pressure of the water, it was driven up the funnel's pipe and into the wind chest. In this the pipes were set, and their bottoms covered with slides.

In the later Roman Empire, during the reign of the Emperor Honorius, who held his chief court at Ravenna, organs of the above pattern were made of all sizes. There were some of such dimensions as to deserve from the historian Gibbon the epithet of "enormous." There were others so small as to be easily portable. The latter class were those which were chiefly made for the use of the Roman nobility, and we are told that slaves used to carry the instruments to the houses where their masters were to attend the performance of private concerts.

A considerable period passes away in the history of organ building before we hear anything more about an instrument. So completely had all knowledge of the organ died away between the sixth century and the time of Pepin and Charlemagne that the monastic chronicles which speak of the instrument in the latter age, allude to it as a totally new thing, the very shape and nature of which was a marvel and a prodigy. The following anecdote may serve as an illustration of this:

It was in the reign of Charlemagne that ambassadors from the Emperor of Constantinople came to the court of the Frankish monarch to treat of certain diplomatic details unnecessary to be here set down. They had not been long at the French court before amazing stories began to be circulated about a mysterious instrument they had brought with them which could roar as loud as thunder, and yet babble as soft as a lyre or a tinkling bell. All sorts of exaggerated accounts got abroad as to its nature and shape, till at last Charlemagne, in order to set matters at rest, deputed a number of musicians to disguise themselves as workmen engaged in repairs in the ambassadors' apartments, and under the pretense of mending floors and cementing ceilings to observe narrowly the marvellous instrument so as to make another like it if necessary. The emperor's device, we learn, was perfectly successful, and the musical craftsmen constructed an organ precisely similar in all respects to that of the ambassadors'. The new instrument was placed in the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, and served as a model for all the organs in France from that day onward.

Such is the story as it is reported by the chroniclers of the time. We see no reason to doubt its authenticity. Its air of reality is confirmed by the fact that the organ, as the chroniclers describe it, differed in some important respects from the old instrument of the Roman times. It possessed stops, and it was furnished with bellows. No romancer could draw on his imagination for two such appendages to the old instrument, and therefore we are inclined to accept the account as true in its main particulars.

The application of bellows to organs was a secret known in the early ages of organ building, but seldom if ever acted upon. When the handsome water organs of the Roman Empire were in the full zenith of their popularity, some stray inventor hit upon the idea of blowing the instrument with a pair of bellows instead of with pistons transmitting a current of air through water. The idea was thought so comical by the wisecracks of the time that all sorts of jokes were cracked about it; and conundrums were made about the bellows organ which must have sorely puzzled the Roman ladies and gentlemen for a solution. Despite the excellence of the invention, the idea came to nothing, principally, it would seem, owing to the insufficiency of power in the bellows of that age, and the unsteadiness with which they transmitted the wind through the pipes. Nor do we find bellows generally employed as feeders of organs until long after the age of Charlemagne. Even in the reign of that monarch's successor, Louis the Pious, the water organ was still the dominant form used, and George the Venetian, the great organ builder of that era, made all the organs which he supplied to the churches and chapels of France to that pattern.

At last, but not before the tenth century—when the organ, that is to say, was about a thousand years old—bellows began to be used to feed the instrument. Yet in thinking of bellows we must not have in our mind the admirably constructed and powerful bellows which feed our organs at the present day. Nothing of the sort. The bellows employed then were almost identical in size, power and shape with the ordinary kitchen bellows of to-day, and in order to produce the necessary quantity of wind a large number of them were employed. We read of thirty bellows being used to feed one organ, with a couple of blowers to each bellows—possibly in order that one man might relieve the other in the arduous task of blowing.

This was an exceedingly cumbersome method, it is obvious; and we know not how any modern organist would enjoy the pleasure of playing if he were conscious that sixty of his unfortunate fellow creatures were engaged in providing the instrument with wind. Matters were made

worse for the blowers by the enormous size of the organs, the key-board of which was sometimes so extended that two players were required in order to produce the harmonies. The keys also were made so thick and broad that the compass of an octave, which we can easily stretch by the expansion of our thumb and little finger, could in those days with difficulty be spanned by the outspread arms, while the heavy, massive keys resisted the pressure of a finger, and had to be forced down by smart blows of the fist!

In curious contrast to these enormous organs, which were made for the churches and cathedrals of that date, very small organs were made for the use of wandering minstrels—organs supremely diminutive, and more like in general aspect and employment to our accordions than to anything which we designate by the term organ. These little instruments were called "regals," and were held with the bellows in the fold of the left arm, while the right hand discoursed upon the keys. They were called "regals" because they "regaled" or refreshed the ears of those who heard them by the melodious and dulcet notes which they emitted.

Through such strange stages of development did the organ progress to its perfect and ultimate form, which in due time it reached. Not till the beginning of the eleventh century did the monks take to organ building, and then at last organs began to receive that careful and artistic treatment in point of structure which had before not been possible for them to obtain. The complete furnishings of the organ parts were manufactured in the monasteries, even down to the smelting of the metals of which the pipes were made.

After a few decades of earnest and laborious experiment the monks achieved a point of skill in the structure of the instrument which succeeding ages have found little opportunity to improve upon. Although such a remark may seem an exaggeration, written by one whose sympathies were wholly with antiquity, its truth may easily be tested by a consideration of the following facts. The building frame and all the interior woodwork were made of plane wood. The bellows were contained in a frame, and the wind passed from the bellows into a wind chest, not indeed by a wind trunk as with us, but by a number of holes communicating with the bellows. Above the wind chest was another frame containing the groove, the upper board, and fitted on to this the pipes. This was all closed in with a bottom made of plane wood, which was furnished with contrivances similar to our pallets, by which the wind might pass from the wind chest into the grooves. Above the grooves came the upper board, in which the pipes were set; but instead of being made of continuous pieces, the upper board was constructed of several separate pieces of wood, each groove having its separate piece above it, and in this its pipe or pipes were set. The keys seem to have acted much the same as in our organs—viz., with pull-downs passing through the wind chest, and drawing down pallets which allowed the wind to pass at once into the groove. But there were no stickers or back falls, and thus the key action was considerably simplified. The key communicated directly with the pull down, and for the purpose of working it was made to move a little outward each time it was pressed, by which contrivance the pull down which was fastened to it and ran slanting through the wind chest up to the pallet was drawn down a little, and so opened the pallet which admitted the wind to the groove.

One peculiarity of the keys in these organs may be mentioned here, a peculiarity, by the bye, which remained for some centuries after in some old organs. The names of the notes were engraved on the keys. Letters of the alphabet were employed for this purpose, and their black bodies were very conspicuous on the white wooden or bone ground of the key. We ourselves have seen some old organs thus decorated on their keys, and doubtless some of our readers have been equally fortunate.

The bellows were still of the primitive shape, but larger, and a very useful contrivance in the shape of a canopy was employed to cover the organ when not played upon, in order to keep dust out of the pipes.

We have thus brought the instrument from its simplest form to a highly developed and complex structure, which might fairly be compared with the organs of the present day in all essential details. Here our task ends; nor do we propose to carry it farther by allusion to modern improvements which have left the main outlines of the form unaffected. There has never been so slow a growth in the case of an instrument. At the same time there has never been an instrument so complex and elaborate. The piano is simplicity itself compared to the elaborate mechanism of an organ—a mechanism, we may add, which increases in intricacy every year, but yet is invariably founded upon the ground form the development of which it has been the object of these columns to trace.—London "Musical Opinion."

Baritones as Composers.—The baritone Fumagalli has written the libretto for an opera, "Amen." D'Alano in Bologna is now composing the music for it. The celebrated baritone, Pignolo, of "La Scala," has completed an opera, "Turtarella" (the turtle dove).

The Ideal Musical Critic.

ACCORDING TO THE GOSPEL OF THE CRITICISED.

AS the recent article in a monthly contemporary has attracted some attention, we have interviewed several musicians on the subject of critics, with the following results:

A COMPOSER.—"Above all it is the primary duty of a critic to enter thoroughly into the musicianship of a new work. To do this satisfactorily several days must be spent in studying the score, and playing it over on the piano. A critic must not dare to mention such errors as a frequent use of consecutive fifths, nor should he try to play the schoolmaster; for a composer who has studied music all his life is a much better judge of what latitude in harmony he may allow himself than a mere musical critic can possibly be. It is absurd to suppose that an adequate criticism can be written in a couple of hours—a week is the shortest period allowable. There is one thing of which I particularly complain, and that is if Joachim or some other big artist is playing at a concert a new work receives only a paltry ten lines of comment. This should be altered. There is nothing new to say about Joachim or Paderewski, but lots could be written concerning a new work, especially if it be by M—, a native composer.

"We do not want a critic's personal impressions, but a good sound report of the way in which a new work is performed and received and, if possible, an able analysis of it, in which it will not be the writer's principal aim to find fault but to appreciate good work at its true value. As to literary style it does not so much matter. What we want is intuition and sound judgment, delivered without any taint of partiality. Also all references to reminiscences to be found in our works should be carefully avoided; it is not fair to criticise in that way. And if by chance our music is modern in character, the critic should never say that Wagner's influence is very strongly marked. We may be modern without actually imitating Wagner. In short, it will be best for the critic to confine himself to an appreciative notice, unless he takes at least a week, or better still, a month, to think over the work. If these rules were followed out we should have an almost ideal musical critic."

A SINGER.—"My ideas on musical criticism? Well, you see, I have always been very fairly treated, except by — [we have carefully eliminated all names.—Ed.]. But, speaking generally, I think that far too much room is given in newspapers to criticisms of compositions and to their performance. Who wants to read yards of stuff about Dr. —'s oratorio? We in the profession know quite well that he can't write really interesting music; what we wish to know is whether it is well sung or not. At present when a new piece is given for the first time you read a whole column of stuff about the composition, and we, the artists who have made the thing go, we are dragged in at the tail end as if we were only a shade more important than the members of the orchestra! It's shameful! What would I propose? Well, surely a skillful writer can introduce us earlier into his report. Take me, for instance. I am a tenor. Now, supposing I am taking the principal part in a new oratorio, why can't your critic fix the thing up in this way: 'Then a really beautiful air, "Now Falls the Night" (or something of that sort), was sung to perfection by Mr. Beeflatte, and we would particularly mention the wonderfully easy way in which he brought out the final B flat. This air is very melodious and is written with much musician skill (and so on—you know the kind of style).

"Then there is another thing of which I have to complain. You writers on the press seem to think that all singers are of equal importance. For instance, you will sometimes give ten lines to a tenor and over fifteen to a baritone. All that ought to be altered. Then if we happen to sing a shade out of tune, what does it matter? Surely you might have some human feeling toward us. We can't always be perfect. I don't really care whether you put your foot into it in talking about our registers so long as you say whether we were successful with the public or not. And then all gibes and sneers at a supposed want of feeling should be left out of the newspaper reports. The public does not care about feeling as distinct from beautiful vocalization. If the critics would only bear these remarks in mind they would be nearly perfect, I think. Still, as it is, I have nothing serious to complain of."

A CONCERT AGENT.—"My dear fellow, I've nothing much to say on the question. I put all the best artists I can find before the public, and I rely on their verdict. Of course the critics can damn a singer or pianist, but, as a rule, they don't. I am fairly satisfied, thank you, with the musical portion of the press."

A PIANIST.—"What is my ideal of a critic? Well of course one who always praises me. I can best give you my real ideal, however, by stating what in my opinion critics should not write. I don't see why, for instance, they need compare us to Paderewski or Rubinstein or Liszt. Nothing is gained by that. Then it is absurd to rave about 'objective' interpretations, as if we could entirely sink our individuality in that of the composer. For instance, do any two actors speak the same speech in the same way? Of course not, and neither can we pianists play a composition

exactly as it is written. Where would be the good of so many pianists if we could? Then a critic should not write of what he calls the 'composer's intention,' as if we pianists had no ideas of our own and only had to interpret music like an ordinary amateur—in an accurate manner. What is the good, I should like to know, of having spent so much time in mastering technic if we are never to show that we have mastered it? And if we did not play the well-known Chopin or Schumann pieces in a rather exaggerated way, what do you think the amateur would think of us—why, nothing!

"We must give our readings, and it is the duty of the critic to chronicle the enthusiasm of the audience and our wonderful technic. Of course if we fail in that, criticise us by all means; but really it is time the critics should leave the 'composer's intentions' to us; we know what effect to make better than a mere writer on the press. It is absurd the way in which some critics lecture us. There is that weekly musical paper the 'M—S—,' for instance. Only the other day we were told by one of its writers that we entirely spoil the simplicity of many compositions by the way in which we dwell on and emphasize certain passages, and even chords. Why, I should like to know, shouldn't we do so, if we wish? The fact is, composers do not know how to write for the piano, and if we did not heighten their effects we should make no success at all. And, as I have said, what is the good of being a public pianist unless you can show what a master of technic you are? Poetic feeling? rubbish! Any amateur can have poetic feeling, but he can't have technic. Fireworks? nonsense! Why, when I play a Liszt rhapsodie I simply electrify the audience, because I take it ever so much faster than they have heard it before, or could possibly play it themselves.

"There is another point, too. Critics are fond of saying that the great test of a pianist is whether he can interpret Beethoven satisfactorily or not. That only shows how little they know about piano playing. Beethoven gives no chance whatever to the pianist, and in fact you can never make any decent effect with some of his sonatas. And yet critics will persist in holding up Beethoven as the supreme test, as if any decently skillful amateur were not on a level with us in mere poetic expression. As to the writing of criticisms, I only read those on myself, so that I can't pretend to judge. I must say, however, that we might be given more space than the report of a wife-beating case. The ideal critic, so far as I am concerned, is one who can appreciate masterly technic and does not rave about the 'composer's intentions' and that kind of rubbish."

A VIOLINIST.—"No critic can be ideal—that is my real opinion. I do not blame them; they are simply ignorant. He would be an ideal critic who could play my difficult instrument; all others speak without knowledge. The favorite formula 'his intonation was not quite perfect' is absurd. As if there were no such things as hot rooms! No; I never read criticisms and do not care if they be ill or well written. I only know that they are invariably ignorant. Bring me a man who can play better than myself and I will take off my hat to him. He would be my ideal critic."

AN OPERA MANAGER.—"I really haven't time to think about the matter. Speaking roughly, I should say that the ideal critic would be one who thoroughly appreciates the difficulties which beset an operatic manager, and makes allowances for any little slip which may happen. I object to critics who are never satisfied. But, after all, the public is my ideal critic and I work to please my subscribers and not the press. That is all I have to say—good morning!"

AN OPERA SINGER.—"Oh, yes, much might be done to improve musical criticism. The ideal critic would be one who did not look on us as so many mere actors, but treated us as the artists we are. What is more beautiful than the human singing voice? Wagnerism is at the bottom of all the false criticism we read nowadays. It has made certain musical critics ignore 'mere vocalization,' as they call it, and demand 'something more artistic.' If we can act as well as sing—good! But it is absurd to criticise us as if beautiful singing were not the main thing in opera. Then I really must complain of the way in which critics only give us a few lines at the end of a long notice. Who wants to read dry stuff about a new work? I ask you, do the public come to the theatre to hear us or not? And if we are the principal attraction (as I know we are), why are we not given more space in the press? Until we are treated fairly in this respect I don't see how there can be such a thing as ideal musical criticism."

AN INTELLIGENT AMATEUR.—"The ideal critic is one who speaks out his mind without fear. He must write attractively, and must also be a good musician with real musical intuition. Good writing and weak criticism is less interesting to me than good criticism and mediocre writing. I can't respect a man who deliberately praises a performance which I have heard myself and know to have been bad. Also I expect to receive some kind of illumination from the criticism I read. If a man has something to say I invariably buy the paper in which he writes, although I may not agree with the opinions expressed. I like musical criticism to be written in an attractive vein, but I don't

consider a mere literary man an ideal musical critic. What is wanted is a compound of the two."

THE GENERAL PUBLIC.—"We always skip the musical criticism in our morning papers, unless a new comic opera has been produced."

AN EDITOR.—"Musical criticism is a necessary evil—necessary for the sake of advertisements and to make a paper complete. The shorter the notice the better I like it. Musical criticism always wants cutting down, and the difficulty is where to cut, as none of my 'subs' know anything of music. I suppose somebody reads it, but I don't think it would make much difference to the circulation, if any, were we to omit it altogether. We certainly could not think of paying sufficient to obtain an ideal musical critic. We are quite satisfied with the one we have, thank you."

OURSELVES.—Evidently the life of an ideal musical critic would not be worth living.—D. I. O'Genes, in "Musical Standard."

Wanted: Wind Band Music

THE upward progress of music through various practical stages to the realms of abstract art would appear to have always characterized the formation of "schools" or epochs. This method of growth is true of art as of all other phases of life. First wants are supplied, then abundance is gradually created, and, lastly, luxury and refinement are realized. English music, which at one period—and unhappily a long and destructive period it proved—fell into a lower condition of neglect than we either like to contemplate or acknowledge. Now English art is clearly once more advancing toward a condition of renewed strength. As a healthy, vigorous young giant rejoices in the exercise of power, so the rising English school is full of ambition and activity; our composers indeed dream of the creation of oratorios, operas, cantatas and symphonies, and in their very praiseworthy, if somewhat restless ambition desire to overleap the period of development which has to be passed through before abstract music can either be made, or understood by the people. The laws of growth are inexorable, and can neither be anticipated nor evaded. Musical history teaches this lesson in unmistakable terms. The great schools of church music rose up in obedience to ecclesiastical requirements. The opera was developed as the stage became the story book of realism-loving nations. The symphony was created when the orchestra, long the servant of the drama, was called upon to assert its varied and fully achieved powers in the production of abstract musical ideas placed together in well considered logical order. Workmanship and necessity, the exaltation and appreciation of art, attend upon each other in the natural order of things. Just now some of our prominent writers are calling attention to a requirement which is assuming a definite shape, and has provided a not unworthy opportunity for our young composers; and in taking this action, the writers in question are judiciously and dutifully reminding our "makers of tunes" of the first condition of art development—the call to meet recognized wants. Our composers, however, have something to say on their side in connection with this matter. They properly want to know what kind of musical organizations the wind bands are, or are to be, for which they are asked to write. Here indeed is a genuine difficulty; so serious that it might be urged the cry for wind band music has come before the outdoor orchestra can be said to be placed on such lines, with such a balance of parts, fairly considered equipment, and general efficiency, to speak in broad terms, as justify the composition of music which, to answer its purpose, must be more than local. Corresponding difficulties have been gone through in other directions. For instance, not much more than a quarter of a century ago the only complete organ, the three or four manual organ with fairly proportioned pedal resources, was comparatively uncommon. The multiplication of such instruments, the indication of some sort of unity of design secured by the R. C. O. "Organ Conference," and the general advance of organ playing, has resulted in a wealth of national organ music daily being added to, and a school of organists not to be surpassed, and it is generally allowed, not to be equaled. Time was again when the only effective piano, the grand, was not always to be met with in provincial places, even in concert rooms. Now most of our students are taught and can practice upon instruments of this type. But many of our orchestras, both string and wind, are still sadly in want of systematic development and completion, though these desired results are gradually being attained. About the indoor orchestra, something may be said at a future time. As regards the orchestra of the park and garden, a few observations will now be offered. So lamentably have our wind bands depended for their organization upon the too often unlearned idiosyncrasies of bandmasters and individual tastes as regards the cultivation or non-cultivation of given instruments, not to add the stern dictation of financial economy, that even the majority of our military bands are still incomplete, and often badly balanced. This matter is gradually undergoing beneficial development, so with increasing certainty as regards means our young composers may be fairly invited to take action upon the strength of hopes, all the more likely to be

fulfilled as an evident public requirement is met with care and spirit. One source of encouragement is to be found in the general excellence of our wind players, especially perhaps, one may add, as performers on brass instruments. Another good sign is the growing adoption of the full military or reed band, as distinguished from the brass band pure and simple. The latter type, however, is by no means to be neglected, and many fine, sonorous brass bands are to be heard, especially in the northern districts. In order to give a practical bearing to these words, a fairly reliable scheme of each of the familiar types, the "reed" and the "brass" band, is here given. An ordinary reed band of about twenty performers would be thus constituted: 1 E flat (or properly D flat) piccolo written for a minor ninth below the real sounds, that is in D for the key of E flat, &c.; one flute, often an ordinary non-transposing concert flute, but better, a flute in E flat pitched an octave lower than the E flat piccolo. The old military flute was that known as the F, which is written for a third lower than its real sounds, that is, in D to sound in F, &c. The important mass of clarionets are usually from six or eight to twelve in number. They are distributed somewhat in this manner: One or two, playing the same or separate parts, in E flat, written for a minor third lower than the real sounds, that is, in C for the key of E flat, &c. A solo B flat clarionet often has a distinct part, and often plays with the ordinary first B flat clarionet commonly sustained by several players. Then there are second and third B flat clarionets; with regard to effect best sustained by two performers to each part. The B flat clarionets sound a whole tone below their written notes, consequently are written for a full tone above the sounds expected, that is, in C for the key of B flat, &c. The mass of clarionets are to the military band what the first and second violins and violas are in the string orchestra, and are treated very much in accordance. One or two tenor E flat clarionets, pitched an octave below the small E flat clarionet, and written for a major sixth above their real sounds, are now to be met with frequently in fully-equipped military bands. The characteristic timbre of the saxophones is to be found in reed bands in these days, very often of the tenor compass. The types are, for military purposes, soprano in B flat, corresponding with the B flat clarionet; the alto in E flat, corresponding with the E flat tenor clarionet; the tenor in B flat, the baritone in E flat, and the bass in B flat. There is at present little certainty as to how many or which saxophones may be expected. Undoubtedly the presence of the whole family would be a gain to the military orchestra. It should be added that the tenor in B flat corresponds with the bass clarionet. The baritone in E flat is pitched an octave lower than the alto saxophone and tenor clarionet, and the bass runs an octave lower than the bass clarionet. It should be remembered that the saxophones descend only to B natural (as written) below the middle C, and consequently in each case lack a fifth of the lower compass of the several clarionets of corresponding pitch. The oboe, commonly represented by one, is found now in most military bands. The bass of the reed mass should include two bassoons, but these effective instruments are often absent, and their place taken by the bass clarionet. Of course the bass brass instruments practically form the substantial bass of the whole band in both piano and forte passages. The bass clarionet is written for a major ninth higher than its real sounds. The double bassoon may be found in a few of the more complete military bands. Of the brass family, the following are usually found in a military reed band: Two cornets in B flat, written for like the B flat clarionets, making due allowance for difference of character and compass; one or two valve trumpets may be included in the score. These are usually in E flat, and are written, like the E flat clarionets, in C for the key of E flat, &c. Two French horns with pistons, in E flat or F, and two saxhorns in E flat, are usually included, though often the French horns are absent. Though their harmonics are not the same, the saxhorns having those of the higher octave, the same as the trumpets, the French horns and saxhorns are written for very much in the same manner, owing to the convenient provision of pistons in both cases. The althorn, or baritone saxhorn, corresponds in compass and method of writing with the B flat cornets, and as regards writing, is treated like the bass clarionet, sounding a major ninth below the written notes. Sometimes two althorns are found. The euphonium or bass saxhorn in B flat takes the bass or violoncello part; being provided commonly with four valves, its lower compass is extended to its foundation tone. This instrument is commonly, though not very logically written for as a non-transposing instrument. This is also the case with the double basses of the military bands, the lower saxhorns in low E flat and B flat, sometimes called the tuba, with a compass respectively down to B flat and F, of the so-called 16 feet octave. The trombones, happily still commonly of the good old slide type, though not infrequently with valves, are two tenors and a bass, written for with their respective clefs, or sometimes in both cases with the bass clef. The percussion department is liberally represented by the bass drum, the side drum, written for as in the string band, cymbals, and triangle, the latter being often assigned to the side drummer. The average brass band contains one, rarely two

piccolo cornets in E flat, playing a minor third higher than written; several B flat cornets, usually written for in two and sometimes in three parts, occasionally a sort of ripieno, or assistant first cornet, is added to the score; E flat trumpets, though not always found, are useful. The tenor, baritone, base and double bass saxhorns are employed very much as in the reed band, and the same may be said of the trombones, though more frequently valve specimens are found in the brass than in the reed band as a matter of convenience for mounted or cavalry bands. The instruments of percussion are very much the same as in the reed band, though those of the mounted band are confined to two diminutive kettle drums. From the preceding explanations it will be seen by the student that both reed and brass bands favor the tonality of flat keys. The best keys are those of B flat and E flat, but the following keys are also available: A flat, D flat and F, which is a good key. Music in the key of C, once a favored key for military bands, may be employed in scoring for a reed band. As regards intonation and facility, the keys of F, B flat, E flat and A flat, with their relative minors, are the most useful for both types of the wind band. This general statement will give an idea of the formation of our reed and brass bands. Possibly something may presently be offered to the reader with respect to their treatment in the scores in which music is prepared for them.—London "Musical News."

From My Study.

THERE is timeliness in a portrait of Marietta Alboni, seeing how recently she departed from the scene of many triumphs, and from the world in which, after closing her public career, she long figured, not only as a laurelled artist in retirement, but as a grande dame in society. Alboni, alive the other day, formed a connecting link between the great era of Italian opera and the present generation. Only twenty-three years have passed since, out of devotion to the illustrious friend of her youth, she came to England with Rossini's "Messe Solennelle," and took part in the performance of that work. Many who read these words can recall the appearance of the famous contralto in St. James' Hall. She was then forty-seven years old. Youth had fled, and middle age, with the redundant physique it so often bestows had set in. Looking at Alboni then, it was not quite easy to conceive that she had once worn the dress of "Marfio Orsini." The girl had developed into the large and comfortable looking woman of mature years, and the voice, it is scarcely necessary to add, had lost its youthful freshness. But, as all who heard her sing must remember, the rich timbre, the rare equality throughout the registers and the perfect method were evident in a striking degree. The tones of her voice can still be called up from the depths of memory, and the charm of her phrasing and expression is yet a recollection. So, too, is the characteristic measure of languor—the evidence of a nature not intensely susceptible to emotion—which, even in the artist's young days, detracted in a certain degree from the merit of her work.

This is not a biography, and beyond saying that Alboni was born at Cesena in 1824, and obtained lessons from Rossini, I shall not trouble myself with the story of her early years. For the present, interest begins with her sensational first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre. In 1847 there was war to the knife between Benjamin Lumley and the seceders who had started an opposition. Costa, Grisi, Mario and others had left the Haymarket house, and taken no little prestige from it to a rival establishment. Lumley's counter-stroke was the engagement of Jenny Lind, and the setting in of a tide of fortune which threatened to leave the Covent Garden venture high and dry. The whole story of this warfare could be told here, did space permit and necessity demand. It was Lumley's practice to collect from the journals of the day all references of any importance to operatic affairs. These, pasted into huge volumes, came into my possession not long since, and may serve some future owner for a history of opera in England, which I shall never have time to write. For present purposes there is no need to consult them. Enough that Covent Garden replied to the triumph of the Haymarket by putting forward Marietta Alboni.

Of the nature of the retort the management could hardly have been conscious. Alboni had just been singing at Rome with success; but when Covent Garden offered, and she accepted the sum of £500 for the season, it did not appear that sensational results were expected on either side. But the artist's debut in "Semiramide" wrought a wonderful change. A single performance sufficed to show of what a treasure the theatre had become possessed, and so affected was the manager that he deemed it prudent to show most unmanagerial liberality by raising the new contralto's salary from £500 to £2,000. It is true that the "exhibition" of a counter-stimulant did not abate the Jenny Lind fever. Nothing could do that, but Alboni was a powerful support to the fortunes of a young enterprise just threatened with adversity, against which, at one time, it seemed almost hopeless to contend.

The public delighted in their new favorite. They found her person and stage manner attractive, while her voice,

so rich and rare in quality, and her perfect vocalization, were charms in which to revel. Thus did the young Italian leap at a single bound to the highest point of English favor, remaining there till the close of her operatic career.

Alboni came to Covent Garden in 1848, but, in the year following transferred her services to Her Majesty's Theatre, where she appeared in '49, '51, '56, '57 and '58. Of her doings in other countries it is needless to speak. She worked hard and traveled much, but her voice, used according to the best method, withstood the effects of wear and tear as well as of climatic changes, and remained surprisingly good till her latest year. As the widowed Countess Pepoli, and in retirement, Alboni was the centre of an admiring circle. She sang almost to the last, not only for the delectation of friends, but in the cause of charity, to the cry of which she was never deaf.

Zola's Dr. Pascal would have claimed Grisi as an example of heredity. Music came to her as an inheritance. Grassini was her aunt, and there is reason to believe that her mother, before marrying one of Napoleon's engineer officers, belonged to the same profession. The idea of heredity is further supported by the fact that Giulia's elder sister, Giuditta, was a singer of repute, as her cousin, Carlotta, would have been had she not turned her attention from music to dancing. Grisi's soldier-father may have given to her character the qualities which made her a very old campaigner indeed. Through him perhaps came the resolute spirit, the indomitable energy which would never recognize defeat, and led her to fight a hopeless battle to the bitter end, even against Father Time himself. A while ago I published in this journal, from an autograph letter in my possession, a characteristic utterance of the great artist when in her declining years.

She had been virtually superseded in London by younger aspirants, and her manager, obviously designing an end to the connection, had spoken of a testimonial. Grisi was too shrewd not to understand the project, and in her letter to the manager, as some readers may remember, she pleaded with pathetic earnestness that a testimonial would be interpreted as a leave-taking, and that she could not bear to part from the dear country which had always treated her so well. She even ventured to anticipate fresh triumphs, and pointed out Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera," then unknown here, as a work in which she would like to appear. In 1861 the late Mr. Gye acted more diplomatically than the impresario just referred to, and, by making it worth Grisi's while not to perform in England for five years, brought her to recognize defeat at last. Like Napoleon, she signed her abdication, and retired to Elba. But no sooner had the five years run out than, like Napoleon when weary of Elba, her soul was in arms and eager for the fray.

Never was musical London more astonished than on hearing, through Mr. Mapleson, that the old campaigner meant again to tread the warpath. The result we all know. The veteran met her Waterloo on that painful night in 1866, and went down never to rise again. She was hissed—she, Grisi, who had held a position in London for twenty-seven years, and during much of that time reigned as queen of lyric drama! A more conspicuous and terrible warning against lagging superfluity on the stage I do not know.

Blotting out the years of decadence and the final catastrophe, the student of Grisi's career is conscious only of surpassing brilliancy—of triumphs which, regarded in their measure and prolongation, are almost, if not quite unexampled. She was victrix not in England only. Her conquests extended to every musical country which she deemed worth invading. Everywhere her superb presence, splendid vocal powers and convincing dramatic gifts brought men and cities to her feet. She is one of the few in her profession whose names are a permanent record in the annals of music. Other names may be, as poor Keats untruly said of his own, "writ in water;" hers is engraved upon imperishable brass.

With Grisi must needs go Mario, Conte di Candia. Those who remember the famous tenor as he was before his powers began to fail already see him invested with a halo of romance. He is precisely the musical character around whom, if this were not a materialistic age, myths would gather, showing him to far removed posterity as perhaps a combination of all that is beautiful and wonder-working in the fabled heroes of ancient Greece. As a singer, there was romance in his origin. We often find our tenors in the vineyard or the artisan's workshop. Mario in his youth represented the fine flower of an aristocratic family, whose grace and beauty for many generations past were, one might suppose, reproduced and centred in his person. How as an officer in the Piedmontese Guard, the young count must have turned the heads and flattered the gentle bosoms of the fair! His own head was certainly turned by the worship he received. In him physical beauty and courteous manners triumphed all along the line, but the victory was not won without sacrifice. Like another dandy, Count d'Orsay, Mario was flattered into expensive tastes, and amid the whirl of Parisian life, toward which the young Italian nobleman naturally gravitated, slender resources soon melted away. This was a critical time. In

the case of many a man similarly situated it has led to the career of an adventurer, to living upon the means of infatuated women, to gambling and worse.

Happily for the Conte di Candia, he had the divine gift of song. He carried a fortune about with him which he could not squander. In his impecunious condition, friends reminded him of this, and at last necessity triumphed over family pride—or, rather, compromised with it on the basis of an understanding that the family name should never be used by the professional singer. Exit Mario, Conte di Candia, enter plain Mario, operatic tenor.

According to the critics of the day, Mario had many of the specialties of an amateur when he made his debut in London, June 6, 1839. He charmed by the distinction of his person and the beauty of his voice, but much was left for him to learn. I have known professional singers who never got beyond this stage. They remained through life looking over the fence dividing them from true artistic qualification. Mario got over it—not at a bound. He clambered over with some pains, and then went on to the highest renown. "For the stage he was born," well says Mr. Julian Marshall, "and to the stage he remained faithful during his artistic life. To the brilliance of his success in opera he brought one great helping quality—the eye for color, and all the important details of costume. His figure on the stage looked as if it had stepped out of the canvas of Titian, Veronese or Tintoretto. Never was an actor more harmoniously and beautifully dressed for the characters he impersonated—no mean advantage, and no slight indication of the artistic temperament."

Apropos to this matter, I can vividly recall Mario's last appearance as "Romeo" in Gounod's now familiar opera. He was then over fifty years old, but he wore his beautiful Italian costumes with the elegance of his youthful days, and well do I remember being fascinated with the apparently unstudied grace of his poses in the balcony scene. With such a "Romeo" of fifty any "Juliette" of sixteen might have been pardoned for falling in love. Mario left the stage in 1867, and who that was fortunate enough to be present can forget the impressive scene, as the great artist wearing the monkish robe of "Fernando," in "La Favorita," appeared before the curtain? The house was moved to its very heart, and from royalty, represented by the Cambridge family, down to the humblest denizen of the gallery, bade their favorite an enthusiastic and, in not a few cases, a tearful farewell. As for Mario himself, the depth of his feeling was clear beyond mistake. It is sad to think that one, who for many years had commanded a princely income, suffered in his old age from straightened means. But Mario could never learn even the rudiments of prudence in money matters. He squandered his earnings as freely as he had run through his patrimony; not, however, in vicious ways, unless it be a vice to smoke the most expensive cigars all day long.

Meeting a beggar in the street he would give him the first coin that came between his finger and thumb, silver or gold mattered not. His house was the rendezvous of every needy Italian in London who had wit enough to trump up a good story, and there the fraternity passed a very excellent time. Their good natured host had to pay later on, when he himself became the recipient of that which it is hard to call charity, but was charity nevertheless. The last time I saw Mario was at the Lyceum Theatre. He had come from Rome to visit his daughters, and men pointed out to one another the white haired Conte di Candia (he had resumed his title), remarking that, despite change, the beauty and distinction of his person remained as great as ever.—From London "Musical Times."

The Band Music Question.

THE most interesting feature of newspaper controversies is that they invariably open up larger questions than those on which they are presumably centred, and the discussion now proceeding in the columns of a daily contemporary on the heinous behavior of bandmasters in not more generally including in their programs works (or selections from works) by British composers is no exception to the rule, and thus the correspondents who have written to our contemporary more or less in support of its leading article on the subject have incidentally touched on rather broader questions than were originally raised. The discussion has therefore more interest to the general musician than if it had remained a mere grumble at the "damnable iteration" of the Teuton's name in the programs of our military bands, and the conspicuous absence of the Britisher's.

One correspondent attributes this deplorable evil to the fact "that absolutely no importance is given in musical education in this country to one of its most important branches, viz., orchestration." He then has the brutal frankness to aver that "programs of music are selected, not on account of the nationality of the composer, but more on account of the adaptability of the arrangements for showing off orchestras to the best advantage; here in England every musician considers that with a proficiency on his instrument his musical education is finished, whereas on the Continent nine-tenths of the orchestral musicians are musicians above their instruments." The idea that in Great Brit-

ain no importance is nowadays placed on the teaching of orchestration is, we venture to think, quite erroneous, however true it may have been in the past. That the individual members of our orchestras and bands are not such good all round musicians as their Continental brethren may be true, but then, except in very small bands, one would not think of intrusting the arrangement of a composition to one of the players, and it would be absurd to deny that we have many musicians in our midst who are quite capable of adapting the most difficult composition to the limitations and requirements of a military band. Then why do they not do so? Well, that is quite another story. Possibly the lever of the world—money—is at the bottom of the matter."

A German, in other trades than music, is a much cheaper workman than his British brother, and in Germany, too, the military band music is thought more of than it is here, and is taken much more seriously.

All this is only apropos of the question of whether the British musician would be capable, did he choose, of writing as effective band music as the German, or whatnot, does. That he does not do so is the solid fact which will not melt, and it justifies the vilified bandmaster in making up his programs chiefly of foreign works.

Then we must look at the character of the music which is best fitted for adaptation to a military band. Will any musician deny that selections from an opera are much more suited to this end than selections from an oratorio or cantata or a symphony? To begin with, it is much easier, however bad it may be artistically, to sever certain scenes from an opera or music drama and connect them somehow or other than it would be to take an oratorio and make a potpourri of its airs. The dramatic quality of the music looped from an opera is also in its favor, for the public naturally wants something stirring and more or less definite in its aim. Now we hope we shall not offend the susceptibilities of British composers in stating that as a nation we do not at present stand foremost in the writing of operas. If we do not, is it so very reasonable to protest against the too frequent absence of British names from the programs of British brass bands, taking into account the fact that operatic selections form the bulk of such programs? As a matter of fact when any composer of our nation writes an opera which has some pretense to originality it is instantly cut into lengths and arranged for the military band. All Sir Arthur Sullivan's operas have been thus treated, so have some from the pens of the late Alfred Cellier, the late Goring Thomas and Mr. Solomon, to mention only these. Balfe and Wallace, we believe have also not been neglected in this respect.

The one or two other operas by British musicians not thus promoted to the admiration of the public do not, presumably, abound in sufficiently striking melodies, or else they would long ago have received the attention of the publishers of band music. And we are not aware of any striking orchestral or theatrical incidental music which has not been arranged for the band. One correspondent has suggested that English composers ask a prohibitive fee for the right to adapt their compositions, but we can hardly believe this statement. Of course in a discussion of this kind all kinds of people are blamed, and naturally the publisher does not escape calumny; but we will venture the opinion that if meritorious compositions by British musicians were submitted for publication they would stand an equal chance with those by composers of other nationalities.

But the fact remains that we do not as a nation consider that military music exists as a serious branch of musical art, and none of our cleverest composers, young or old, writes for the band, or has thought fit to study its limitations and otherwise. And then, again, it is only to be expected that the names of foreign composers should far outnumber those of native writers in the programs of our military bands, for are not the combined musicians of other European countries as legion compared with our own?

The upshot of the letters which have as yet appeared in our contemporary is that our young composers should turn their attention to this branch of the art, which, we are told, "is a wide and lucrative field of labor for experienced and rising composers alike." It is presumed, too, by one at least of the writers on the question, that there would be an artistic gain in having compositions specially written for the band instead of the "arrangements" from operas which now so largely hold the field. This gentleman's musical susceptibilities are seriously wounded by the havoc that he considers is done to the original keys of selected pieces from sacred works and operas consequent on the necessity of making the music run on continuously. For our part we have no great faith in the music that is specially written for bands, and it has been our impression frequently enough that when a composer confines himself to the restrictions of the band he writes music of extremely little value, so that we are scarcely of a mind to exhort our young composers to turn their attention in this direction—at any rate, not from artistic reasons, if, perhaps, pecuniarily it might be desirable. It must be remembered that much time would have to be given up to this branch of composition before a composer could obtain a requisite skill, and if a man has any real talent for musical composi-

tion he will do best, in our opinion, to have nothing to do with a projected reform of band music.

It is, indeed, much better that clever arrangements should be made of operas and the rest than that we should be compelled, when taking our ease in the air, to listen to music which the acute critic of the future would probably describe as "band music." We all know and smile at the ineffective effects created, or rather reproduced, by many bandmasters. Hear one of their waltzes or marches and you will know what we mean. The truth is there is no essential difference between band music and composition generally. Flourishes are not impressive, nor necessary, though the average bandmaster thinks them so indispensable; and all musicians will be glad when the conventionalities of phrase and hackneyed effects for the brass have ceased to insist themselves on the ear. Since it is doubtful whether such men as Professor Villiers Stanford, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Dr. Mackenzie and other composers of equal parts will ever be inclined to write for the brass band and study its possibilities, we prefer arrangements, whether of British or foreign music, inadequate as they may sometimes be; for, if the music suffers now and then by the transformation, the spirit remains, and is it not the spirit of great music, for instance, and not its letter that really influences mankind for the good?

The music discoursed by bands reaches the ears of thousands of the very persons on whose lives the rays of truest beauty are but seldom shed, and it is for this reason that we dread the accumulation of more compositions specially written for the band, with their superfluous tinsel conventionalities and false, shallow sentiment.—"Musical Standard."

Bayreuth Types.

BY ONE WHO HAS SEEN THEM.

IN the early days of the Bayreuth Festival we at home were amused by the descriptions of visitors to the little Bavarian town which appeared in several "Letters from Bayreuth." We were told all kinds of strange things of the Wagnerian enthusiasts. Long hair of course they had, and starched collars and shirts seem to have been at a premium in Bayreuth then. At night there were always terrific arguments between Wagnerians and Anti-Wagnerians over innumerable glasses of beer, so that one's impression of the pilgrims to Bayreuth was that they drank a good deal, argued more, and never by any chance wore civilized dress. In addition to this we were more than once told that those arguments were clinched by beer glasses thrown across the room at an opponent. Nothing of this thrilling sort will you see now at Bayreuth; everything is strictly respectable—even dull.

But, all the same, one sees some strange wild fowl—at Bayreuth, only one must be patient and wait, for the Bayreuth types do not carry their hearts in their hair for every newspaper writer to describe at so much a "thousand." You must not now expect to see anything extraordinary in the outward garb of Wagnerians. Indeed, if you walk up the dusty hill to the Festspielhaus on the afternoon of a performance day you will be struck by the numbers of conventionally dressed men and women, some of them (not Germans, be it said) even well dressed. One exquisite I saw, probably a German or Austrian court dandy, wore a kind of apology for a dress suit. It was only a jacket, it is true, but the whole suit was black, and the waistcoat, a white one, was cut in the shape of the ordinary dress waistcoat. He had pearl studs in his shirt front, a white satin bow, a huge gardenia in his buttonhole, and perfectly fitting white gloves. Every day he appeared just as spick and span, and he was surrounded by a crowd of admiring German ladies. But then he was an exception. The majority of men wore light suits of a comfortable kind and conventional cut.

One day, after the second act of "Parsifal" I happened on a band of Englishwomen of what, for want of a better term, may be best described as the "cathedral" type. That is they did not look like Londoners, and there was that indescribable something which hangs about the skirts of dwellers in Cathedral closes. They had all come on from a scamper through Switzerland and from their conversation it was to be gathered that they intended to visit Ober-Ammergau later on. Evidently "Parsifal" was not quite to their mind. One of them, a fresh complexioned girl of that long-necked kind which Frenchmen are fond of caricaturing and which is seldom seen abroad (perhaps because she seems so remarkable there), was holding forth. "It is too much," said she, as she ate some chocolate, "it is too much! 'Lohengrin' and 'Tannhäuser' I like, but 'Parsifal' is going too far. I could perceive no melody in it, could you?" This was addressed to a man who looked a cross between a parson and a sportsman. He evidently was not enjoying himself, for I caught him in the middle of a furtive yawn. Of course he agreed; he was the kind of man that always agrees. What amused me was that the female critic was evidently considered an authority on musical matters, for after she had delivered her verdict the rest of the party, all girls, chimed in with expressions of their opinion that "Parsifal" was going too far. It was all

said with a delightful air of conviction, as if the matter were settled there and then for ever, as no doubt it was as far as Huntingchester was concerned.

Americans are popularly supposed to place themselves en évidence wherever they may be, but at Bayreuth they seemed to be less out of place than the true born Briton. They have one peculiarity, however, and that is that they utter their opinions in so loud a voice that everyone standing round can hear. Their criticisms were mainly concerned with the appearance of Madame Nordica, in "Lohengrin," and most of them had visited Bayreuth before, so that they took everything for granted. But one lady, as we were leaving the theatre after the first act, astonished me by asking her companion in a loud voice, "Who is Gurnemanz, anyway?"—a question which showed such delightful ignorance that I had to turn round, even at the risk of being rude.

The strangest of the Bayreuth types is, to my mind, the British Wagnerian. I do not mean merely a lover of Wagner's music, but the real downright enthusiast. Of course we all know that sentiment plays an important part in human affairs, but really I was drawn to the conclusion that for out-and-out sentimentalism nothing can touch the enthusiast's attitude of mind toward Bayreuth. The very bricks of the theatre house seem almost to be sacred to these people, and such is the influence of Bayreuth that criticism is resented as a species of blasphemy. I met one or two London Wagnerians I know, and I was astonished and somewhat shocked at the way in which they shut their eyes to everything they did not wish to see. If you have not visited Bayreuth before you are politely (and sometimes impolitely) told that you can't possibly be a judge of the performances. You may know "Parsifal" nearly by heart, but it will avail you nothing. I remember that to a prominent Wagnerian after the performance of "Lohengrin" I ventured to say that the first act was badly done—I may have used a rather stronger expression. "I don't wish," said he, "to discuss the matter at all." I believe I was rude enough to reply, though I hope my memory plays me false, "You may decline what you like, but the fact remains." It was the same Wagnerian who, when I dared to point out that the "Parsifal" was much too fat and impressive, said to me, "Oh, but 'Parsifal' should be fat. All the most innocent boys are fat." Of course I may not have had his experience, but I have a vivid recollection of fat boys who were far from innocent.

To such a Wagnerian the test of a capability to criticise the Bayreuth performances seems to rest on the number of times you have visited the Wagner stronghold. "When you have heard 'Parsifal' close on fifty times, you will understand it better," is all the answer you get when you have objected to the singing and to some of the scenery. By the way, you have only to mention the word "singing" to one of these ultra-enthusiastic Wagnerians to raise quite a storm of argument, generally ending not in the throwing of beer glasses or an adjournment to the neighboring woods but in the expression of an opinion that you don't understand Wagner at all.

You are told with wearying iteration that the ideal performance of Wagner's works does not consist in their being sung well, and if you venture to suggest that it is impossible that all the meaning of the music can be expressed by vocalists who have a settled conviction that it is not necessary to sing in tune, you are told that Wagner himself preferred an artist who could act to one who could sing but could not act. You may point out that even the acting at Bayreuth is nothing out of the common, but if you value peace, and wish to drink your beer in silence, I should advise you not make that remark. Then with the ultra-Wagnerian the master's wish is an unrepalable law. Wagner sanctioned or chose the dresses of the flower maidens in "Parsifal" and though you may find it easy to convince your Wagnerian friend that the dresses are very ugly and have ordinary ballet skirts, he will by no manner of means allow that an alteration should be made. I found many of such Wagnerians at Bayreuth, and it is really regrettable that enthusiasm should be carried to the length of fanaticism.

It is extraordinary how English girls will drink beer at Bayreuth. It is no uncommon sight this to see them toss off half of one of the large German glasses without turning a hair, while I suppose in London they never think of drinking beer at all. Is it a tradition that Wagner cannot be understood without the swallowing of much beer, or is it only due to a thirsty climate? I wasn't there long enough to solve the question. You can easily pick out those pilgrims who have made many visits to Bayreuth. They have a gentle air of superiority, of taking everything for granted, which the new comer cannot hope to imitate, and they have generally got beyond the feverish examination of libretti and guides to the motives which is so marked a feature of the conscientious student.—"Musical Standard."

Died.—Oscar Eichelberg, royal "kammermusiker," whose activity at the opera was interrupted about a year ago by sickness, but who devoted himself until lately to the conservatory he had founded, died recently.

Music in Combination With Poetry and Ideas.

By EUSTACE J. BREAKSPEARE.

SEEKING to draw an antithetic distinction between music and poetry, Ambros (in "Die Grenzen der Musik und Poesie") remarks that, while in poetry the sentiments are raised through the medium of ideas, in music, reversely, it is the ideas which are reached through the sentiments. Other questions then become involved, such as whether the sentiments aroused in music are in themselves of that definiteness which we take to be implied by the word "idea"; whether, again, the process or rapport between these sentiments and ideas is a clearly distinguishable one, and—assuming the particular sentiment awakened—whether the supposed equivalent, causal, or companion idea would always follow. What there is generally faulty in ordinary appreciations upon these well-debated, but far from settled questions, results, we take it, from the initial mistaken attempt to get from music the same sort of effects which are produced more peculiarly by other arts. But Ambros (and, by the way, we refer particularly to this writer, since the above-mentioned brochure is perhaps the most able of all contributions to æsthetic controversy upon what we may term the anti-Hanslickian side) is indisputably correct when he remarks that "music shall carry with it the conditions of its own existence." We shall inquire—and this is our only present object—how far this dictum respects the claim of song-music, and, in its close connection therewith, "program-music," as it is called. Ambros, while asserting the widest expository power of music, has yet little to say in favor of the latter class of compositions. He complains of Berlioz' "Romeo and Juliet" on the ground that the "gravital centre" of the composition lies really outside the musical work itself—in Shakespeare, namely. He asks: "When a program is added, does not music here admit that her own means are insufficient to display what she intends?" And he illustrates his argument by a whimsical reference to those old-fashioned pictures wherein people are shown conversing together, while the words of their speech are seen contained in certain scrolls issuing from their mouths. The mistake here lies in the assumption that the laws of the pure musical art preclude the employment of music in combination with other arts, and under other conditions. A program is not added because we otherwise should not understand the subject of the music, but for the reason that musical forms—whatever their capabilities in their strictly musical respects—are found to aptly illustrate, by the help of certain analogies of characteristic expression, an idea, or series of ideas, so long as the latter are either given along therewith or are understood. Now, if it be granted, as we think it will, that music does possess such a power of illustration under such conditions, it seems to us very mistaken to still argue as though apart from this association of words or ideas it yet claimed to possess the same power, or that it should be expected so to do; or that the music resorted to the program in order to cover or supply its own deficiencies.

To what extent the retention of pure instrumental forms becomes impracticable or impossible under these altered æsthetic conditions is another question. But that program music (in the same category as music to words) has its *raison d'être*, independent of absolute musical laws, and that, reversely, no modification of musical forms in these combinations can at all affect the pure conditions of the art, has not been recognized by Ambros and other writers who have denounced this new development in art. Because we admit such a thing as program music, the art need not be supposed crying out for word exposition. We ought to discern, by this time, how much depends upon the rightful recognition in criticism of what are the pure as distinguished from the "mixed" conditions, so to call them, of an art. Ambros asks: "How are we to know that the theme allotted to the trombone and ophicleide in Berlioz' 'Romeo and Juliet' is meant to announce Prince Escalus?" Such a question as this we regard as distinctly unfair and uncritical. It is overlooked therein that program music—strictly within the literal sense of the term—makes us acquainted beforehand with all such concreta; music pretends but to illustrate the latter, not to interpret or propound them in its absolute capacity. Neither are we supposed herein to be listening to a kind of ingenious charade or musical enigma, the secret of which we must needs guess at, if the music does not plainly enough convey it. Ambros sums up to this effect: That music preserves its own proper limits so long as it does not attempt to transcend its own capabilities of expression, nor require any foreign element to be brought in having no necessary connection with the music itself. We repeat that the "foreign element" is not at all "brought in" to assist the imagination, but is a conditional presentation along with the music. In all art combinations each art must necessarily sacrifice certain of its formal characteristics. On the part of music the demand for formal symmetry and balance is considerably lessened or modified. On the other hand, many of the elements which constitute the formal beauties of poetry could be, even if retained, no longer perfectly

appreciated with a musical accompaniment—thus, to a great extent, rhyme and metrical delicacies. How can we maintain as essential any element, the absence of which would hardly be felt or perceived? Poetical idea in fact must be distinguished from poetical art. The motif of a verse may be highly poetical, but in its exposition the technical craft may be of a very mean sort. Many instances, too, might be quoted of poems which have all their specific beauties lost in a musical setting. Musical rhythm—unless indeed the recitative or *arioso* style be adopted—is in some respects less variable than that of poetry; it is bound to have its regular measured lengths, and even in free instrumental developments this orderly construction is more or less observed, all deviations being regarded as exceptional. So that, whenever words and music enter into union, we generally find that the rhythmical nuances of the former subordinate and fit themselves to the superior and more uniform movement of the latter.

It is, however, difficult to say where exactly should be set the limits to the release of each art from its own specific laws. It may, nevertheless, be seen quite possible for the several arts in their combinational working to preserve all their essential attributes, without, however, being forced to comply with all the conditions to which the pure, "absolute" art work may be submitted. You cannot have music successful in combination with words that shall also be successful—or should be expected to prove equally successful—as a simple instrumental piece. How far the adjunct of poetic ideas or words interferes with the development of the music *per se*; what parts are properly allotted to each in the different forms wherein they may present themselves together—these are questions still open at the present day. All the same, a widely spreading taste is unmistakable for that class of art in which, over and beyond the strictly musical element, there is some superaddition of a poetical sort. The whole tendency of modern musical art is in this direction, and no magisterial decisions upon the question can possibly influence the same.

From the very earliest periods in the history of the musical art the effects of musical sound seem to have prompted the most extravagant conceptions. In early Christian times there became elaborated a mystic symbolism of sounds. Correspondences, too, were sought between the phenomena of Nature and those of music. Of course, when instrumental music became developed as a distinct province of art, immense scope was offered to the fancy and the imitative faculty. Thus we find Froberger attempting to depict musically certain incidents of his own life-experience. Couperin's "Pièces de Clavecin," formal and unsuggestive as they are to a modern ear, have their fanciful titles. Johann Kuhnau's "Biblical Histories, in six sonatas, to be played upon the Clavier, for the delectation of music lovers," is a truly characteristic specimen of these old-fashioned attempts at "program" writing. No. 1 of this series represents the combat of David and Goliath; in No. 2 we have "Saul being cured by David;" No. 3, "The Marriage of Jacob," &c. In his preface the composer explains how the parallel fifths are intended to represent Saul's "violent passion!" This work is dated 1700. Three organ concertos of the Abbé Vogler are entitled respectively, "The Death of Duke Leopold," "The Last Judgment" and "A Naval Battle." The latter piece introduces wind and waves, cries of the wounded, &c. Our early classic masters, however, seem—with a few pardonable exceptions—to have rather avoided this too realistic form of imitation. This, at a time when the absurdity of such things could not have been so apparent, speaks much for their taste, judgment and intuitive appreciation of the fitting and true in art. All along, however, the growing custom of composers in general to associate certain sentiments or realistic events with their musical work must, as a natural consequence, tend to firmly establish the opinion that this imitational business must needs pertain legitimately to the functions of the art. Certainly we should expect in vain to have a distinction made between such works wherein fancies of this sort only serve as incentives to the composer's play of imagination, and those wherein these form the prime *raison d'être* of the work, and which the music, for its concern; must do its best to further illustrate and embellish.

"That music which, separated from its text, does not present the pure musical Beautiful in melody, harmony and rhythm, is, for that reason, no beautiful music at all." So runs the dictum of Zimmermann. The question here involved seems, to our thinking, one of degree. We have already remarked how musical form may be affected, more or less, in the union of music with words or program. The formal design of a work is not, however, an "element" in the same way with melody, harmony and rhythm. It is largely conditioned by the subject of the work, and when this enters under new conditions the form may need to be modified accordingly. The elements above referred to are not so much liable to this exceptional influence. Whatever the requirements of logical development, a work might never become utterly forgetful of its melodic, harmonic and rhythmical interest. On the other hand, it may be allowed that even these elementary constituents of a musical work, as employed in following out some prescribed plan, or in illustrating some given text, shall be so far modified that

when the music is (experimentally) divested of its logical accompaniment, the said musical elements shall no longer please or satisfy of themselves. It would indeed be wrong to say that only such was "schöne Musik" that admitted equally well of being presented under the conditions of absolute music.

Did a piece really express what its title indicates it would need no title at all. Even Wagner remarks: "When the musician—i. e., the absolute, the pure instrumental musician—attempts to paint, he produces a thing which is neither music nor painting." Schumann says: "They who would judge of the effect and value of the conceptions (Gebilde) so formed, need only to strike away the titles. If a composer presents me with a program along with his composition, I say, 'Let me hear, first of all, whether you have made fine music, and then I will please to consider your program.' Woe to the piece whose construction is not already so musically logical and obvious as to need the apology of a program!" In weighing these sentences we must remember that many of Schumann's compositions, though bearing titles, in reality belonged to the "absolute" order of music, his titles, as a rule, being attached only after the work of composition. Therefore, to any work of the same kind his injunction would unquestionably apply. Some distinction needs to be made. No faulty music certainly could be suffered to pass on the single claim that it had to conform to certain suggestions of a title, the music all along being of this particular kind.

Despite the dicta of certain art writers, fidelity or truthfulness, in the portraiture of a given subject, does not alone bespeak or provide for beauty in the work. This mere truthfulness, unless the ordinary demands for euphony, agreeable melody, &c., are therewith satisfied, does not much avail. How many passages could we not quote in modern works which aim at minute and realistic characterization—and so far succeed—but which, nevertheless, leave little if any pleasurable impression in actual performance! On the other hand, how many charming arias of the Italian school, *e. g.*, fail wholly to accord with—still less to illustrate or intensify—the dramatic situation into which they are introduced! Were not such distinctions ungenerous, we could point to one or two very clever operas by certain of our leading writers which we for our own part have found extremely enjoyable studied at the desk; but which have proved confessedly failures heard under their proper conditions. Complete appreciation of the works in their fine, subtle (possibly too subtle) touches of musical delineation has for one thing, pre-supposed a full knowledge of every detail, every word of the libretto.

A composer at least must not lose sight of ordinary musical requirements in the attempt to realize peculiar ideals presented in art-combinations, or to satisfy certain theoretical exigencies therein. Till audiences as well as composers have learned that there are certain varying conditions upon which the proper enjoyment of such art works depend, and submit to these, we may often be treated to the experience of a work, written in perfect accordance with the rules of the specific art, yet failing to make the calculated and possibly deserved impression. How far such modifications, made imperative by the altered conditions set up in the combination of different arts, may extend, must be determined by artistic taste and intuition, in view of individual circumstances. For example: No true artist would so far renounce the conditions of abstract music as to make his music little else than a mere running commentary, so to speak, upon the logical theme, destitute of all ordinary musical cohesion and interest, simply because a strict architectural plan might be seen incompatible with the logical process of the text.

Küster, in speaking of symbolical representation in general, remarks: "The tonal idea should not merely elucidate the subject; it must be so selected that the limits are observed which cultivated taste prescribes to the artistic representation of the same, as to music generally. And this leads to the question of purity of style."

To sum up. In these combinations, music, on the one hand, must not be so subordinated to its libretto, or to the logical course of ideas in a "program," as to lose all musical cohesion; nor, on the other hand, should the poetic thoughts serve but as the mere peg upon which to string a succession of formal cut phrases and periods. How far a perfect chemical amalgamation, so to speak, of the two elements is possible; or whether they can only be shaken together, like oil and water, without any real coalescence, is a question which will be largely decided by the success or otherwise of practical experiments. Only let us beware of hasty a priori judgments. Let us remember that while poetry has its ideas to convey, music forms its own subject matter; the one art has a double aspect, the other but a single one. Köstlin is wrong in saying that "Poetry employs tone only as a sign for a mental thing." This art has its musical, formal, æsthetic sides as well as its ideological one. This writer adds: "Words do not, as with musical sounds, attract by their musical beauty (!), but by what they conventionally signify. It is not the musical element of the words which forms the matter of poetry—(another thing altogether)—but only that which these words convey, thoughts and ideas." Certainly it is not, as in music, the

essential matter of the art, but it is all the same an important and indispensable element thereof. When music is employed but as a mere "coloring" embellishment to the sister art, all its architectural conditions—based upon melodic, rhythmic, thematic and formal contrivances—are made largely impossible, and it is reduced to mere melismatic tone and chord successions—to the elementary impression of musical Klang, in short. Writers of such music are at the very antipodes to those old setters of words of a song for their rhythmical assistance, or at the most aimed at a musical expression of the broadest ranges of sentiment.

Of course all depends upon what we regard as essential to musical form, &c., under these conditions. If, *e. g.*, it be held absolutely necessary that such compositions should always have their "first" and "second subjects," their "passages of development," of "repetition" and so on—then it will confessedly be hopeless to expect any perfect amalgamation of music and poetry. On the other hand, though no one may demand that the music of a song shall fulfil all the conditions of an instrumental piece, yet it must, *inter alia*, have a well defined melody, and there must be a certain formal plan throughout, satisfying sufficiently the universal demands for variety, contrast, balance and unity. Beyond this, the concessions upon the one side or the other, as before said, must be determined by the particular exigencies of the individual work.

Let the motional principle of the music be congruent with that of the words, and an illusion is largely effected that the music has but interpreted the quality and significance of the words, and that the relation between music and ideas is not only a natural but a necessary and inevitable one. Imagination comes further into play, strengthening the analogical rapport, and so on until we gradually perfect an almost scientific scheme of musical illustration.

The most successful setting, then, is by that composer who can trace all these analogies of æsthetic expression between the arts, and can elaborate them in their most suggestive, delicate and subtle nuances of musical characterization. Nevertheless, the truth remains the same: that words have very little, if any necessary musical expression. This is demonstrated, if need be, by the curious instance of certain different settings of the same poetical subject by different composers, all of which—despite their often wide diversity of musical expression—have perhaps appeared equally truthful, characteristic and penetrative; so much so indeed that each interpretation, away from the others, we might almost take to be the inevitable and only possible perfect one.—The "Musical Times."

Singing as a Profession.

IN the columns of our esteemed contemporary, the "St. James's Gazette," a series of articles on music as a profession is appearing, and the writer is evidently one who is not without knowledge of what he speaks. Pessimistic he is; but then who can refrain from pessimism when the musical profession is in question? We think, however, that the following statement is not quite in accordance with the facts: "At a moderate estimate at least half of those attending the different schools and academies do so with a more or less definite expectation of making money on the platform, and, after a little perfunctory study, launch themselves to the number of several thousands every year, when there is not room enough for as many hundreds." We may be wrong, but we should say that one half is not a "moderate estimate," for it is a matter of common knowledge, proclaimed not long ago by Dr. Mackenzie, that the great music schools could not exist if they relied upon students who intended to take up music as a profession, and we should be inclined to put down the number of professional students at something like a third of the total. Of course many of the remainder have a hazy idea that perhaps one day their musical studies may come in useful, but marriage, and other hard facts, soon dispel that. Still we do not wish to minimize the absurd rush now being made toward the profession of music. Of course incompetency finds its level; but the "finding" causes much unnecessary hardships to the competent. The writer in our contemporary is of opinion that singers constitute the majority of those who are endeavoring to mount the overcrowded ladder to the profession of music, and he therefore deals with their sad case first.

In England there are several paths open to the aspiring singer, but our author soon shows that though they look inviting enough they lead nowhere. Oratorio and ballad concerts are the main thoroughfares, so to speak, for the Carl Rosa Opera Company is "served by a stock company, and offers very little opportunity to new-comers" (except in the chorus, we would add); and comic opera—a most inviting and flower-bstrewn path—does not really require singers, musically speaking. Therefore we must take our choice of the broad paths of oratorio and ballad singing, in which branches of the art there is, says our author, "always room for competent artists; but the point to be insisted on is that oratorio is necessary. The mere singing of songs, however well it be done, will not make a real career, save in a very few quite exceptional cases." Then the writer of the

article earns the gratitude of parents by insisting on the ugly fact that the pleasant and apparently easy way of earning your living by singing pretty little songs in concert rooms is a dream not to be realized by the majority of those who "go in for" music; if this were only better understood, how much disappointment would be averted and how much money kept safe in the purse? Says our author, in effect, you must have the oratorio business, which is steady, to fall back upon, and unless you have a full repertoire of "works" you will most certainly fail to make a "solid business" of the concert platform—sound advice which should be taken to heart and acted upon.

"Scores upon scores of young singers come forward, make a certain amount of success—sometimes a considerable amount—get good press notices and a fair number of engagements; but presently business falls off, they sink into the background, and in the course of three or four years disappear from public life. The principal reason for this failure is that they are not competent to undertake the standard oratorio repertory, either from lack of vocal means or from want of musical knowledge." The vocal means are shown to be the great stumbling block, "for the English career makes very peculiar demands upon the voice. Every singer must be prepared to sing all the music assigned to the voice which he or she claims to possess [the 'claims' is distinctly good]. That is to say, a soprano must sing all the music labeled 'soprano'; a bass all that is labeled 'bass' or 'baritone,' in old and new works alike. No distinctions are made, as in opera, where a mezzo soprano is not expected to sing a light soprano part, nor the latter to undertake music written for a dramatic soprano." The same woman must sing them all and the same man must turn himself one day into a full bass, the next, a basso cantante and a third into a high baritone. This is going too far into the golden realms of exaggeration, for no one expects, even in England, that a full bass can take a high baritone part. But still there is much of truth in exaggeration. Concert managers, we are told, and even composers, "understand nothing about the limitations imposed by nature on the human larynx and they regard a singer who cannot undertake all music included under a nominal heading as incompetent." Then, in addition to all this, there must be no "holes" in the voice, and the singer must be a good musician, for very often new works will have to be mastered at a moment's notice. We hope our student readers will be properly dismayed at these solemn warnings.

And when all these terrible difficulties are overcome, what about the rewards? That is an important question. The "St. James's Gazette" writer does not enliven the prevailing gloom of his picture by gorgeous splashes of color. Even in the matter of rewards to the few successful members of the singing profession he holds out no very alluring hopes. He only says, "those, however, who satisfy the requisite conditions for a first-rate English career may count on a large and steady income, earned upon the whole easily enough." The most successful festival singers are paid from £20 to £70 an engagement, and reckoning on two engagements a week throughout the year (rather a large average) we arrive at an income from £2,000 to £5,000 a year. This sounds very comfortable, but when the student is told that those who achieve a "festival reputation" sufficient to warrant the receipt of such salaries hardly number a score all told, he will see that the profession of singing is not overcrowded—at the top. For ourselves we should think that the writer in our contemporary has been rather liberal in his estimation, and that there are not really so many as a score of "festival" singers who earn the incomes he mentions. Below this line of the profession there are many grades, from the singer who earns about 10 guineas a week on concert tours or in smaller oratorio performances in the provinces, to those who pick up a couple of guineas at a chance drawing room engagement—a weary, humiliating career. As the last resource there is teaching. If a man is a good musician and thoroughly understands voice-production and also (a large also) has talent for imparting the knowledge he possesses, a very fair income indeed is to be earned. But to obtain pupils we should say that he must have sung with fair success at concerts, unless he is one of those fortunate mortals who, almost without opening their lips, impress others with their store of knowledge and talent for teaching. The article in our contemporary may appear a little too gloomy, as we said at the outset, but at bottom it is perfectly true, and we commend it to the attention of that numerous class of only fairly gifted and but superficially trained amateurs who are inclined to throw up a comfortable "berth" in order to grasp the alluring fruit of a successful vocal career—in most cases, a dead sea fruit of ashes and disappointment.—"Musical Standard."

Berlin.—For the approaching season of the Philharmonic's concerts of Berlin, under Richard Strauss, the following artists have offered their services: Frau Bloomfield-Zeissler, piano; Frau Nicklasz Kempner, vocal; Hugo Becker, 'cello; Jos. Hofmann, piano; Mor. Rosenthal, piano; P. de Sarasate, violin; Emile Sauret, violin, and Prof. G. Heermann. With other distinguished soloists negotiations are pending.

Worship Music.

THE question of determining what should be the nature of music employed in church is one which is continually attracting attention, and one which must necessarily call for consideration from time to time. The nature of what music may fittingly be used in church must vary from age to age. With a view of defining and regulating sacred music a number of rules have recently been laid down by La Santa Congregazione dei Riti. Some of the points dealt with may be enumerated. It is decreed that a composition, although excellent in itself, may be unsuitable in consequence of faulty performance; if a satisfactory performance cannot be guaranteed it should be replaced in the Liturgy by the Gregorian chant.

This rule is one which no doubt will meet with acceptance from all quarters; indeed it is so self-evident to anyone who looks at the matter from an impartial outside point of view that it may almost appear to have been unnecessary to formulate it. And yet it may not be amiss for those who have the direction of church music to consider seriously the capabilities of the choirs under their control, and to select such music as falls well within their powers, rather than more ambitious works, of which no adequate performance could be expected. And the rule is suggestive from another point of view, viz., that the character of music varies with the particular reading with which it is interpreted. With regard to music for the organ, it is demanded that it should conform with the nature of the instrument, and that it should be dignified and solemn. Also it is forbidden to play fantasias unless they be rendered in such a manner as will be no hindrance to the devotion and piety of the worshippers. It is absolutely prohibited to employ in the church any profane music, especially if it is suggestive of themes associated with opera. Again, it is forbidden to omit the least word in the chants, or to separate verses which are converted by the sense, or to transpose the texts, or to make injudicious repetitions of words.

This last piece of advice must recall to everyone the ludicrous effects which have been produced in some of our English music by some of the hymn tunes which were not suited to the words. According to the new regulations the bishops are ordered to watch the priests and rectors with a view of preventing the performance of any music contrary to the new regulations, and if necessary to punish those who disobey. It is a question of great difficulty to say what is and what is not suitable music to introduce into a church service, and definite limits could scarcely be established in England. The determination of the question might be expected to vary to some extent with every organist or with every member of the clergy.

It is not uncommon for an organist to receive unfavorable comment on his selection of music from the clergyman or from members of the congregation. It is inevitable that he should not entirely please everyone, and Æsop long ago showed the folly of trying to accomplish this foolish task. But, though uniformity of opinion in this matter is not to be expected, yet there are some points on which perhaps everyone would agree. Approval could scarcely be given by the broadest minded individual to the introduction of any melody which is associated with words of a trivial and worthless character, words which might lead the mind into a state incongruous with worship; and indeed many would doubt the suitability of much of the modern light organ music, even for performance in a church at all, to say nothing of its performance at a service. Again, pieces which are effective rather as examples of certain technical devices, or executive dexterity, and apart from any solid intrinsic worth of the music itself, could scarcely be deemed advisable.

Music which has once been associated with sacred words gains a hold on the minds of listeners as being sacred music. Yet much that is ostensibly church music is more incongruous with a service than a good deal of serious secular music. There can be no absolute objective standard at any period, and it is strange to note that 300 years ago some of the tunes which were used for dancing would be considered graver than many modern hymn tunes.

It may be said that in a church service, where the primary object is worship, music may, by its own inherent attraction, become in reality a distraction. On the other hand, it may be made a most potent agent in public worship. Indeed in some respects music, even instrumental music, is more powerful than words, more powerful as a means of alienating the mind from its ordinary state and raising it to a higher plane.

Die Sprache ist ein edle Ding
Doch hat sie ihre Schranken;
Ich glaub's noch immer fehlt am Wort,
Für die feinsten und tiefsten Gedanken.

On the one hand, music may interfere with reverence and worship; on the other, it may be of the highest and noblest service, intensifying and bringing out clearly the religious emotion which, in mere words, would often have comparatively little weight, and purely instrumental music may be in some respects well suited as a means of worship, for by the very indefiniteness and abstractness of the emotion expressed it is allied in some degree with religious emotion.—Arthur Watson, in London "Musical News."

The Place of the Virgil Practice-Clavier in Piano Teaching.

By HENRY GRANGER HANCHETT, M. D.

I HAVE always been a vigorous and outspoken opponent of the ordinary methods of imparting piano instruction as applied to the average music student in this country. I have contended that, while the existence of a musical atmosphere in Germany may have made the usual course of technical training the proper one for that favored land, it was not good judgment to transplant it without modification to this country, where influences, home, social and other, such as tend to make the youthful Teuton a somewhat music-saturated individual regardless of lessons in the art, were almost entirely unknown and were at best utterly inadequate to afford the musical pedagogue any reliable assistance in his ordinary work. I took this position a good many years ago; I might modify it now with regard to a small class in a few of our largest cities; but it hardly seems as if the state of church music the country over, the difficulty of organizing and maintaining choral societies, the quality of popular music, or the support accorded to high-class concerts and genuine musical artists, afford any evidence even yet that we have a musical atmosphere available for educational purposes. In fact these same items serve admirably as a series of counts in the indictment of the plan of teaching we have adopted. If we cannot show better results in the line of general musical culture than are apparent after these many years of widespread music teaching we ought not to brag very loudly about our methods.

Criticising the methods in detail it seemed to me that what was chiefly lacking was music teaching. To be sure the land was filled with so-called music teachers, but almost to a man they were occupied in teaching the piano or some other instrument or vocal culture—they had little or nothing to say or to teach about music. Music of course was the medium of their lessons to a certain extent, just as Cicero was the medium through which the Latin teachers were imparting a knowledge of the grammar of their chosen language, and as the occasional student learned, in spite of the latter pedagogues, that there were literary beauties of the highest order in the old Roman writers, so the exceptional piano pupil got a glimpse of the beauties of the art whose examples he was using as a means of acquiring digital dexterity, but his knowledge of these beauties was more often imbibed by contact than acquired through the systematic instruction of his teacher. Criticism, as well in the public press as in the class room, was restricted to performer and performance—the composition and its significance were neglected.

If one has no knowledge of music or desire to express himself through the art the practice of the mechanical processes required to master an instrument will be almost inevitably dry and uninteresting; and if one is taught that this practice, or the resulting mechanical skill, is music, one will be apt to think music a very stupid thing and to gratify his natural musical instincts (if he have any, and few are without them) by what the musically educated regard as trash. Through such a course of reasoning, and only in that way have I been able to explain to my own satisfaction the fact that thousands who "study music" give up all practice of and even interest in the art at a very early period, and that such persons not only tolerate but endorse and encourage the use of so-called Gospel hymns and similar rubbish in a large majority of even the most cultured and wealthy congregations all over the land.

Of course I wanted to do what I could in my own teaching to improve upon the prevailing method, and the plan I adopted was to make use of as few mechanical exercises as possible and none that had not some musical value, applying instead analytical and discriminating practice to difficulties as they presented themselves in standard compositions. In this way I managed to make what seemed to me a very creditable showing and got a series of most gratifying testimonials as to the results of my work. A good many of my pupils did not learn to play, but I conceived it to be a better achievement to make them love and measurably understand music without playing than to make them play without loving or understanding the master-works. Still I was always on the lookout for better ways, and when the technicon came out I

adopted it as a means of improving technic without sacrificing or even risking music.

That was about my state of mind when the Virgil Practice Clavier was first brought to my attention. This instrument was introduced to me by a certain rather prominent organist (not the gentleman whose name will probably first occur to nine-tenths of all who read this article and know anything about the history of the clavier), who did not succeed in giving me a very favorable opinion of its worth and usefulness, partly, if not chiefly because he presented it as a guide to the legato touch which, as asserted, could be accurately acquired by learning so to play upon the keys that the up and down clicks which they produce should be simultaneous in passing from key to key. As these clicks are caused when the key is fully down, on the one hand, and fully up on the other, I was unable to accept my friend's view of their usefulness for this purpose. I thought that he, being an organist, might imagine that such an action as would bring the up click of one key at the same instant that the next key struck produced its down click, would cause a legato on the piano, because it would do so on his special instrument; but I knew that legato meant connectedly, and that musical sounds were the things to which the term applied; and I knew, too, that the blow of a hammer upon a piano string does not instantly produce a musical sound, but, owing to the thump of the hammer and to the shattering of the segments of the string which inevitably occurs as they pass from their resting points into a vibratory state, that a perceptible interval was required for the production of the musical tone aimed at, and that therefore legato playing that would connect musical tones, as a vocalist or violinist connects them, would require a pianist to hold down one key till the next had been fully struck, thus covering the "pulsatillie" tone produced by the blow of one hammer by the musical tone previously sounded, a plan of finger action that when applied to the clavier will not produce simultaneous up and down clicks.

My attention was next called to the clavier by Mr. Virgil himself in one of his lecture recitals, in which a pupil played upon both clavier and piano in order to illustrate what the lecturer had to state. This was quite a while—about two years—ago, and the effect of the presentation was decidedly unfavorable. In practice legato means something more than connectedly. As, on the one hand, the musical tones must be connected by sustaining one to cover the entrance of the next, so, on the other, the entrance of each tone must be effected in such a way as to reduce to the minimum the "pulsatillie" quality. The piano manufacturers expend much study and skill in so constructing their instruments as to reduce the blow of the hammer to a minimum while yet getting the maximum of sonorous power from the after vibrations of the string, locating the point of contact between hammer and string with the greatest nicety of discrimination, and selecting materials for and constructing the hammer itself with a view to making it at once as powerful and as unobtrusive a medium of communicating blows as can be fabricated. But after the manufacturer has done his best there remains ample occasion for the pianist to study and practice long upon the delivery of his strokes in order that they may lend themselves readily to the linking process involved in legato playing, without acquiring harshness on the one hand or losing power on the other. For whether we can answer Messrs. Lang and Kelso with mechanical explanations or not, it remains true that touches differ and that they do not depend upon damper manipulation.

Now at the recital in question there was no legato playing, and the touch displayed was one that could not be made to lend itself readily to good legato playing, no matter how well it might have been connected. It was a characteristic staccato touch. Nor was there any evidence of the qualifying effect of wrist training—for most of us know that proper training of the wrist will greatly modify the finger touch. There was great clearness and accuracy, a beautiful staccato, and, considering the length of study, wonderful execution and velocity. There was no power, no tone-coloring, no wrist or arm action that could be commended, and no cultivation of the extensor finger muscles. It was pure flexor finger work, the extensors being used only to produce the quick rise of the finger essential for the staccato touch, never to oppose and steady the action of the flexors.

That settled my view of the clavier methods for some time—many months. But in the meanwhile I saw that the

clavier was a dumb piano and that as such I could use it to assist me in my work of developing technical command of the key-board without destroying musical sensibilities. I therefore first rented, and later purchased a clavier and put it in my teaching room. Upon it I had a larger variety of technical work done than I had formerly allowed myself to use, and I assigned to it everything that savored of dry, mechanical repetition. Moreover, I practiced a good deal upon it myself. I soon learned two or three things. The first was that my pupils were not anxious to burden themselves with the expense of clavier merely to save their neighbors, or even their own ears. They were willing enough to use the instrument in my room and perhaps would have liked to use it at home if it had cost nothing, but where expense was an object clavier were left out. The next thing I learned was that the down clicks were better than the dumb key-board in securing clearness and equality in touch. The next, the most important thing that I learned was, that while the clavier action is not like, and cannot be made to feel like that of the piano, it nevertheless lends itself just as readily to all forms of touch. In other words, the clavier itself has nothing to do with any good or bad qualities of touch that clavier pupils may display. A good conception of touch on the part of the teacher can be as readily imparted to his pupil at the clavier as at the piano if the teacher knows what he is about and has any other guide and source of information for himself and his pupil regarding touch, its cause and control, than the resulting tones of the piano—and it may be well enough to remark that if the teacher has no other guide he is apt to be very discriminating with regard to tone-qualities as produced from the piano by either pupils or artists.

While I was thus working by myself with the clavier Mr. Virgil was attracting more and more attention to his methods and his pupils in the musical papers and in private conversation among piano teachers. For this reason when Mr. Virgil issued a general invitation to the profession to attend ten free lecture lessons by himself on "foundational" piano instruction and the applicability of the clavier to that sort of work, I accepted and attended the lectures faithfully. At these lessons I first made the acquaintance of Mr. Virgil's book, and from it in connection with the lessons I learned that he has been doing in the field of technic just my favorite work in the field of music study—that is, analyzing, systematizing and arranging the stages on the route to piano playing so that each step could be considered by itself alone, its purpose and relations explained, and its mastery effected independently, so that it could be commanded under all sorts of combinations required by later and more advanced stages. That is to say he has isolated the elements of piano technic so that "one thing at a time" can be individualized more perfectly than in any other system of which I have any knowledge, and by the aid of his instrument he has made absolutely accurate work possible. The work done before the class in these free lessons was of the most elementary description, but I had now come to admit, first, that the clavier was a good thing because it made it possible to separate technical from musical study—saving the pupil the disgust that the senseless reiteration of exercise forms at the piano must produce upon the musical faculties, and aiding technical practice by withdrawing the temptation to wander away into musical by-paths when the stern road of mechanical drill has been pointed out for the study hour—and, second, that Mr. Virgil was a pedagogue of more than ordinary qualifications for elementary work.

Not long after reaching this stage in my clavier education I heard a number of pupils play who had been trained by clavier methods, among them the same lady whom I had heard nearly two years before. I found that this particular pupil had a very different showing to make from that which appeared at my first hearing. She had retained all her previously displayed good qualities with vast gains in velocity and execution, and in addition she now had abundance of power, beautiful wrist and arm control, and above all a faultless touch capable of coloring the tone nicely and of producing any degree of connection or disconnection she desired. Her faults were those of immaturity mostly. Her interpretations, although interesting and fairly good, were crude, chiefly for lack of continuity of musical thought and well considered balance of voices. The other pupils showed various grades of attainment, demonstrating that they were traveling along the same general route of technical study and acquiring the various points in

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much the same order, and also that it was by no means exceptional talent alone that made the pupil first mentioned worthy of such high consideration as I have bestowed—a commendation, I may add, in which I am far from being alone. In short, I found that at the first recital I had judged a pupil on all points who had only been taught a few points, and that in good time her teacher had succeeded in guiding her to acquirements that were not in the slightest degree injured by being introduced after she had learned thoroughly and accurately what she was first taught.

Well, with that I entered the Virgil School as a pupil. I soon found myself in company with a number of prominent and experienced teachers and artists, as well as with pupils of some of the most famous teachers in Europe and America—pupils, too, who had studied years and years with some of these teachers—all of whom were willing to concede that Mr. Virgil had something to impart that was worth learning. I am not intentionally writing an advertisement for Mr. Virgil, but this matter is up for discussion and I cannot give my experience as the source of authority for my judgment, without mentioning a gentleman who has perhaps sustained enough criticism of an unfavorable nature in some musical prints to be entitled to my small contribution of commendation. At any rate I have accepted the clavier and the whole technical system that has been designed to accompany it—not that I do not differ from its author on some points, not that I do not teach in my own way and on my own ideas and ideals, not that I do not introduce and use other technical material from other sources and try to adapt everything to the individual needs of the individual pupil—but as a system taken for what it pretends to be and to do what it pretends to do I accept the clavier method in its entirety, and find that through it I can work out my conceptions of touch, legato, tone-coloring and execution better than by any other plan I have tried—and I say this after considerable practical experience.

Of course saying this is equivalent to saying that I differ with a great many of my professional brethren—in many cases with men whose opinions I respect, who are disposed to be fair, and who know a great deal about piano touch and piano teaching. But I am convinced that most of these persons know very little practically about the clavier. They have seen the instrument and perhaps have heard a pupil play who has practiced upon it—that is altogether too small a basis for a judgment of so large a scheme as is that under discussion. People say so persistently and so uniformly that one gets tired of answering it, that they do not see how one can cultivate musical qualities at a dumb key-board; but no one ever proposed to cultivate musical qualities at a dumb key-board. Of course it can't be done except in the indirect sense to which I have alluded. But nine-tenths of piano playing is mechanism and that can be better studied without music and at the clavier than otherwise. People say that they do not believe in doing all the practice at the clavier, even if it may be good for some things; but nobody that I know wants to have all the practice done at the clavier—certainly Mr. Virgil does not and insists that certain necessary things, required at an early stage, must be practiced upon the piano. People say that pianists have been trained to play wonderfully well without the aid of the clavier. Of course they have; but I haven't a doubt that there isn't a man among them who could not have accomplished his results sooner if he had had clavier opportunities, and in this hurrying world anything that shortens roads to any good place is to be welcomed. People say that a course upon a mechanical instrument must result in mechanical performance. The mechanism cannot be avoided—the piano is a mechanical instrument; but the shorter you make the mechanical course the quicker you have it behind you, the fresher you approach the musical thought to be interpreted and hence the less of mechanism you expose in performance. That point can safely enough be left to the answer of experience—but may it not reasonably be claimed that the better one's powers of expression the more likely one is to bring out what he has in his soul? Certain it is that the longer I teach and practice on clavier methods the better I like them, and as an artist-teacher I

would rather work with pupils prepared by them than by any other.

HENRY GRANGER HANCHETT.

FROM JOHN S. VAN CLEVE.

Your circular making inquiries as to the value of mechanical aids to a proficiency in piano playing was received some time ago, but I was not able to give the matter my attention so soon as I could have wished. I have just finished reading through the opinions which you have printed from eminent members of the musical profession, and I am reminded of a clever story by E. E. Hale. He tells us of a minister whose time for study was so much broken and diminished by the calls made upon him, for public occasions of all kinds, that finding a man who resembled him in personal appearance, he engaged the aforesaid to substitute for him, and drilled his double in a variety of conventional platitudes. One of the most serviceable of these adjustable remarks, warranted to fit every occasion, was this: "I agree, upon the whole, with the last speaker," and another, "There has been so much said and so well said, that I will not further occupy the time."

I feel like adopting these sentiments. Nevertheless, I have some convictions and experiences concerning this matter which I should enjoy waving in the air for a few minutes. I find something to agree with in every one and in every one, except perhaps Mr. N. J. Corey, something to which I take exceptions. Mr. Corey's lucid and methodical defense of the Virgil Practice Clavier meets for the most part with my unqualified approval. In Mr. Faelton's remarks I find especially worthy of indorsement these lines: "For the more advanced players it serves very well for a similar purpose, namely, to prevent the creeping in of careless habits, and besides this it is the best means I know for correct memorizing, as it allows the player a technical performance equal to that on the piano, while forcing him to create the musical picture in his mind without the help of the actual tone." Again I strongly approve of the following: "While I think a good deal of proper gymnastic practice, it is my opinion that it should be done without apparatus, as the consideration in piano playing is far more the acquisition of flexibility than strength." Emerson says that we always enhance the value of a passage by quoting it, and I hope Mr. Faelton will not think me impertinent if, having selected these texts, I proceed to preach a little sermon on his gospel. Touching the matter of practicing upon a mute key-board, I need not remind your readers that all the great virtuosi clear up to Liszt himself, used mute key-boards of some sort. Schumann, who is always held up to us as the scarecrow to warn us away from mechanical inventions, designed to improve technic, by reason of his weight and pulley and paralyzed fourth finger, owed his crippling failure to insane exaggeration and haste. A large part—oh, merciful Muses! how large a part—of a piano teacher's precious time is used in saying, "Keep the finger curved," "Spring upward before each stroke," "Strike mallet-wise from the knuckle joint," "Give a prompt touch," "Hold the hand quiet." Now no one claims, I suppose, in his moments of wildest enthusiasm that this drudgery can be dispensed with, but those who love and use the Practice Clavier claim two things; first, that the drudgery can be performed in a manner more accurate and at the same time be abridged, while, second, our long-suffering ears are relieved from that incessant iteration that irritates like the tiny trumpeting gnat, the festive mosquito and the irrepressible house-fly. I do not know whether I am a worse crank than other musicians, but I do know that often while listening to a dislocated scale, an asthmatic trill or a paralytic tone-figure I hold my breath and grind my teeth to keep control of my quivering nerves and to repress the sudden words of unreasonable and injurious anger. There is nothing beautiful, except to the acoustician, in the repetitions of tones in rudimentary relationships. Indeed I think one of the marks of the highest musical organization is sensitiveness and impatience with the mere raw material of music.

Of course we must have this fundamental science and skill in the brain and in the muscles, but while training them the more steady and emotionless our condition the better. Nature gives us a hint here. As we become

inflamed with the celestial heat of the ideal we grow unconscious of detail, and the million-jointed automatism which is requisite for the delivery of a piano concerto must be produced by selecting and co-ordinating the complex levers which link the brain to the piano wires, by thousands of hours of calm thought and quiet motion. That these motions should be accompanied with sound is certainly unnecessary, and I think in a measure injurious, since if the mind be wholly absorbed at the focus of the fingers it is not distinctly conscious of the sounds but on the other hand the sounds have a seductive power to draw off the attention and make the finger-acts less accurate. As to Mr. Faelton's suggestion that what we need is flexibility more than strength, I wish to doubly indorse that, as it contains the germ of a truth which our musical writers ought to take up and sow broadcast. I know pianists whose leading drawback is their strength, and who belabor the piano unmercifully, while their Brobdingnagian attempts at scales make the time-honored comparison of "a dancing elephant" much too feeble. What we need in playing the piano is not so much great sense of strength as great endurance—the power to continue making infinitesimal acts at a high rate of speed.

I agree with Mr. Perry that technical enthusiasts are likely to consume too much time in preparing to do something, but end by forgetting to do it, for "though they build glorious temples, 'tis odd that they leave never a gateway to get in a god." But this is not peculiar to the devotees of the Virgil Practice Clavier, applying equally as a caution and an objection to all technical inebriety. Have we not all heard of Felix Dreyschock, the demon of the double sixth, and Carl Heimann, whose technic took him to a madhouse to die?

In Mr. Lang's brief, sensible comments I find the following: "Multiplying by ten the normal key resistance to a finger, &c., is an act that should be hedged about with many safeguards." I think this worthy of a double encore. Does not any pianist know that should he carry a heavy valise for ten minutes his hand would become so brutalized that no spiritual arpeggio would whisper back greetings to his caress? A few times—a very few—I have overdone my practice with the extreme resistance of the clavier keys, and the result was that I felt as if I should soon have the firm fist of a plowman. At the risk of repeating what I have already said I must quote for the sake of emphasis this forcible expression from Mr. Corey's letter: "Now in ordinary piano practice there can be no respect for the ear. It must be ceaselessly bombarded with the nerve-exhausting sounds of exercise iteration."

I find by actual experience that the Practice Clavier is even more valuable to train me in acquiring a distinct, deeply engraven conception of a piece of music as a mental structure, abstract and mathematical, and as a technical compilation, palpable and mechanical, than it is in merely teaching the primary acts of key-board control. It is my invariable rule first to learn the notes as I would memorize a poem, second to fasten them in the fingers and in the memory at the mute key-board, third to realize them at the sounding keyboard, and there perfect my conceptions while rejoicing in the beauty thus rising upon me perfect as Pallas, fresh as Aphrodite. I find that memorizing at the mute key-board, or rather digesting at the mute key-board, is not only clearer but quicker than the same operation while the beautiful sounds are floating about and blurring the sharp, intellectual lines as sun-illuminated mists adorn but hide the mountains. In this most necessary and I think often neglected mental rumination I find one hour at the Practice Clavier the equivalent of two at the piano.

If I understand Mr. Cady rightly in his novel views of piano teaching in its foundations, it is this deep searching of abstract thoughts—the nourishing roots of the beautiful tree which he is striving to foster.

I also believe in the technicon, which I esteem especially for its adaptability in applying nicely adjusted quantities of stimulus to the lifting muscles. The form of massage alluded to by Mr. Faelton also seems to me practical and valuable. In fact I feel tempted in this whole discussion to quote the inimitable Jack Bunsby, "'If so be,' returned

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Bunsby with unusual promptitude, 'as he's dead, my opinion is he won't come back no more. If so be as he's alive my opinion is he will. Do I say he will? No. Why not? Because the bearings of this observation lays in the application on it.' Among all the 700 characters created by Dickens none are more exquisitely droll than that triumvirate Toots, Cuttle and Bunsby, and the safe vagueness of the redoubtable sea captain will serve us as a fortress here. All these devices are of value if one uses them with judgment.

When Fuseli was asked with what he mixed his paints he said: "With brains, sir." So technic must not be taken straight, but with a copious, a scidulous and sugary qualifying admixture of "sweet reasonableness." Technic, like total depravity, is a good doctrine if lived up to; but, if it does not reach the "blue china" stage, where mechanism becomes art, of what avail is all the patient pottery? Why should the wheel of Ceramos buzz except to give us priceless vases? Finally, I will not say with Mr. Pecksniff, "Do let us be moral," but I will say, "Do let us keep a modicum of common sense about us a prophylactic against the fevers of fanatical folly." The most wholesome musical growth consists, I believe, in short periods of cold, calm, calculating study of the muscles quickly and constantly alternating with short periods of warm, agitated, untrammelled creations of music when the imagination circles free upon the boundless winds under a dome of cloudless sunshine. I believe that mechanical study and musical study should be kept disjunct but adjacent, and the well-rounded musician will pay to each its due tribute. Not to speak it irreverently, that reply of Christ to his sophistical tempters: "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's," may be wrested from its marvelous fitness to the things of time and eternity and applied to the questions of art: "Render unto Technic the things which are Technic's, but unto Music the things which are Music's."—John S. Van Cleve, in Chicago "Music" for September.

Some Aspects of Musical Criticism in England.

THE late master of Trinity College, Cambridge, Dr. Thompson, famous for his power of two edged satire, on one rare occasion was induced to occupy the pulpit in St. Mary's Church, and to preach the University sermon. A large congregation was attracted by the unusual announcement, and the seats of the theological professors were usually well filled. The text given out by the master was "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church," delivered with great emphasis, and with that clearness of utterance which was one of his many and rare gifts.

In the pause which ensued, all the divinity professors were seen to become very much on the alert, and to watch with bated breath for a pronouncement on this hotly debated subject. In the very first sentence of the sermon, the preacher doomed them to disappointment. "Some of my hearers," he said, "may expect me to enter upon the controversial questions involved in my text, but I have no intention of doing so." Whereat the professors composed themselves, with ill concealed chagrin, to listen to an oration on some wholly pacific problems, and the Master had scored his little point. I can imagine that the spectacle of one belonging to the ranks of the criticised daring, apparently, to rush into criticism of his critics will cause many of them to turn to this article expecting to find all the vials of an artist's supposed wrath poured out at last, and their contents placed at their disposal for further criticism. But, like the Master of Trinity, I am afraid I shall disappoint them; for, in the first place, artists are not always in antagonism to their critics, even when those critics are severe; and, in the second place, it is as much to the interest of the artist as of the critic that the position of criticism in the world of letters should be as high and as independent as it can possibly be made.

I am not going to criticise the critics, but I am going, as much in their interest as in the interest of the art of music, to criticise the conditions under which they are compelled to write; and I do so not without hope that my suggestions will so far meet with the approval and support of the literary wing of the musical army that something practical may result from them.

There are two baneful oppressions under which musical criticism in England is now groaning. The first and the most serious is the feverish haste with which editors of newspapers insist upon the production of critical notices. In all, or nearly all, the daily papers the musical correspondent is expected to produce an article on a concert or an operatic performance within two hours of its close, which shall be printed by cock crow the next morning. What can be more unreasonable, more destructive of cool judgment, and even of good temper, than such tyranny as this?

No time is left for consideration, no chance allowed for the study of a new work, no encouragement offered to literary style. A new opera which has been, perhaps, the work of years, and the outcome of the daily thought and

labor of composer and librettist, is produced on a Monday night, the curtain falls about midnight, and by 2 A. M. on Tuesday morning a critic, who has just made his first acquaintance with the composition, is expected to have completed a full and just chronicle of its merits and its faults, its workmanship and its effect, fit to be put into print, and intended to instruct the public before breakfast as to what attitude they should be prepared to take when they find themselves in the audience. I say, as one who is, from much experience in the musician's craft, perhaps exceptionally quick in seizing the points of a new work at first hearing, that to expect the best possible criticism, or indeed criticism of any lasting value at all, under such circumstances is grotesque, and the insistence upon such hot haste production is a hardship to the writer, an injury to the producer and a mischief to music.

History shows abundantly that no criticism has survived the test of time, unless it has been endowed with the vivifying force of literary style. Indeed, this quality has gone far toward preserving essays which in many points are wholly at variance with the views of the present day. Burney, prejudiced as he was, is a standing proof of the power which can be wielded by a critic of earnest thought and well balanced pen, and he was thought worthy of being admitted as a member of the same round table with the literary kings of his time. Not so long ago we possessed a critic who was also endowed with a style which has preserved his writings and kept them interesting even for those who wholly disagreed with his musical opinions—H. F. Chorley. But he had the good fortune to write for a newspaper which appeared but once a week. His articles could never have carried the weight which they undoubtedly did carry if they had been composed in less than two hours after the performances which they chronicled. Apart from the interest which attaches to the criticisms of Schumann and Berlioz as being the manifestation of the literary qualities of the two great composers, it may safely be conjectured that unless they had had time to think about what they had to say we should not have been the richer by their admirable articles.*

What then is the remedy for this condition of things? That we in England should cease to be the only country in Europe where a criticism is expected within six hours of a performance, and thus assimilate our procedure to that of all other civilized European countries. In other words, that in place of hurried paragraphs scattered here and there in the newspaper, generally hard to find, and usually buried in the most incongruous surroundings, editors should adopt the principle of special articles, after the manner of the feuilletons in French papers, though not necessarily printed in a divided page, published if possible upon some definite day, criticising performances which have taken place a reasonable time beforehand, and not so cramped for room that electric telegraph English is forced to take the place of literary finish. By this means the public will be better informed, because they will read with greater interest; composers will have a chance of making or marring themselves with their audiences unprejudiced favorably or the reverse; and the criticism, when it appears will be a more certain chronicle of the fate of a composition, as well as of its intrinsic worth; while the writer will not be driven to unwholesome hours and hard labor on an article to be done against time, and probably when finished to be "crowded out" of the date for which it was intended, and to appear cold and flabby when the feverish interest of the first day is over.

When Verdi's "Falstaff" was produced in Paris last month I watched with interest the method in which it would be dealt with by the "Journal des Débats," a typical Parisian daily paper of the best order, of which Reyher, the composer of "Sigurd," is the musical correspondent (a post formerly held by Berlioz.) The procedure was this: A brief chronicle of the fact of the performance having taken place, and a rough indication of its reception, appeared in the paper of the next evening. But it was not until four days after the première, when the public had had already three opportunities of hearing the new opera, that an article from Reyher's pen appeared; and its purity of style and loftiness of thought shined in a moment that it was the work of days and not of minutes. In a word the critic's share of the task was carried out in a manner worthy of the composer's. Is it too much to hope that such wise counsels may yet prevail in our editorial offices? I feel convinced that such a reform would be welcomed by the critics themselves, and equally so that if a determined stand in its favor were made by them artists and public alike would give them the strongest moral support.

We have already weekly newspapers to which such a reform need not apply, and it is significant that in libraries of reference the newspapers which are most frequently bound and preserved are the weekly and not the daily papers; obviously because the contents are more valuable

and better digested. It may be urged that daily papers are only meant for ephemeral consumption. That may be true of reports of passing events, but it would be a pity to reduce the critical side of a newspaper's duties to the level of a mere record of facts, and it is no argument against making that portion of the contents more valuable and placing them on a more worthy footing. Unless this is done no encouragement is given to finish or depth in any department; and musical criticism is, of all the branches, the worse treated in these respects. In view of the great renaissance of music in England, which is becoming every day more marked, it is incumbent upon those responsible for the management of the daily newspapers to place musical criticism in a position worthy of the art with which it deals. To do so will be to insure greater self-respect both in critics and criticised, and, as a result, better feeling between them.

In some few of our daily papers a column is devoted once a week to musical news and gossip. This seems to be exactly the reverse of what the procedure should be. Such an article should be reserved for the criticisms of new works produced, and of the concerts and operatic performances which have been given, and the gossip and general news can appear (as in the case of French papers) in smaller quantities day by day. This would relieve the writers of harassing and unhealthy night work, and keep them fresh for their more important labors. More latitude might then be given them as to what concerts they deem worthy of notice in an important article.

There remains, indeed, one danger from such a policy, namely, that editors, who happen themselves to be ignorant of music, should engage the services of writers almost equally ignorant merely because they possess the gift of literary style. It is well known how serious are the errors into which some of the best English authors, even those who have had a love for music and a smattering of its terminology, have fallen when they have attempted to describe matters intimately connected with the art. Where the greater have stumbled the lesser may be pardoned for falling. But editors are as a rule men of experience and sense, and the majority of them at least may be trusted, if they are themselves without any acquaintance with music, to make sure of the credentials of those whom they wish to appoint as their musical correspondents. If they appoint an incompetent person public opinion is pretty sure, sooner or later, to find out and expose the ignoramus.

So much for the first of the two difficulties which are oppressing us. The second is one more delicate to handle and requiring more diplomacy to allude to than I fear I possess. But I approach it with the assurance that my remarks will be taken in good part, even if they are not wholly to the taste of my readers. There has of late grown up in England the fashion of one critic speaking through the mouths of several newspapers. The reason for this is not far to seek. The very existence of this evil proves that the profession of musical reporting is not sufficiently lucrative to admit of a man devoting his pen to any one publication. For it is not possible that any critic who had his heart in his work would care to deliver himself, except on the rarest of occasions, of more than one well digested opinion.

Great creations will always, no doubt, suggest many different trains of thought to the hearer, and incline him to express his views in as many different essays; but the ordinary concert or opera performance can scarcely suggest more than one comment, and its reduplication can therefore only mean the same opinion expressed in different language. This is in itself a reproach to the management of newspapers, and only another proof that this department of journalism is not being treated in a manner commensurate with its importance. But I need scarcely insist on the proposition that it is distinctly unfair and unjust that the public should read some five or six different notices written in five or six different forms, and imagine them to be the independent work of five or six different brains and judgments, while they all really emanate from one pen. Moreover, the practice is a most dangerous one, for such a critic, however honest, may at times nod, and if he perchance take an unduly favorable or unfavorable view its effect is multiplied five or six times, instead of standing as it should on its merits once expressed. It was unfortunate enough (for the writer) that Chorley condemned such a masterpiece as Schumann's piano concerto; but at least he only condemned it in the one paper for which he was known to be responsible. If he had done so in five or six other papers as well the damage both to himself and to the public taste would have been incalculably greater and more lasting. To the critic such a plurality of power would have been a dangerous possession, and to the composer and to the public a most unjust infliction. In the present condition of finance it is not possible to expect a radical reform in this matter; and the evil is so deeply seated that it is difficult to suggest a remedy which will redress the balance of justice without inflicting a fine upon the writers. The only method appears to me to be the adoption of signed articles instead of anonymous paragraphs; signed, that is, either by the name of the writer, after the fashion of our neighbors the French, or by a fixed nom de plume or

*A singular instance of the danger of hastily recorded impressions occurred when the late Dr. Hueffer was musical critic of the "Times." He wrote a severe notice of an important work of Brahms when it was produced at a Philharmonic concert. At the following concert it was repeated, and Dr. Hueffer, having changed his opinion after hearing it a second time, had the rare courage to disown publicly his first judgment of the composition.

initials which shall appear at the foot of every article he writes.

It is well known and admitted that anonymous articles carry a weight wholly out of proportion with the pen that writes them. In matters political it is perhaps advisable that such anonymity should be preserved. In matters artistic I feel that it would be far more satisfactory and wholesome if the articles were signed, for they are, after all, but the opinion of a single person, who should be able to show by his name what ballast he carries and by what measure his opinions should be weighed. The procedure would then, at any rate, be straightforward, and it would be possible for the public, if they take the trouble, to identify the various articles. The result will not be so satisfactory as a policy of "one paper, one critic;" but it will not, at any rate, mislead the reader into the impression that the six reports are the outcome of six brains.

Such are the suggestions that I have to offer for the amelioration of the position in which musical criticism now finds itself. The importance of its existence it is possible to overrate as well as to underrate. But it is healthy when well employed, and necessary when ably done. It is as true that no adverse criticism ever does more than delay a success which is deserved, as that no favorable one can immortalize a work which is not worthy of life. But the break and the spur alike are, if not necessities, at any rate excellent additions to the resources of civilization; and if applied with judgment and experience, can only be useful. These, with the whip, are the possessions of criticism. The better and the more secure the seat we give to the critic the greater the possibility that his means of propelling the public will be well and worthily used; and if the anomalies to which I have referred can be removed, no one, save perhaps the critics themselves, will be more reassured than the artists with whom it is their duty to deal faithfully and well—C. V. Stanford, in the "Fortnightly Review."

The Critics are Castigated Again.

IT would almost seem as if the musical critics will never be left in peace. Every one wants to reform them, and some to reform them altogether, but the critics themselves plod along in the old way, and if they do feel the numerous shafts aimed at them they manage at any rate to disguise their wounds. In some sort the article which Mr. J. F. Runciman has contributed to the current number of the "Fortnightly Review" is an answer, or rather a rejoinder to that which Professor Villiers Stanford wrote some time ago; but its primary object is to expand on the theme of the famous "protest" against the musical critic of the "Pall Mall Gazette." It is a little disheartening for members of the critical brotherhood when one of themselves lifts up his arm to castigate them for incompetence and worse, and Mr. Runciman speaks in such unmistakable language that perhaps some of the critics will be goaded to reply. Our author does not underrate the value of the famous manifesto, and though it is all an old tale now it may be worth while to follow his reasoning.

"The 'protest' missed its intended mark, but scored a bull's eye on a target better worth shooting at. It leaves unhurt a sincere critic, and has given the death-blow to much insincere criticism. Valueless as a protest against one piece of sincere criticism, it has an abiding significance as a protest against insincere criticism in general. It tells the critic that as critic, as a newspaper employé drawing a weekly wage for hard labor, he has no sort of importance; it remains a perpetual request to him to give some account of himself and his qualifications for his self-imposed task. And though the force of the request is somewhat weakened by the fact that of the five signatories only two have any standing as musicians, yet now that it has been made, the public will repeat it so insistently that in the future only those critics who can answer it satisfactorily in their work may hope to gain or keep any degree of influence. It thus inaugurates a new era in musical criticism—an era entered on long since by literary criticism, and by art criticism more recently. Henceforth all musical criticism will be written with, if not five, at least two 'eminent musicians' at the writer's elbow. The questions they will be ready to ask him let us ask of present day criticism in general—What is it worth; is it honest; is it biased—and thus learn whether or not a new era is precisely what may be termed a pressing public need, just at present."

Mr. Runciman then divides musical criticism into two sections, the "old" and the "new." He rightly insists that musical criticism in Great Britain is a comparatively recent innovation, pointing out that J. W. Davison was the first critic who earned a "living wage" by the exercise of his profession. His criticism, and most of that of his contemporaries, is, we are told, beneath contempt, and we await in pleasurable excitement the vigorous answer which this statement should call forth in certain quarters which we need not specify. After Davison's retirement from the "Times" (late in the seventies) a new school began to put forth feelers. Mr. Runciman thus defines the difference between the "new" and the "old" schools, though nothing remains to be said on this head: "Opinions are of three sorts—those which are stolen; those formed by the application of general rules to particular circumstances; those based on personal tastes, personal likes and dislikes. Leaving number one out of the question altogether, the old criticism was made up of the second sort of opinions, while the new is constituted of the third sort." We are also told later on that "all genuine criticism, or at least all criticism that has stood the true test, is auto-biographical."

Now there is a great deal of truth in this, and doubtless the objective style cultivated by the "old" critics is absurdly magisterial and mighty uninteresting withal; but the personal impression style, though it is at bottom the basis of all good criticism, can be so terribly bad. Its weaker disciples often write all kinds of very interesting things about themselves but nothing we can grasp about the performances. Now it is not difficult to train a man of real musical ear to report accurately on performances; he will tell you how a thing was done and whether a singer or violinist played out of tune or not; and there will be a certain value in his reports, although they may be, and generally are very uninteresting as literature. But to describe one's impressions of musical performances and musical works so that one's readers will really gain some idea of what one has felt demands a man who has real literary talent. He must also have a knowledge of music. Now where are we to find such men? And will they be willing to work for the low prices which editors pay for musical criticism? That is the question. When musical criticism is well paid, good men will perhaps be forthcoming, and it will not be well paid until there is a public that demands good criticism. Still there is no reason why the reports in newspapers should be quite as dully written as they are, and editors might do worse than prod up their musical critics, who if they cannot be interesting should at least be brief and to the point. Mr. Runciman complains of the way in which the average newspaper editor allows his musical criticism to be written in the language of the police court reporter, and in this we are at one with him. He himself seems to have had rather a bad experience of editors' little ways, for he writes: "It has been hinted to me, again and again, that if I did not 'write up' so-and-so his advertisement would not be of desirable length and regularity; and if through sheer stupidity the meaning did not reach my dull brain, and I happened to write rather severely of the advertiser in question, my notices were castrated before getting into print. I have in my possession a letter signed by the assistant editor of an evening paper, asking me to secure an engagement at the Promenade Concerts for a young lady, a friend of the editor's wife. It includes this sentence: 'When she comes out there Mr. — expects us to give specially good notices of the concerts, and of course we shall do so.'" This Mr. Runciman refused to do. This advertisement question is doubtless a great one, for it really is the canker at the root of journalism. The better sort of papers do not thus fetter

their critics' free judgment, but there are others—well, the whole matter again rests on the inevitable basis of money. Our castigator brings other charges against editors of smaller papers, such as the touting for free tickets and the consequent merry little "puff." The only consolation is that that kind of thing gets found out by readers, and then the prestige of a paper as far as criticism is concerned has vanished. When the public becomes better educated this state of things will become impossible.

Speaking of critics and papers that are interested in certain ventures and supporting others, Mr. Runciman says: "Some of the musical papers 'stand within this danger.' Two only indeed of the larger musical periodicals are without the sphere of temptation, the "Magazine of Music" and "Musical Standard." Since I am connected with the former, a monthly, I will merely remark that besides this negative virtue, it has the positive one of being brightly written and unburdened with needless technicalities; and this opinion, for obvious reasons, must be received with unbounded caution. The other, which is now well edited and full of interesting articles, may fairly be regarded as the leading musical weekly." For which praise, Mr. Runciman, we tender you many thanks, and only hope the other critics and papers will see to it that they mend their ways.—"Musical Standard."

A Sylvan Goddess.

SHE was born in Rome, the city of grand memories. The daughter of the Duke de Somenita, she had been an orphan from earliest infancy. Her education had been delegated by her guardians, the Count de Sestri and his wife—who were prominent figures in the gay world and received much in their Roman palace in winter and in summer at their villa at Quisisana—to Miss Smithson, her English governess, who chose the best professors to give her an education worthy of the future queen of Roman society.

For Donna Stefana was a very beautiful girl. Though only sixteen, she already had a dignity beyond her years; her large eyes, like those of the Isis in the Vatican, were frank and brilliant; her cameo-like profile, her scarlet lips, the shape and poise of her head, her lithe figure, suggested an antique statue. By constant association with the masterpieces of art one takes on in some measure their characteristics; and Donna Stefana preferred to worldly distractions long walks in the Vatican galleries, moonlit evenings in the Colosseum and excursions to Tivoli and Frascati.

While Donna Stefana was still a young girl she was allowed to devote herself to her artistic tastes. She painted, she sang, she recited, and her professors were delighted with her talents. But when she attained her eighteenth year she was obliged to appear at the countess' drawing rooms. "Donna Stefanita," as the countess' intimates called her, had to maintain her share in fashionable chatter, to dress, to confer with milliners, to pass her nights at balls dancing with young men who seemed to her either importunate or wearisome. She was like a goddess strayed among mortals.

At home or abroad she was always dressed in white. The countess chaffed her about this odd preference, and called her "the polychrome statue"—Donna Stefana's clear complexion having a little the translucent yellow tint of Egyptian alabaster.

But fate had decreed that that statue should suddenly be called to life. One evening at Quisisana, Miss Smithson and her pupil were lingering in that delightful forest, whose beauties are too little known to strangers. The great jet of the fountain fell in silvery spray under the moon's beams and lent a refreshing coolness to the warmth of an Italian July night. The air was delicious, and Miss Smithson did not, as was her custom, urge Donna Stefana to hasten back to the villa and dress for the countess' reception.

The nightingales were singing in the midst of the silent forest when suddenly they stopped, interrupted by a stronger



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song, accompanied by a guitar swept by a practiced hand. It was the song of "Rhadames" from the first act of "Aida." Then several voices intoned the chorus of the priests of Osiris, but as there were only male voices, the song of the priestess was, perforce, taken by the guitar. Moved by the artist's impulse, Donna Stefana, when it came to the song again, took it up with a fullness of voice made only the greater by the sonorousness of the forest; then the singers continued, and "Rhadames" ended the scene.

After a moment of silence, Donna Stefana and Miss Smithson saw a group of singers, dressed as tourists, emerge from the forest, evidently in search of the fair singer. At their head walked a dark young man, who wore a Tyrolean hat, such as the Milanese wear when they travel. He was dark, with an aquiline profile, a pointed beard, his mustaches turning up, and deep set black eyes.

Donna Stefana, not yet recovered from her emotion, stood erect near the basin, dressed as usual in white.

"It is Isis herself!" exclaimed the singer. "Goddess or mortal, tell me, I conjure you," he continued, uncovering and sinking on one knee before her, "who are you?"

"I am Donna Stefana," involuntarily replied the fascinated girl.

"Duchess de Somenita," added Miss Smithson. "Pray do not forget that, sir, and let us pass."

The singer rose, gave a signal, at which his suite opened to give free passage to the ladies, and bowed gracefully before them.

"I am Don Enrique de Britta, known on the stage as Juanito," he said. "It is to be regretted that the signora is a duchess. What an 'Aida' she would make at the Teatro San Carlo!"

Donna Stefana did not reply. Miss Smithson murmured a dry "Thank you, sir," and taking her pupil's arm, drew her to the drive, where a carriage awaited them. A moment later the mysterious Isis disappeared from the dazzled eyes of Juanito and his companions.

"What an adventure!" cried one of the young fellows, who were French artists from the Medicis Villa, in Rome, now on their summer vacation.

"She is the Duchess de Somenita, the great heiress," murmured Juanito, "and the Count de Sestri is her guardian."

"You are dreaming, Juanito," laughed Sartige, a Parisian painter and a great friend of the tenor. "Has the Goddess Isis fascinated you? Take care, she is only a young girl. She is not the Countess X or the Princess Z. She will not send you a little note with a thousand sweet nothings in it."

"No, she will not write to me, but—"

"But —" repeated Sartige. "Come, confess your thoughts."

"I think she already loves me," Juanito said, in a low tone, "and quite as much as I love her."

"Indeed!" Sartige replied; but he said nothing more, for, knowing Juanito's romantic life, he knew that he was of the race of charmers.

"Come, Juanito," said one of the band, "let us continue our stroll. We should make the most of such a night."

"Let us serenade Count Sestri's villa," said Juanito. "There is a reception there this evening and they will be delighted with the surprise. Each signora will imagine it is in her especial honor," and the young fellows slung their guitars over their shoulders and set forth with springing tread.

They soon emerged from the forest and finally stood before the high wall, surmounted by a terraced walk, that belonged to the Sestri villa.

After a brief prelude on the guitars they intoned the serenade of Flotow's "Indra," and then Juanito sang the inimitable and classic serenade of "Almaviva" in "Il Barbiere."

At the first notes the guests in the villa streamed out upon the terrace. Donna Stefana, with a light veil thrown over her head, seated herself on the parapet just opposite to Juanito, who devoured her with his eyes as he sang. At the end of the serenade she let fall a spray of jasmine, which Juanito caught up and pressed to his lips.

The ladies took the cue and covered the ground with flowers, the men applauding madly.

"Come in, gentlemen, said the Count de Sestri; 'you are welcome to my house.'"

Juanito, followed by the delighted French artists, ascended the marble steps that gave access to the gardens of the villa. The count and his guests came to meet the merry troupe, and conducted them to the other side of the villa, on that famous lawn whence one sees Vesuvius and Naples framed, as it were, by the immense trees of the garden. Juanito sang untiringly, stopping only to let his friends sing the choruses of the most famous operas. The painter, Sartige, sang the barcarolle from "La Muette de Portici," and they ended with the prayer from that opera, which, though it was composed by a Frenchman, is essentially Neapolitan from beginning to end.

Meanwhile, footmen spread a table on the lawn, and the company supped there under the stars, laughing and sing-

ing. The ladies were delighted to meet thus intimately artists who were such good company, so full of wit and jollity.

Juanito managed to be placed at table near Donna Stefana, who, under the influence of his glances, felt more and more under his charm. She looked only at him, and with a depth of emotion entirely foreign to her usual character.

She wished that the whole universe might disappear from her sight and that she might be left alone to adore her idol, like a heathen kneeling before her god.

At the end of the supper, young Prince Andreo Benito, an enthusiastic lover of music, proposed the health of Juanito. "To Don Juanito, king of tenors," he said; "to his glory and his triumph!"

Juanito thanked him with a graceful gesture. "I drink to our Amphitryon," he said. "And to the goddess of the forests of Quisisana, who directed my steps hither," he added, looking fixedly at Donna Stefana; "to the goddess whom I adore and who is ever in my thoughts."

Donna Stefana paled under this bold declaration, which was comprehensible to her alone.

Dawn was breaking over the Apennines when the party broke up, tinting their snow-clad peaks with a rosy glow. Juanito and his friends descended to Castellamare di Stabia, where they took lodgings at the hotel. The next day, it was arranged, they were to visit Salerno and Amalfi, but Juanito made pretext of business at Naples to let his companions leave without him.

"You are staying at Quisisana," declared Sartige, who knew him of old, "to see that young girl, and I assure you you are making a mistake. She is not one of the whimsical and passionate creatures you are used to meeting. Believe me, you will do well to let her forget you."

"Forget me!" said Juanito. "Do you think her capable of it? If I thought she could I would not take the trouble to see her again."

"True," sighed Sartige, "you are unforgettable. Fate has given you the form of a hero of romance, with a voice more than seductive. You combine with Mephisto's adroitness the gentleness of a Romeo. Poor Goddess Isis, poor Donna Stefana! I pity her."

"And why?—since I love her," replied Juanito, with such naive simplicity that Sartige made no reply, but shrugged his shoulders and followed his companions.

That very evening, Juanito, guided by that instinct innate in the born gallant, posted himself near the fountain in the forest. He was sure that Donna Stefana would go there, involuntarily attracted by the remembrance of the night before. And, in fact, scarcely had he thrown himself on the moss at the foot of a grand old oak when he saw the young girl appear alone, followed by a great Russian hound, her favorite dog. She passed around the basin and, stopping at the very place where she had stood on the previous evening, heaved a deep sigh. Juanito arose, and, approaching her, stepped into the path of light thrown by the moon. She saw him, and seemed petrified with surprise. He profited by this to approach, and sank down on one knee beside her.

"Do not be frightened," he said; "I have stayed here because I love you." The man seemed to grant a favor in declaring that he deigned to love her, and he was disingenuously frank.

In her innocence Donna Stefana did not comprehend this trick. She let her hand slip into his, and, sunk in inexpressible ecstasy, drank in the sweet words he murmured in her ear. It was he—he, the man who had so completely fascinated her being—who was there on his knees before her. Seeing her trembling with emotion, Juanito slipped his arm about her waist.

Many young men had held their arms about her in dancing and Donna Stefana had felt no emotion. Juanito's arm seemed to be a circle of flame that burned her. Frightened, she gently pushed him from her.

At that moment Miss Smithson, who had been detained at the villa, rejoined her pupil.

"Sir," she cried, "what are you doing! Do not touch Donna Stefana!"

"Donna Stefana felt ill," Juanito replied, "and I was supporting her. Moreover, my intentions are perfectly honorable; if Donna Stefana will deign to give me her hand I will accept it on my knees."

"You should make such a request of Count Sestri," Miss Smithson replied. "Permit us to retire," and the governess led Donna Stefana away, with a gesture forbidding Juanito to follow them.

The next day Count Sestri received a letter from Juanito. On reading it he burst out laughing and went to the countess' apartment to share his hilarity with her. There he found Donna Stefana and Miss Smithson.

He gave Juanito's letter to the countess, and then turned to Donna Stefana.

"My dear child," he said, "you have made a conquest. This fool of a Juanito wants to abandon his career of conquests and triumphs in two continents to marry you. What can have got into his head! The idea of his marrying the daughter of a noble house, and dragging her from city to city, leading such a Bohemian existence as his! He is a rich Bohemian, to be sure, but he is a singer, a mounte-

bank, look at it as you will. It is such preposterous folly that I shall not take the trouble to reply to his ridiculous proposal."

The countess disdainfully tossed the letter into a basket. "He is mad!" she commented, calmly. "But it is luncheon time. Give me your arm, count, and forget this impertinence. And do not tell anyone of it; such an adventure cannot fail to tarnish the reputation of a young girl of our world."

Donna Stefana said nothing, but in a flash she measured the gulf that the world put between her and the tenor.

After luncheon, she went down to Castellamare and took the train. She knew that Juanito was staying with Sartige, whose studio was well known in Chiatamonte. She inquired her way thither, and leaving Miss Smithson in the carriage, mounted the stairs alone. As a milliner also lived in the house, she gave as a pretext certain directions about trimming a hat that she must give personally. She entered the studio, softly opening the door, and found herself confronted by a curtain that served as a screen before the door. Frightened at her own audacity, she stopped, and then she heard her name spoken.

"Donna Stefana," Sartige was saying, "is a pure and well-born young girl, and the count will never give her to you willingly. And what would you do with her in your nomadic life!—she would only be a drag on you. I cannot picture you as a staid father of a family, in slippers and dressing gown. What will you do, too, with the mistresses you have, scattered all over Europe? And then you know that, once married, a tenor loses all prestige in the eyes of the public. You will be irritated by it, you will want to prove that you are still the hero of all your romances. Poor Donna Stefana, I pity her," and Sartige continued, as he spoke, to paint from his model, a pretty Transteverine girl disguised for the nonce as Summer. "Don't move, Bianca, you are posed perfectly," he said to the girl; "that is, unless you want to go and kiss my friend Juanito, to make him forget his matrimonial projects."

"That's a suggestion not to be refused," laughed Bianca, and she bounded on Juanito's knees, pressing her ripe lips to his—an attention to which Juanito did not fail to respond in kind.

"Ah, my boy, when I see you like this, I recognize my old Juanito," exclaimed Sartige. "Woman who are not hampered by prejudices are the kind for you—models, actresses, great ladies who receive you by a private staircase. But a young girl!—I cannot imagine you coupled to such purity."

"Egad, I think you're right!" said Juanito. "I was a fool to write that letter."

"You may rest easy on that score," replied Sartige. "The count will no more answer it than if it had never been written."

At that moment there was a knock at the door at the farther end of the room, and a servant entered and handed a letter to Juanito. As the tenor tore open the envelope, several thousand-franc bank notes fluttered to the floor.

"Twenty-five thousand francs!" exclaimed Sartige, as he gathered them up. "Where does such a windfall drop from?"

"Read for yourself," replied Juanito, and he handed the letter to Sartige and impressed a kiss on Bianca's dimpled shoulder.

Sartige read the letter:

DEAR SIGNOR JUANITO—Inclosed please find 25,000 frs., which I beg you will accept for the delightful serenade you were good enough to give us the other evening. Believe me, the countess and I are greatly obliged to you. Pray accept my excuses for the trifling amount of the inclosure, and permit me to sign myself always your grateful

SESTRI.

"Bravo!" cried Sartige. "A pretty reply, truly, and from a true grand seigneur! Well, what are you going to do now?"

"Oh, well, I shall skip off to Rome and Paris. I have something now to have a little time on, before I sail for America."

"Take me with you," pleaded Bianca. "I want to go to Paris."

"So you shall, my beauty," replied Juanito, "and here's something to bring you luck," and he pressed some bank notes into her hand.

Donna Stefana descended the stairs with tottering steps, and fell into the arms of the astonished and terrified Miss Smithson. Arrived at Quisisana, she was carried to her room, and it was two months before she rose from her bed, very pale, but more beautiful than ever. She had acquired that sphinx-like beauty that is possessed only by women who have been torn by passion and suffering.

Two years later she married the young Duke de Welzio, Prince de Bertini. Proud and calm, covered with diamonds, her little duchess' coronet upon the rare lacet hat had veiled her beautiful head, she stepped forth on her husband's arm from the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, where the ceremony had just taken place.

In the midst of the crowd before her she saw Juanito, his eyes fixed on her as if in mute supplication. Not a muscle, not a fibre moved; she did not even turn away to avoid his look, which shone upon her as a ray of sunshine might rest on an icicle without melting it.—Translated for the "Argonaut" from the French of "Lydie Paschkoff."

Munich.

AUGUST, 1894.

IT is quite a difficult thing to write a musical letter from Munich if there is absolutely nothing "musical" to write about, no concerts, no theatre and opera (until this moment), or should it perhaps interest the readers of THE MUSICAL COURIER to hear something about the so-called "concerts" at the "Tsarlust," a beer garden, where "Schuhplattler" and Tyrolean singers amuse the artistic Munich public with their untrained voices, their "Sprünge" and their "Fauchzer"? I dare say at the bottom of their hearts Munich people like these kind of performances better than anything else; a song from the mountains, sung by a pretty, fresh girl with a nice figure, a mountain stick in her hand, some Alpine flowers, a zither which accompanies her singing and "jodeler" some dancing, and above all—beer, and then they sit for hours and are so interested that you could not expect a more devout public in the opera house.

On the 8th of August the Royal Opera House was opened for this season with "Tristan and Isolde" as the first performance of the Wagner cyclus, comprising only "Tristan and Isolde," "Ring-Rheingold," "Walküre," "Siegfried," "Götterdämmerung" and the "Mastersingers." Being perhaps the first performance after the vacations, the whole lacked a certain smoothness and perfection, a fact to which I shall have to refer in the course of these lines. Levi gave the "Vorspiel" splendidly; the great climax was worked up so wonderfully that the effect was overwhelming. The orchestra—which I am sure is very fine "im Klang"—sounded sometimes muffled to me and it seemed as if the violins might be stronger. Levi did wonderfully with it; I had to admire his "rousine" during the evening, especially in accompanying Mrs. Moran-Olden, who very often does not care whether she is to sing half a note, or a quarter note, or whether a note is dotted or not, a circumstance which contributes materially to make her singing very often unpliant. This lack of rhythm is a trick of many great singers, which must tantalize the conductors, as they have to follow with the whole orchestra, sacrificing numerous important passages for the sake of the singer, who has no idea what the orchestra has to do in the meanwhile. Mrs. Moran-Olden has besides her voice a fine "temperament," but she allows herself to be carried away by it. This may be the reason—and perhaps because it was a first performance after some interval of time—that she often sang out of tune, i. e., first act, scene third, "er sah mir in die Augen, das Schwert, ich liesses fallen," and scene five, "dir mich entsandt" and "für höchstes Leid," where she has to jump from G flat to the higher F natural. At this last place her intonation was simply painful. In other places she was fine, at times great; for instance, in the third scene of the first act, where she curses "Tristan"—"Fluch Dir Veruchter, Fluch Deinem Haupt, Todems Beiden." Here you felt her strong nature and her great talent. She also gave the great love scene and the love-death admirably, but as a whole she calls forth admiration more through her fine voice, some good acting and temperament than through a real, deep knowledge of Wagner's music and intentions which he had with this character. Gudehus as "Tristan" was very satisfactory. I liked him best in the third act. He was in excellent voice, and his conception, especially in the just mentioned last act, was such that you could feel he had entered heart and soul into his part. "King Marke's" part was effectually given by Gura, whose great vocal powers made it possible to enjoy even such a tedious ordeal as the monologue which is pronounced by the king on discovering "Tristan's" deceit. Frau Standigl's "Brangane" was an achievement of great musical ability; the long warning notes in the second act were a perfect delight to the hearer. Herr Brucks' "Kurwenal" was satisfactory.

In regard to the above mentioned lack of a certain smoothness and perfection I would like to say that the singing of the young sailor who opens the first act was decidedly out of tune. Melot's acting was poor, and the very tame fighting and resistance at the gate of the castle in conclusion produced a somewhat unnatural effect. Last, but not least, I have to praise the fine way in which the French horn player played his sweet, melancholy little tunes; every shade was given with the utmost care and understanding.

At the end of the performance the enthusiasm was immense; not only the singers, but also Levi, had to appear three times before the curtain. The audience was a very fashionable one (with any amount of foreigners, the Americans forming not the smallest contingent). The large house was filled from top to bottom. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon General Director Possart could say with triumphant satisfaction: "Ausverkauft" (sold out), which I dare say means a great deal for a hot summer night in August in a large city when most people are away during the hot period.

August 12. Last night "Rheingold" was given with the following cast: "Rhinedaughters," Frl. Dressler, Frau Moran-Olden, Frl. Franck, "Wotan," Brucks, "Loge," Vogl, "Alberich," Schelper, "Mime," Hofmüller, "Fricka," Standigl, &c., Levi conducting.

Again the house was sold out and again the enthusiasm

was great. To begin immediately with what impressed me most, I have to speak of the scenery; it was grand. I never witnessed anything like it, although I have seen "Rheingold" in Berlin, Hamburg, Dresden. Possart is to be congratulated upon the success. The scenery at the bottom of the Rhine was represented as naturally as anybody's imagination would have figured it. The dawning lights, the moving waters, the general restlessness in the gloomy depths were marvelously given. The way the Rhinedaughters were "made up," the way their up and down diving movements were managed, &c.—all in all it was a perfect delight to the spectator. As to the musical part of the scenery I cannot but bestow praise. Singers and orchestra were in perfect harmony; it all went with a smoothness and ease which gives to the listener the agreeable impression of absolute certainty.

In the second part Vogl as "Loge" was another happy feature of the evening. It may be that Vogl is considered to be "abgesungen"—to myself he is always the refined artist, and I consider his "Loge" one of his best creations—vocally as well as dramatically; he plays and sings with such clearness that a child might have understood the character of this cunning, deluding rogue. Frau Standigl's "Fricka" was also excellent. The way she sang the words: "Wotan, Gemahl unsel'ger Mann," &c., might have started up any man to come to a final resolution. Brucks' "Wotan" was vocally splendid, but his acting is indifferent. The two giants, who looked most amusing (but just the way they ought to look), were satisfactory on the whole. "Fafner" might have studied his part a little more carefully. The words, "Glaub mir, mehr als Freia frommt das gleissende Gold," and so on, had slipped his memory entirely—he began, but had to stop short, and the orchestra had to do without him, consequently the "souffleur" made himself very prominent in the course of the evening, as often as "Fafner" had something to say. The scenery to "Nibelheim" was also magnificent. Schelper, from Leipzig, as "Alberich," and Hofmüller as "Mime," outdid themselves. I seldom have seen such a fine "Alberich" before—in some parts he was grand. His cursing of the ring, leavetaking from "Wotan" and "Loge" were highly dramatic. The orchestral part was perfect and executed with a precision which excited the utmost admiration. It was a truly enjoyable performance and justified the established reputation and glory of the Munich Royal Opera House.

August 13.

It was a treat to see the "Walküre" in such splendid style as last night. Evidently the greatest care had been taken to give the right person the right rôle. Again, the scenery throughout the evening was brilliant, and to say words of praise about the orchestra seems superfluous. Gudehus as "Siegfried" won great enthusiasm, although his voice sounded a trifle hoarse at the beginning. It is owing to this circumstance probably that the love song did not have the traditional effect; but later on he improved and was especially powerful in the second act just before the fighting scene. As to Frl. Bettaque as "Sieglinde," it seems a difficult task to express a right opinion. She certainly has a beautiful voice, which she knows how to use; she acts with intelligence; she looks fresh and young; and still there is something to be wished for in her "Sieglinde." Perhaps if she were seen in another character she would be more sympathetic. To me she was the only one not in place, although nothing could be said against her directly. Frl. Ternina as "Brünnhilde" was new to me, and I was taken with her at once. Her success was the result of real talent alone. She has neither a very beautiful voice nor a very fascinating stage presence, and certainly not a "Brünnhilde" body. She is thoroughly musical, and she has a true and deep conception of Brünnhilde's noble, sympathetic character. She is just as fine an actress as she is a clever singer. It always will afford artistic pleasure to hear and see Miss Ternina, and I feel assured that

this young artist will have a great future. If it is really true that we shall have her in New York next winter (but perhaps she is wise enough—because she may know what a future there is in store for her—not to bind herself for America) she will be sure to receive a warm welcome.

Frau Standigl's "Fricka" was fine; she and Brucks as "Wotan" made the rather unpleasant matrimonial arguing scene quite acceptable. In the final act the good ensemble of the Valkyries must be praised. Wonderful was the orchestra, which played with a verve, precision and perfection of ensemble that was admirable. Ternina, as well as Brucks, made the end of the opera a glorious success. The "Feuerzauber scenery" was not as brilliant as you generally see it. Brucks and Ternina were recalled twice; so was Levi.

August 15.

In the "Siegfried" representation the two "Nibelungen" were sung by the same vocalists as in "Rheingold." Hofmüller's "Mime" was both sung and acted with great ability. He successfully represented the mean, malignant character of the deformed dwarf, who is in constant fear of being oppressed by such as are stronger than himself, viz., well nigh all living beings. Hofmüller differed from other interpreters of this rôle in omitting to show forth the sudden outbreaks of violent passion and the demon-like nature of the ugly goblin. The part of "Alberich" was undertaken by Schelper, who made his greatest effects in the scene with "Wotan," which he sang with phenomenal power and a wonderfully clear pronunciation.

Wiegand appeared as "Fafner," and excited much admiration by his deep noble voice, which sounded all the more powerful and solemn through the prescribed speaking-tube. The appearance of "Fafner" on the stage created some hilarity in certain parts of the theatre, probably where some foreigners were seated. It is pardonable that those who are not acquainted with the bizarre and tragic-comical expression of our traditional German dragon cannot refrain from expressing some amusement at it. Otherwise the enthusiasm of the audience remained dominant throughout the house, thanks to the efforts of the best of our German artists, among whom must not be forgotten our Munich singers, Frl. Ternina, Herr Vogl and Herr Brucks. Levi's handling of "Siegfried" was masterly in its combination of strength, precision, dramatic insight and delicacy of execution. The house was sold out; the American contingent was very large.

AUGUST 17.

The performance of the last part of the "Ring," the "Götterdämmerung," was executed with the same skill and intelligence as were the three preceding representations. Frau Moran-Olden, apart from some fatigue of voice at the end of the evening, filled her rôle as usual with great ability. Herr Schelper as "Alberich" was again extremely good. In the interpretation of "Hagen," Wiegand was good and characteristic, though in the first act his singing was somewhat expressionless and uninteresting; he improved by degrees and eventually rose to great power and dramatic vigor. Frl. Ternina, Vogl and Brauberger were in excellent form and greatly contributed to render the effect of the whole as perfect as possible. An unfortunate feature of the evening, however, was the inadequacy of the Rhine decoration in the last act, which was of a very tame character in comparison to that of the preceding representations. Wagner has distinctly prescribed the concluding scene as follows: "The funeral procession with 'Siegfried's' corpse is slowly to move up the hill in the moonlight." The effect of this pathetic scene was greatly marred by the cloud curtain being lowered much too soon, thus enveloping the whole stage in clouds before the eye of the spectator had sufficiently realized what was taking place. To make matters worse a very audible noise arose behind the curtain. This, however, has been the only unhappy feature throughout all the performances, and it is merely men-

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tioned in this place to show that these trifling disturbances should be avoided in a theatre where every artist does his best to perform his part with the utmost perfection and where occurrences of the above mentioned nature decidedly contribute to mar the effect of the whole. The house was again filled to overflowing and the audience evinced the greatest enthusiasm, especially when Fr. Ternina was honored with the presentation of a large laurel wreath.

AUGUST 30.

The first "Mastersingers" performance this season took place last night with Gura as "Sachs," Nebe "Beckmesser," Pogner "Lohr," David "Walter," Koshner "Fuchs," Walter V. Stolz as "Mikorey," "Eva," Madame Dressler; "Magdalene," Miss Blank, and last but not least, Richard Strauss, as conductor, who, at least to my mind, was the "star" of the evening. It was owing to his magnetic influence, owing to his conducting (born to the manner) his sincerity, his affectionate intimacy with the "Mastersingers," "this masterpiece of the masterly master;" it was further through his complete absorption in the various parts and through a wonderful—I should like to call it instinct—for orchestral effects that he achieved this admirable performance and elicited demonstrations of the highest enthusiasm, and from an audience who well knew that the singing all in all was second-rate, but that the orchestra and the inimitable way in which it was led, together with the masterly conception and the splendid scenic effects deserved such unanimous approbation. If there is anything to be said against Strauss (and it seems narrow to do so in consideration of his great abilities) it is a certain lack of "routine" which was felt when the singers did not distinguish the pitch of a note accurately enough, and also, as they often do, sang without rhythmic distinctness. On such occasions Strauss mercilessly leaves them to struggle on as best they can: he simply goes his way and gives his orchestra the share it has got from the composer, no matter what Herr, or Frau, or Fr. So and So, who all may have beautiful voices, try to do. The consequence is that sometimes a whole phrase is spoiled, or that singer and orchestra are far apart, a circumstance which certainly nine times out of ten is the singer's fault, but which might be skillfully avoided by giving in at the right moment. But if Strauss has thoroughly musical singers to deal with he is sure to do his part in perfect style; and why should a perfect conductor, with a perfect orchestra, not have perfect singers to work with? Gura as "Sachs" was one of the better performers, although he seemed a little fatigued in the last act (which was given without the usual cut). It was a pity that he also spoiled that simply divine little "Berlioz phrase" (a masterpiece of invention and of orchestration) about the glowworm who could not find his mate, by evidently not being able to cope with the rhythmic changes from 4-4 to 3-4 and 2-4, and later again 3-4. But the scene with "Beckmesser" in the second act was excruciatingly funny, and had such exhilarating effect upon the listeners as I have rarely witnessed. I must say that Carl Nebe, from Karlsruhe, is an unsurpassable "Beckmesser;" Mme. Dressler as "Eva" looked pretty and sang "sweet and lovely," but that was all. Herr Mikorey, as "Walter Stolz" was a sad disappointment. What reasons there could have existed to give him this part is incomprehensible to me. He was vocally sonorous, but nothing else. Siehr's "Pogner" was dignified. Siehr is a vocalist who never does anything extraordinary, but who on the other hand never spoils anything. Walter as "David" was in every respect admirable.

This "Mastersingers" performance constituted the last of the first group of Wagner performances, and as they all in some way or another were highly enjoyable, and everything from an artistic standpoint had been prepared and studied with unusual care and intelligence, I consider that, what with first-class conductors, an excellent orchestra and singers of reputation, the Wagner performances in Munich are in nowise inferior to those at Bayreuth.

G.

Wagner Misunderstood.

WAGNER came on the stage at the close of the fourth performance ("Götterdämmerung"), and said in the course of a short allocution: "Have a will, and you will have an art; it rests with you." These words were immediately interpreted as meaning that according to Wagner art dates, in Germany at least, from Wagner, and that all that has been done before him does not count. The master protested against this interpretation without delay at a banquet given in his honor a day or two later, and explained that he did think of a new art, but without any pretensions to creating it at once, and claiming only to have given an impulse. He means of course the theatrical art.

In France this art exists with its personal physiognomy and an individual character, as it exists also in Italy. "As far as I am concerned," said Wagner then, "I adore Italian opera, because it has a beauty of its own and because it is characteristic of the nation from which it emanates." It is not the same in Germany, where the art of the theatre, taking a high standard, does not exist. All the world knows Italian opera, French opera. It knows also some

German operas, but it does not know German opera. The creation of German opera, of a theatre which characterizes the German nation in its highest artistic manifestation, this is the work to which Wagner invites his countrymen, and that is why he tells them: "Do you want an art? It rests with you. Have a will, you will have an art, a new art, a national theatre."

The Bayreuth enterprise is but a "leg up" to a work of the future and for the future, which has ever been the aim of all Wagner's efforts. "I have passed the first years of my career," said Wagner, "amid the vilest, the most ignoble artistic surroundings, and I have always dreamed to elevate myself and my art. Step by step I have reached Bayreuth, but often have I been angered by the obstinacy of the public in attributing to my work a character it does not possess and in not seeing its national tendency." We can see now what Wagner meant by his "national tendency," and we will leave the reader to draw his own conclusions, and to choose between the master's credo and the imaginary creed of the Wagner apostle of to-day.—"The Saturday Review."

Piano Technic and Touch.

ALMOST as much has been said and written about piano playing of late years as about singing; but whereas the student can derive little assistance from treatises on the latter art, he may sometimes profit by the printed page when it concerns piano technic. For though there are numberless so-called schools of piano playing, the acquisition of a good mechanism does not depend upon a strict adherence to the tenets of any particular school, but to the understanding and observance of certain principles which experience has shown to be sound. The unpretentious little work by Amina Goodwin is written with a view to assisting piano students to eradicate the faults in touch and technic which amateurs commonly commit, and to show by printed examples the divers systems by which technical difficulties may be overcome.

As concerns the different methods, or rather different schools, of piano playing, the authoress says that as we are all endowed with the same means at our disposal for the art of piano playing, that is, for its mechanical cultivation—namely, ten fingers and two wrists—there need be only one system for the cultivation of technic. "Each individual should have the same advantages placed before him and stand the same fair chance of acquiring good mechanism, so that whatever musical talent is possessed may be brought out to its fullest extent."

Piano lessons, she observes, like almost everything else, may be had at all prices, but one cannot always rely upon obtaining the right value for one's expenditure. This is quite true, and one of the most regrettable things is that many parents think any teacher and any instrument good enough for beginners. This false economy not only renders the pupil's progress slow when he passes on to a good instructor, but is frequently responsible for the failure even of gifted students. On this subject Mr. Louis Lombard recently expressed himself strongly. "It is of the utmost importance," he said, "that the first steps should be well guided. At the initial lesson the deepest impression is made. The master hand alone should mold the intellectual and physical clay while that precious material is soft and pliable. To let it harden under the touch of the bungler is worse than useless—it is irretrievably harmful. What might have been a beautiful image must remain forever a caricature. Had most great musicians received improper instruction the world would not have heard of them. Placed when young under the nefarious influence of the good-enough-to-start-with teacher, these artists would not have unfolded their wonderful gifts." In the opinion of every experienced teacher the belief that prevails among too many parents that a cheap or worn-out piano is good enough to practice upon is equally pernicious. How can the pupil cultivate a refined touch on a badly constructed instrument with an action as heavy as a plow, or produce a good tone from a flimsy box of wires having about the same quality and volume of sound as a banjo?

But these are matters with which one could hardly expect the authoress to concern herself in a manual of this kind, important as they are to parents and pupils; her main purpose is to assist the amateur in perfecting his technic, and the "hints" she gives are distinctly valuable. After referring to the various methods of teaching, which include holding the wrist very high, holding the wrist very low, raising the fingers very high, not raising the fingers at all before striking, but letting them fall and rise with the keys, striking chords from a great height and with a stiff wrist, playing octaves and staccato chords from the arm, &c., which opposite systems are, of course, pronounced by their several advocates to be "the only way," the authoress proceeds to define what technic is. "By the expression 'real technic' is meant mechanical movements produced by legitimate means from the fingers and wrists only, without aid from the arm, except when moving in sympathy with the hands up or down the keyboard. These movements, in order to produce an equal and full quality of tone from each finger, and likewise from the wrists in staccato, chord and octave

playing, involve the union of both mental and physical powers, and a perfect execution can only be acquired when based on these sound principles.

"If no fatigue whatever is apparent to the student in the muscles of the arm reaching to the elbow when studying technical exercises during the daily practice it may be assumed that the action from the fingers and wrist is not legitimate; but when this fatigue is felt, however slightly, the student should desist for a time and refrain from forcing the muscles, and discontinue the exercises until sufficient rest has been taken. To save time the desired rest may be obtained by practicing each hand separately. It is generally thought that a perfect technic and finished piano playing can only be obtained and retained by incessant work and numerous hours of daily study. The number of hours required naturally depends upon the quality of the work, and the amount of fatigue experienced is a good test of the worth of the student's efforts. Three to four hours of daily study, divided into two or three portions, should, as a rule, suffice for the conscientious worker. Ordinary strength could not well endure more than this amount of strain upon the muscles of the arm. It is not difficult to accomplish six and seven hours' daily playing if the tone produced be thin or the strong tone be only forthcoming when help is borrowed from the arm; then, certainly, as regards physical fatigue, ten hours may even be accomplished, but only the muscles of a Hercules could stand more than a few hours of legitimate tone production of deep, full and clear sounds from the fingers and wrists only."

The chapters on technic and touch contain many valuable suggestions to students, and the authoress has much to say on the importance of slow practice and study. "In commencing the study of a new work, even when technic has been thoroughly acquired, every description of technical passages, whether marked forte or piano, should be studied throughout for a considerable time with a certain amount of strength from each finger, but not more than the fingers are capable of producing legitimately. Running passages played with moderate strength slowly would sound brilliant and forcible when played quickly with the same degree of strength from each finger. The same amount of strength can never quite be brought out from the fingers in quick playing as in slow. After this manner of study expression marks and the shading of the passages and all that the comprehensive word 'style' implies may then be worked out in the tempo indicated. If the fingers be thoroughly well molded into a difficult passage through slow study the student ought to be able to play the same equally well with ease in any tempo required, putting aside the fact that a round, full, singing touch cannot be attained without the most slow and patient study."

The authoress deprecates the use advocated by many of a high seat in order to gain power and mastery over the keyboard. "This may be very well for the playing of octaves and chords with a stiff wrist. By this method the tone certainly sounds strong, but it is harsh and dry, and in extremely loud passages jars with almost deafening effect in a small room, and does not carry the sound with vibrating power, in a large hall. To sit very high is fatal to a soft, full touch, as the hand and wrist should be in a straight line, following the natural position of the hand when placing it upon any flat surface. The arm up to the elbow should be straight, or, if anything, raised very slightly higher than the wrist. The methods, often advised and taught, of dropping the wrist or raising it to an exaggerated, or indeed to any extent, or turning the elbow outwardly in scale playing for the purpose of passing under the thumb and putting over the third and fourth fingers with more facility, are neither natural nor advantageous—in fact, are disastrous in every respect to the achieving of running technic with tone, and it will be found that the sound from the fingers when turning the elbow slightly outward is only half in comparison to the tone obtained when holding the arms and wrist in a straight line. In powerful chords, staccato actions and octave legato playing the wrist must necessarily rise and drop occasionally, according to the construction of the passage, after which the hand can resume its normal position."

In reference to the subject of "Ton-verbinding," or the binding or uniting of tones in scales in finger exercises, arpeggios, double notes, &c., the authoress recommends the student to study for a considerable time exercises with each hand separately. She adds: "There are many who, when commencing to study in this manner, and through endeavoring to accomplish 'Ton-verbinding,' prepare the finger too close to the key and also too long beforehand. This is not good, except in slow legato playing. In scale playing and running technic, the fingers should not be lowered until the instant required to strike the note; their action should be that of hammers, but hammers covered with velvet. If the student can only play with little strength of finger at first, by these legitimate means it is better to be satisfied with a moderate tone than to try to gain a stronger but raw sound by help of the arm. The fingers will become strengthened by slow degrees and the student must not be discouraged if results are not noticeable for some considerable time. When the fingers become stronger and passages may be essayed in a quicker tempo a slight

movement of the hands and arms is sometimes noticeable, although the action may be exclusively from the fingers. This must not be mistaken for playing from the arm, as it is mostly a vibration of the arm caused by the movement of the muscles, which cannot altogether be prevented, and the greater the force required the vibration of the arms becomes more noticeable.

In a subsequent chapter there are some hints on "tone-binding" in arpeggios, with printed examples from well-known works. There is also much information for students on the binding of double notes, grammatical accent, balance in arpeggios, staccato playing, expression, rhythmic feeling and other matters of moment to earnest students of the piano; and the extracts we have already given from this helpful little book show that the writer is enabled by long practical experience as a teacher to offer valuable suggestions on these subjects.—"Musical Notes."

A Defense of "Der Freischütz."

AN esteemed contributor differs from the views we expressed in our article on "Der Freischütz," and, as both sides of a question are always interesting, we here print his communication:

Contributors to a public journal may exercise the privilege of "agreeing to differ;" it is therefore unnecessary to apologize for the expression of any difference in respect of opinions. Discussion serves to clear the intellectual atmosphere, and a truly philosophical mind is able to form a judgment without abusing controversial opponents or calling them names.

I cannot in any wise agree with the writer of a recent leading article ("M. S.," August 11) on Weber's early opera, nor, on the other hand, do I feel the least inclination to echo the somewhat obnoxious remarks of the Glasgow "Evening Post." Let us now look into the question and try to see our way to some conclusion.

First, as regards the libretto of "Der Freischütz." Is it, after all, so silly as the leader writer seems to think? The story is said to be founded on a book entitled "Popular Traditions of the Northern Nations;" the subject, in fact, is an old "Folk's Legend," or Saga. Absurd enough, no doubt, in this matter of fact world, but no more so than the fairy tales which delighted our youth. A bad man sells his soul to the evil one for the sake of some magic bullets; but to what advantage? In the opera itself "Caspar" only brings down one large bird; and in the sequel, after all that toil and trouble taken at midnight in the Wolf's Glen, he manages, indirectly, to shoot himself. "Six bullets shall obey thee, the seventh shall betray thee," so ran the old English libretto. Then the diabolical service of "Caspar" to appease the fiend "Zamiel" with the sacrifice of "Max" (or "Rudolph"), is rather an old story and sufficiently stupid as well as revolting.

This I freely admit, but let readers remember that Rossini's opera, the now (effete) "Cenerentola," is based on the old nursery story of Cinderella and the glass slipper, and recently made the subject of a Christmas pantomime by Sir Augustus Harris at the Drury Lane Theatre. Other applications of the old fairy tales might be named. But what about the "Book" of Mozart's grandest opera, "Die Zauberflöte," alias "Il Flauto Magico"? Here the librettist, one Schikaneder, "bangs Bannagher," as friend Paddy would say, for monstrous absurdities. What can be made of the plot? Some have found a reference to Freemasonry.

There seems, indeed, to be an idea of the contest between the good and the evil principles, represented, respectively, by the "Queen of Night," and the three boy geni in gilded garments. Quen sabs? Ignorance is bliss. The bird catcher is an anomaly; "Monastatos" plays the fool exceedingly, and "Sarastro," after inflicting the punishment of flagellation, allows the "darkey," in Act II., to have free excess to "Pamina," whom he would have slain, or perhaps outraged, but for the entrance of "Astrofiante," her mother, who proceeds to sing her second bravura air in D minor, "gli auguri d'inferno mi sento in petto," and attacks the F natural in alt. Surely Mozart's opera surpasses Weber's, and vastly, so far as nonsense of story is concerned.

I have before adverted to the horrible plots of many modern operas, but must admit that the horrors are in consonance with the sad experiences of human life. I think, however, that I would rather have a pretty fairy tale than excerpts from the "agony column" of the newspapers. In "Der Freischütz" only one death occurs, and that by a sharp shot; no one pities "Caspar," and the moral is pointed by the hermit.

Now for the music of Weber. The overture in C has always been recognized as a chef-d'œuvre: a summary of the various leading themes, most artistically woven together, and with such pictorial orchestral color, although I agree with Fétis that a genuine overture ought, like "despair of composers," to be an independent piece of writing, and not a mere pot-pourri of the vocal airs. Auber greatly sins in this respect, but Weber is forgiven for the sake of the general effect. I come to the opera itself, after the rise of the curtain. We hear the "laughing chorus" in G, with its expressive intervals of close major seconds, to represent the responsibility of the company.

Max's elaborate air in E flat and C minor, "Through

the valley to the mountain," was lately sung by a fine tenor at the Crystal Palace concerts with éclat, and may be rated as a capital specimen of dramatic declaration, as well as expressive music. "Caspar" then appears to sing that rollicking drinking air in B minor, and afterward stirs the audience with his final song of defiance and despair at the end of Act I.

In Act II., the scena of "Agulta" in E, like Max's song, still holds its ground, and firmly, at all classical concerts, as does also the plaintive ditty in A flat, "Und ob die Wölke," at the opening of Act III. The pretty bridesmaids' chorus in C was invariably extolled by the late James Davidson, of the "Times," whenever "Der Freischütz" was performed; and what can be more inspiring than the famous Huntsman's Chorus in D? The late King of Hanover, George V., a musical genius, once wrote that this chorus, heard, but not seen—for His Majesty was blind—always transported him, in the spirit, to a forest. The final chorus after the sermon of the "Hermit" I regard as comparatively weak, if not an anti-climax, so that I may claim to have cleared my mind of prejudice and partiality as well as of cant.

To sum up: I always hail the repetition of "Der Freischütz," and go if possible to the theatre on the welcome night. I never find the music "old fashioned" or at all faded in respect of color, and I care less than a brass farthing for the alleged silliness of the libretto. Sir Augustus Harris is not a man to try the expensive art of galvanizing operatic corpses. He has wisely dropped sundry old Italian operas, rechristened his theatre "The Royal Opera" and produced the finest works of Wagner. I am a staunch Wagnerite, but let me never forget old friends! The first low C, in the overture to "Der Freischütz," fills my soul with rapture, and that startling interrupted cadence in a fine episodic passage I feel as a pleasant electric shock!—"Musical Standard."

Luther and Music.

THE genius of Luther presents a curious and very rare mixture of poetic feeling and practical common sense. He was singularly sensible to the beauties of art in general. He writes: "I am not of the opinion of those who wish to overthrow all the arts in the name of the Gospel; I only wish that they should be used in the service of the One Who created them for us."

But of all the arts the one that he most preferred was music. His familiar writings are full of maxims and reflections bearing on this favorite subject. "I have always loved music, and I would not give away for a great deal the little that I know."—"I am not at my ease with those who have a contempt for music, like the most part of empty heads. Music is like a discipline—it makes men sweeter, more virtuous and wiser. Singing is the most beautiful of arts and the best of exercise. Singers are not weighed down by cares—they are gay and drive grief away by song. One can be sure of finding the germs of a goodly number of virtues in the hearts of those who love music, but those who have not taste for it I value as I value a stick or a stone. I pretend, and I declare it without shame, that after theology there is no art comparable to music."

Luther, however, was not simply content to bear witness to the merits of music. He wrote, under the title of "Enkomion Musices," an eulogy on music, which contains all his ideas on this subject, which is treated with that remarkable vigor of thought and that familiarity of style that characterize all his writings. The following quotation refers to chorus singing: "But when natural music is perfected by art, we see, so far as we are able, the great and perfect wisdom of God in His fine work of music; and this is particularly marvelous; a voice sings an ordinary air, say tenor, as the musicians call it; join to this three, four, or five other voices, and they will all exalt and dance joyfully around this plain melody, ornamenting and embellishing it in such sort that all the voices seem to mingle in a heavenly dance, and to seek each other out to cordially kiss each other. And those who understand are impressed to the point of saying that there is nothing more beautiful in the world than a song of several voices. As to him who has no pleasure in it and remains cold before such a prodigy, he is nothing but a stupid log of wood, who is worthy to hear the wild braying of jackasses or the music of dogs or of swine."

The man who considered music from such a lofty viewpoint, and who so deeply felt its effects, was, it need hardly be said, admirably adapted to give to the singing of the new Church that he founded the form that was best fitted for it. Luther proceeded to this delicate work with the greatest caution; and if he eliminated, as was natural, all that which was in the Catholic Liturgy and in opposition to the new dogmas, he carefully preserved all that could conveniently be preserved. When his plan for the institution of the German Mass was well ripened, he called to him two musicians of the court of the Elector of Saxony, old Rumpf and Walther. He communicated his ideas to them and charged them to put the last touches to the work that he had himself prepared. He showed here all the delicacy of his aesthetic sense, and when he busied himself in arranging the ecclesiastical mode, or tone, which was best

fitted for his liturgic songs, it was only after much consideration that he decided to adopt the sixth for the Gospel because "the words of Jesus Christ are full of sweetness," and the eighth for the Epistle "because St. Paul was an austere apostle."

He also busied himself at the same time with the means of giving to the faithful a greater part in divine service by allowing them to sing hymns especially composed for them. "I wish," he said, "that we had a goodly number of songs that the people could sing during Mass; for who can doubt that formerly all the worshippers sang, in place of the choir, at the moment when the priest blessed or prayed? But we are lacking in poets and German musicians who can compose spiritual canticles, as St. Paul calls them, proper to be sung every day in church." And without delay he began to compose himself, at the same time encouraging all those who could aid him in this work. Thus he wrote to Spalatin, in 1534: "I wish, imitating the example of the Prophets and the early Church fathers, that German canticles might be composed which by means of singing should serve to announce the Word of God among the people. Aid me in this work, and try to write some psalm on the model that I send you. But it must be written in popular, even common language, and, at the same time, give with clearness the idea of the Psalmist."

The perseverance of Luther had the effect he desired, and in the year 1525 his friend Walther published under his patronage a first collection of religious songs in four voices, which, according to all probability, was preceded by the celebrated preface signed by Luther, of which the following are the more important sentences: "All good Christians agree to admit that the singing of canticles is a good thing and agreeable to God; not only the Prophets and the kings of the Old Testament have given us the example, but the Apostles, and especially St. Paul, have laid it as a duty on the faithful of the primitive Church. This is why I have gathered together these several songs destined to glorify Christ our Saviour. They have been put in four voices, with the single aim of procuring for youth, to whom ought to be taught music and the other arts, the means of freeing itself of worldly and profane tunes, and so that it may find pleasure in doing what is good, as is becoming in young people. Let us pious Christians favorably receive this collection and assist in making it bring forth happy fruits."

This first edition of religious songs collected by the cares of Luther was speedily exhausted; but at short intervals there appeared other editions, augmented by new songs, composed by various poets and musicians, and the popularity was such that many printers published counterfeits of the first edition, or similar collections that had an equal success. Winterfeld, in his great work on evangelical songs in the time of the Reformation, asserts that Luther sought in four different quarters for the materials of his first chorals, viz.: the hymns of the Catholic Liturgy, the ancient German songs known under the name of "Marienlieder" (songs of Mary, litanies of the Virgin), songs of the Moravian Brethren and popular songs.

We have seen that Luther himself composed the words for a large number of canticles; as to the exact share that he took in the musical part it is difficult to determine exactly. Although his knowledge was only that of an amateur rather than professional musician, he has given by his famous "Ein feste Burg," that Michelet has called the "Marseillaise of the Reformation," the measure of what his genius, exalted by inspiration, could create in a sphere outside his normal duties. Historians do not agree as to the melodies that should be attributed to him, and it must suffice to know that he composed a certain number. According to an eminent German critic, Rochlitz, this is the way Luther went about his work. When he was occupied with translating or remodeling a text to adapt it to a given melody, the rhythm of the song was always in his ear as he worked, and on it he carefully fitted the syllables and the words. In certain places it is seen that he did violence to the language to fit it to the exigencies of the music.

If he invented a text, independent of melody, the song that belonged to this text was clearly before his mind. As to translating this song in notes and giving it the proper harmony, following the rules of the art, that was not his business; that concerned his friend Walther, to whom he sung it, and who understood the ecclesiastical tone that was proper to give it. It was afterward sung by a small circle of friends, all more or less musicians, and whom he assembled at his house, pleasantly calling them his house singers (Kanton im Hause). Corrections followed, if necessary, and it is only then that they were made public.

These are the origins of the chorals, that new form of religious song which came from the heart of the Lutheran reformation, and was intimately mixed up with the history of this great event. The Germany of Luther is recognized in these grave and austere songs, where all the emotions then prominent find expression. Children learned them at school; the father of the family repeated them to his household beside the domestic fireside; they were sung at solemn festivals and on the field of battle; and the enthusiasm that they aroused was such that a Catholic writer said: "Luther has done more harm to the old Faith by his songs than by his doctrines."—"The Leader."

What Shall We Play—What Shall We Teach?

TWO questions have suggested themselves to me, to the answer or partial answer of which I wish to ask your attention. They are: "What shall we play?" and "What shall we teach?" Some of you will soon be asking yourselves the last question, and all of you must know an answer to the first, for your technical education must do service to the community in which you may be thrown, as well as to your immediate companions and intimate friends. The possessor of knowledge or of the means of giving pleasure is in a certain sense under obligation to share his rich possession with his less fortunate neighbor.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive" in no realm finds a higher realization than in dealing with knowledge in its various forms. Thrice blessed, then, is the teacher; and are we not all teachers, each in his own way, by example, influence, character? Then even in answering these two seemingly simple questions we must go deep down into the undercurrent of our lives and search for our guiding motives—for the principles that must furnish solutions to the queries: "What is my mission in the world? What place have I to fill? What have been the object and aim of all these years of study and preparation?" For to answer the simpler questions I have found we must frankly confess what our ideals are, not only of art, but of life itself; for life and profession run in parallel or, better, coincident lines. What a man is he puts into his work. I cannot imagine a man with noble character and lofty ideals degrading his profession, be he lawyer, politician, teacher or artist. Show me such a one, and if by choice or natural endowments he is a musician you will find him to be a good artist. Broaden his intellectual faculties by a judicious education, and his artistic nature will have wider and more nutritious food to nourish and stimulate it. For it can no longer be denied that intellectuality and mental acumen are as indispensable for the highest realization of the demands of art as those of science. Nature may be ever so lavish in her special gifts to the artist, but if there be not present in him a highly developed intellectual nature and a broad culture he is only a fraction of an artist.

The converse of the above proposition, alas! is also true. Show me a man whose moral and intellectual natures are on a low plane, whose ideals of life and his art are low, and I will show you a poor artist, no matter how highly developed the mere technical side of his art may be. For you cannot keep this fact too clearly before your mind, that the technical side of your art—mere virtuosity—*Fingertigkeit*—is of small importance compared with its deep moral and spiritual significance.

Only the other day one of our foremost publishers sent me a catalogue of recent piano compositions. I glanced down the first page and my eye fell upon this: "The Gypsies' Camp," by —. And then to commend the piece to the public there was added the following significant sentence: "A showy, dashing piece, which is excellent for teaching and display, without containing any very great difficulties." One of the most obnoxious parts of this sentence is the juxtaposition and co-ordination of the words "teaching" and "display," as though true teaching could have anything in common with mere display. And what does this mean? It is simply a plain, cold, business-like and true statement of the greatest curse that rests upon our art—namely, the widespread demand for a most superficial training which has only show and display for its ultimate aim. Publishers cannot be so much blamed for this, for their function is to supply, not to create or to change the demand for certain merchandise. Yet it must be confessed that they could, if they would, exert a most salutary influence on art by refusing to publish what is vicious in its tendency. But we have not yet reached the millennium.

I was on the point of using the word "education" a few moments ago in place of "training," in the phrase "demand for superficial training;" but had I done so I would

have cast a shadow upon the pure meaning of that word. We might better designate it as musical degradation rather than musical education, for in no sense does such a course of training educate. Did the same principle dictate the policies and formulate the courses of study of our public schools and colleges, they could not exist for a single year, for the principle itself is pernicious and destructive, ugly and deformed. Think how ridiculously stupid and short-sighted such a so-called training is! And the curious part of it is that parents are often blinded into honestly believing that such a course is the best and wisest one for their children.

Parents often teach their children nonsense rhymes, and words and sentences of whose meaning the little ones have no idea, and we laugh and take real pleasure in their naive and innocent utterances. But is it the part of wisdom to pursue the same course when children have matured into young men and young women, when life has become more earnest than a child's play, when every expenditure of energy counts either for the progression or the retardation of development?

This superficiality of training, I think, accounts for the fact that so many of our good maidens, when they settle down and possess hearths of their own, gladly throw to the winds all their so-called art—put it aside as a worn-out garment. And this they can easily do, for it has never been a real part of themselves, but has only been put on like a dress.

What is it to which you have devoted your best energies during these years of work? Has the true nature of your chosen art been revealed to you? Have you in some measure grasped the significance of what art is, and what an exalted position music occupies as a benefactor and educator of humanity? Have you realized what a potency there is in music for good—for the working out of the highest and purest motives that can actuate the human breast? Then your work has not been in vain, no matter how many or how few pieces you can play, no matter how great or how small your virtuosity may be. Dwell for a moment on a few of the noble attributes of music. What a multitude of beautiful thoughts arise when we contemplate its true nature and function! I shall mention only a few.

The best music is recognized to be the so-called "language of the feelings." This term has been much misunderstood and abused; it in no way applies to that species of emotional excess expressed through sound that often passes for musical interpretation, for in every art, as in every phase of human life, emotion must be curbed by a guiding intellect and will. To illustrate what is meant by saying "music is the language of the feelings—a language by itself," take the following:

We will all agree that "there is a spiritual life, a world without ideas, which cannot be rendered comprehensible by general representation, but of which we become clearly conscious in the moments which raise us above the visible world. He who has felt his heart—moved by an invisibility—beat more strongly in joy and in sorrow, in the contemplation of the beautiful, in the ecstasy of love, or in the elevation of devotion, bears the evidence within him; he merely feels; and the thoughts which preceded are no longer present, not even a thought of himself. Consequently words fail him and he describes that which lives within him as unutterable. From this fact springs the by no means slight difficulty of an explanation, since in order to be able merely to speak thereof we must subordinate the feeling to an idea." When the soul-life is thus agitated articulate language, as a medium of expression, has recourse to analogies and symbolical or allegorical representation.

But where articulate language (the language of words) fails to give adequate expression to feeling, *i. e.*, where feeling refuses to transmute itself into ideas, music takes up the resigned function of representation, grasps immediately what is felt, and renders it comprehensible. There is, so

to speak, an inner sense of the soul which comprehends all the phases of its own spiritual existence, whether its activities are excited from within or from without, just as there are the outer senses of the eye and the ear which comprehend all sensuous impressions of light and sound. "He who feels, therefore, stands in immediate relation with a spiritual world, with the insensuous, with the pure and holy, and with God." Now, since life is motion, the activity of the feelings is in reality life, whose particular form manifests itself in inner emotion. This motion—and notice the special significance of the relationship between the words motion and emotion—this motion of the inner life, or rather this inwardly moved existence, finds expression in tones, which are themselves moved and moving life.

Intellectual activity chooses the language of words as its outward manifestation, but where feeling attains to expression without further mediation, musical sounds serve it, as can be readily seen in interjections—in the startled cry that escapes the lips when the soul life is roused to some sudden and unusual activity; for it is only through reflection that feeling finds expression in language, and then words rush to the lips. That is, in music we recognize feeling, not as being merely symbolized or represented, but as having become sound; and exactly in this directness of expression and mode of transmission must we look for an explanation of the overwhelming effects of music as compared with other means of communicating feeling. It should be added, however, that we cannot look upon all music as the language of the feelings, for it is often merely a play upon tones. To such might well be applied Dr. Hanslick's definition—"moving, sounding form"—for no trace of emotion or feeling can be recognized as content. This class of music is of course not considered in the present discussion.

Since human feeling is everywhere the same music speaks a universal language.

Joy and sorrow, grief and despair, hope, love, elevation and devotion are essentially the same in whatever breast they may find lodging place. So when tones tell of joy or grief it is the joy or grief of humanity, not simply of the composer, except in so far as he is a part of the whole and his consciousness is a part of the universal consciousness. Hence, in listening to music each one, by virtue of the universal brotherhood of mankind, feels and assimilates at once what is expressed, suits it to the needs of his individual experiences, and, while he listens, lives it over again as his own, but necessarily colored by his individual sympathies and experiences.

In many of the slow movements of Beethoven (for example, the *adagio cantabile* of the "Sonata Pathétique," or the *andante* of the Seventh symphony) we find expressions of great grief, but we cannot tell whether it be that of a father mourning for a child, or of a lover for his mistress, or in a great heart foiled in its attempts to be understood and dragged down by the misery of life; but the heart is quite certain that there is expressed the grief of life, "in which such differences of outer relations vanish." In this connection the late G. A. Macfarren observes that "music bears interpretation as various as the perceptions and sympathies are various to those who hear it."

In its relation to the soul-life music bears a strong analogy to Christianity—nay, in essence is the same. Both affirm: "Our kingdom is not of this world;" that is to say (as Wagner puts it), "we are from within, you from without; we are the offspring of the essential nature of things, you of the semblance of things."

Accepting this to be true, can anyone doubt the ennobling, elevating, purifying influence of music, or its real moral value in the world, when its real function is felt, its real mission and meaning comprehended? Alas! too many are only too content to loiter about the open doors and broad gateways of the Temple of Art, satisfied to spend their lives in idly contemplating and admiring its beautiful outlines, its finely chiseled decorations and its noble pillars, never dreaming of, and never caring for the

* *Aesthetics of Musical Art*, Ferdinand Hand, p. 102.

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hidden glories within; while only the few penetrate to the inner courts, draw near to the Godhead, listen to the whisperings of inspiration, and "diffuse here to mortals the God-like rays." They live the life that is life. For we must recognize that the healing, strengthening and pleasurable effects of music lie in the fact that the soul that is under its influence is "freed from all that disturbs and checks it," the mind is absorbed and the will, which is forever wanting and striving to gratify its wants, is silenced; we are lifted out of our everyday existence, whose sorrows and wants we no longer feel, and, freed from the limitations ideas draw around us, we live for the time being in an ideal world. This, without doubt, is the true enjoyment of all true art; and every such experience is one more contribution toward the development of our better, nobler natures.

I have dwelt elsewhere upon the great intellectual demands that your art makes upon the musician, and have emphasized, as strongly as was permitted me, the necessity for a well balanced and highly developed mind in the art student, so that the foregoing discussion of the strongly emotional character of music will lead us securely to the comprehension of the true nature of music; hence you will readily see why I warn you so earnestly against anything that savors of mere display.

There is in every community a class of music patrons, unfortunately a large one, who criticize a performance at the piano as a newspaper reporter judges the merit of a circus, by the number of revolutions the acrobats can make in the air or by the size and lung-capacity of the menagerie. They want a cyclone on the key-board instead of a summer breeze. They want sound in the bulk at wholesale prices. These same people buy paintings by the yard and books for their costly bindings. They estimate a man by asking: "How much is he worth?" Ah! therein lies the curse of modern society—and conspicuously of American society.

The truth of the matter is simply this: In the hustling and jostling and pushing of competition that characterizes the life and society of to-day an abnormal appetite for excitement has been nursed and fed, until it has become second nature. What multitudes wind up the course of their daily lives with the key of excitement—a literal "qui vive"—and the mainsprings of their lives derive their strength and vitality from this source alone.

It has always been true that the art of every age is the reflection not only of the ethics and manners of that age, but of its society also. How true do we find this in regard to music! Men rush from their business into the concert room and expect there to find a substitute instead of an antidote for the excitement of the counting house, the board of trade, or the competition of routine business. If they are led to believe that the performer or performers are not doing something remarkably difficult they think it tame and see nothing to admire in it all. I am reminded of an anecdote of a great musician whose fate placed him next to an enthusiastic amateur at a concert. A lady pianist had literally executed a piece of music, and after the deafening applause had subsided sufficiently to allow the ordinary flow of conversation to continue the amateur turned to the noted musician and said, "Ah, sir, that was a most difficult composition." "Ah, sir," retorted the musician, "would that it had been impossible."

To those who see nothing but display in music the divine art is like a statue to a blind man, or like a sealed vase with rare perfumes. If music means no more than virtuosity—mere technical display—I should wish to be among the first to join any army to march to Washington to petition our sorely perplexed legislators to restrict or prohibit the manufacture of musical instruments as an intolerable nuisance.

Virtuosity has always been a stumbling block in the pathway of true art. It has given rise to more false notions of art than any other one thing. It has exalted the purely objective in art to a position where the intellectual and emotional should be enthroned. Virtuosity must always be relegated to a secondary place, *i. e.*, it must be a means, not an end. It must ever be restrained by a power greater than itself—by the demands of artistic expression. It is a powerful ally but a dangerous possession, because of the temptation to misuse it.

Now turn to the other side of the picture. Place your-

self before an audience that demands amusement and display from music. What course will you take? Right here enters the question of your ideals, of the influence you wish to exert. Will you gratify the desire—which is at best ignoble and unworthy—or will you rather show the true heart of music and let it speak its own gospel of peace and joy. Music is not a blessing that drops upon the heads of a chosen few; it is rather a boon, intended, I firmly believe, for every human creature, however humble or however unskilled in the technicalities of art, barring of course that very small class to whom the sense of tune is as a sealed book.

And those very ones who in their ignorance were asking you to gratify their false ideas of music will bless you for unstopping their ears to the divine truths to which before they had been deaf. They will thank you for pointing their footsteps toward a light that before was darkness. Display may startle and bewilder, but the effect goes as rapidly as it comes and but whets an unholly appetite.

Then is not the way clear to the answer to the questions, "What shall we play and teach?" If you are ever thrown in a community that has not enjoyed advantages of hearing and knowing the best music, the growth must be gradual. But remember this—that between every player and his audience, between every teacher and his pupil there must be some point of contact, some bond of sympathy. Whatever you play or teach must be within the intellectual grasp of those for whose ears it is intended; that will furnish one point of contact at least. You will find that not a little judgment and tact will be required to do this successfully.

If you will be educators in any sense, you must know thoroughly the best side of your audience, and then give them something better than they ask for. If they can enjoy and understand nothing higher or deeper than the lighter class of music, there is a world of good, healthy music of this character to choose from that will satisfy and at the same time will have a healthy, elevating influence and will leave a hunger for something higher. I have no possible objection to light and sparkling music, provided it be good and provided also its true importance and function are recognized. We cannot always be reading our Shakespeare and Milton and Goethe. It is profitable and enjoyable to pick up Bret Harte and Kipling and Howells once in a while.

Music is judged ultimately not by the technical difficulties it contains, but by the nobility of thought it expresses, by the vitality of the life-germ it possesses. This alone determines whether it shall pass on from generation to generation, or whether it shall be cast aside and forgotten like the cheap literature of a summer's day. For the same criterion is employed in passing judgment upon a work of art as upon a piece of literature; *viz.*, perfection of outward form, and nobility and depth of content. Scorn to use or sanction poor music as you would scorn to read vicious literature.

The realization of the power and majesty of the mission of art is only dawning upon us. And as surely as noon follows dawn, so surely shall the realization of this power and majesty grow and grow, till its influence permeates our whole social structure. This is no empty dream of an idle dreamer. Truth and Beauty and Goodness are one and the same. Truth and Beauty have ever been recognized as the essence of art. Art is therefore the reflection of the Truth and Beauty of the spirit of man. Can it be possible that the third tribute, Goodness, is severed from the other two? By no means. It hovers about its sister attributes and nestles where they rest. Where a perfect realization of Truth and Beauty is, there evil cannot be. This thought, consciously or unconsciously, has moved kings to open art galleries, beautiful gardens and concert halls to their subjects. And history proves that the most art-loving nations have been the most law-abiding. Does not this fact emphasize the importance of art as a factor in social and political science, as well as a means of pleasure and accomplishment? There is a truth here for legislators to ponder upon.

Beethoven was no heretic, then, when he said that his art was his religion and that he found a something in music higher than all philosophy.

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deavored to inculcate, along with your technical education, a genuine appreciation for the nobility and worth of your chosen art. From him to whom much is given much will be expected. You may not be great players or even great teachers; but this you can be, and we expect you to be—each one a centre of true music-culture. If in any measure you apprehend what music is, what its whole mission is, the means of expression will not be denied you. Keep your high ideals constantly in mind, and the way will be clear to you.—ROSSETTER G. COLE, in the "Music Review."

An Unconcluded Argument About Several Things.

COMPOSER—If you deny that, my dear fellow—

SINGER—You don't understand me at all. All I wished to say is that the duet between "Ortrud" and "Telramund" in the second act of "Lohengrin" is excessively boring and ugly—terribly ugly.

COMPOSER—Oh, you are not educated sufficiently. You ought to study the scores of some of Wagner's later works, "Tristan," "Götterdämmerung" and "Parsifal," for instance.

SINGER—That's just what I complain of in your way of looking at music. You are so pedantic. I believe that at bottom you have the soul of a school master.

COMPOSER (with *heaf*)—Nonsense! Technic is nine-tenths of music or of any art, and—

AMATEUR (interrupting)—Isn't that just overstating the case a little? For, after all, technic is only a means to an end, isn't it?

COMPOSER (with *some calmness*)—Yes, yes, I know that. Perhaps nine-tenths is an exaggeration. Let us say one-half. Now, my contention is this: The main thing which distinguishes the work of a great man from that of a mediocre composer is—

SINGER—Beauty of melody—

AMATEUR—Genius—

COMPOSER—Not at all! At least I mean you are both begging the question. Beauty of melody, indeed—but that is a point which requires a lot of argument. And genius? Why that is only a vague name for an indefinable quality. Now do let me speak and then you can say what you like. There really is no good in interrupting me in this way. When I say technic is one of the main qualities which distinguish the work of a genius from that of a mediocre man I mean technic in a very broad and comprehensive sense.

SINGER (with *glee*)—He is going to run away from his point.

COMPOSER—Not at all, as you will soon see. How is it, I should like to know, that a composer's later works are always his best—at least in all cases where he is not one of the early developed sort? Do you suppose that a composer of thirty odd years does not feel quite as deeply as an older man? Do you suppose that so far as mere genius is concerned he will ever become greater. Do you—

AMATEUR—Certainly! As he grows older his mind becomes broader and he sees more deeply into human nature, and—so on.

COMPOSER—You are thinking of a novelist or dramatist. Their subject is human nature, simply; and of course they cannot be at their best until they have had some experience to go upon. Now it is a great mistake to presume that because novelists and dramatists must have some knowledge of the workings of the human mind a composer must also have such knowledge. In a sense, it is perfectly unnecessary. Music deals with the emotion in the abstract—

SINGER—Pray spare us all that—I am so tired of emotion in the abstract; it doesn't interest me at all.

COMPOSER—I didn't suppose it would, but it is a necessary link in my argument. I repeat, music deals with the emotions in the abstract. Now, unless a composer is of such a sensitive nature that he can feel and understand even those emotions which he has never really experienced, he—he is not worthy of the name of a composer. And do you mean to tell me that a man of thirty odd years, even if he be a man of slow development, cannot enter into and feel every emotion of which the human being is capable? Good! you are both silent, so I may presume you agree with me for once? Well, let it be granted that a full grown

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man can feel emotion quite as well as an older man, and then it follows—

SINGER—I suppose you are aware you are begging the question altogether?

COMPOSER—Not at all! As I was saying, it then follows that the great improvement which is noticeable in his later works is due to some other cause than the fact that he has lived longer. Do you mean to tell me that the Wagner of "Lohengrin" did not feel as deeply as the Wagner of "Tristan?" What, then, is the cause of the much greater power in the latter work, apart from the more interesting character of the story? I will tell you; nothing but the development of his musical powers—the development of his technique. When I say technique, I don't mean the mere dry pedantic grammar of the art—geniuses such as Wagner have generally mastered that by the time they leave their teens, and have got above and beyond all theorists by the time they are thirty. In fact they have then become makers instead of followers of theory. What I do mean is that as a composer grows older and more experienced he understands more thoroughly the perfect expression of emotion, the happy marriage of means and end. I could give you hundreds of technical examples.

SINGER—But you won't, will you?

COMPOSER—No, it is not necessary. But a true musician cannot open the score of "Tristan" or of "Parsifal" or of the "Götterdämmerung" without noticing how greatly Wagner's absolute musical powers had developed since "Tannhäuser" or "Lohengrin" or the "Rheingold" was written. It is emphatically not a question of feeling alone but of greater technical powers.

AMATEUR—Surely you will admit that a man's ideas become broader as he knows more of life, and that he is therefore capable of finer work than when he was young? Surely he is not exempt from the education of life?

COMPOSER—That is true to some extent. But I contend that such education has not very much to do with the greater power of the later works of Beethoven and Wagner, for instance. True, if you read Wagner's literary works you must perceive that his soul—you need not sneer; there is no other word that will do—grew until the day of his death; but really I do not see the connection between this and the great technical advance in his works. And so I come back to my original assertion: "Technic is one-half of music." For, look you, do you suppose that a musician, had he learned ever so much from his contact with other human beings, could move you unless he was great in the expression of his emotions? And of what is expression composed if it be not technical? It's all very fine to talk of feeling, genius and the rest, but those are only the motive power—nothing more. True the cleverest technic is of no good unless there is a strong motive power; in such a case we have not music, but music-making. But the contrary is almost as true; fine feeling is not of much use unless it be finely expressed. Of course, if we have to choose between the two we naturally prefer a work in which we perceive feeling, though badly expressed, to one in which nothing is expressed exceedingly well. I particularly object to those people who continually separate feeling from its expression. They will tell you that a work is fine in feeling, as if that were the only thing to be looked for. No; the great distinction between big and little compositions is that in the former the technic is as great as the feeling, and—

SINGER—Really I think you have been holding forth long enough. You seem to forget that we are discussing the duet between "Ortrud" and "Telramund" in "Lohengrin." Now, you may say what you will, but the music of that scene always seems boring as well as ugly.

COMPOSER—Is it boring because it is ugly, or ugly because boring?

SINGER—Both! What you composers of the modern school do not seem to understand is that music should be beautiful before all else, and also that it should be vocal.

No, don't ask me to define what beautiful is; you know quite well what I mean, though you always pretend that you don't. I expect when I listen to music to hear something ravishingly beautiful. If it has to be dramatic, let it be forcible and full of fire, but beautiful all the same. I also like to hear a fine voice to advantage. Now, I ask you, do you candidly think that the scene in "Lohengrin" which I have mentioned is really fitted for the human voice?

COMPOSER—It's the most beautiful part of "Lohengrin."

SINGER—Ha! ha! ha! I thought you would say that. You are diseased, you modern men. You call hideous things beautiful, and turn and rend those who do not agree with you.

COMPOSER—My dear fellow, as I said before, your musical education is at fault. Your ears can't perceive, can't hear the subtle melody and harmony of the best of Wagner's music. You will applaud the "Preislied" or any more or less set thing, simply because it is easily grasped, and you have heard it sung often in the concert room. And—

AMATEUR—Pardon me, but are we not talking around the subject? Perhaps we all mean the same thing. To my mind if the music of an opera is appropriately illustrative of a scene, it is to a certain extent beautiful. In that sense [to the composer] I think you are right about the "Ortrud" and "Telramund" scene.

COMPOSER—That is not what I mean at all. I absolutely affirm that the music of that particular scene is actually beautiful. Its harmony and melody are much more pleasing and beautiful to my ears than some of the shallow, unmusically stuff that our friend is so fond of singing.

SINGER—Nonsense! Excuse my rudeness, but really you cannot be serious.

COMPOSER—But I am. That is just what you won't understand. You really must not limit beauty to the expression of one mood. I suppose if you were an artist you would only paint what you call beautiful days, that is, summer weather. To you a soft, gray day is dull and void of all absolute beauty. That seems to me such a chromolithographic way of looking at life.

SINGER—It may be whatever you choose to call it. I certainly do not think that a gray day is beautiful, except to you Englishmen. You haven't enough sun here, that's why you are all so gloomy. No one but a German could write, and still less admire that terribly ugly "Ortrud" music. We want beauty and brightness.

COMPOSER—Ah, now you have labeled yourself. You really only like bright music, bright conversation. You like your mind to be like a well laid dinner table, to which you only admit a few chosen guests—of a bright kind. I suppose the sorrow and struggle of the world are as nothing to you. You will not allow that they exist—or, rather you pull down the blinds of your soul and sit contented at your bright feast. Very charming, no doubt. But it's only one mood, that bright happiness.

SINGER—That's all very well. I don't see why you should lay such stress on unhappiness. Anyway, we don't want it in music. And especially we don't want that heavy boring German style of the "Ortrud" music. What's the good of it? Does it please anyone? Does it make you happier? And as to its absolute beauty, of course that's your usual exaggerated way of speaking. I would rather hear one of Verdi's works or "Cavalleria" than a thousand Wagner operas. Don't be angry! I admit that Wagner wrote much that was beautiful from even my point of view, but it does not compensate me for the infliction—

COMPOSER—Really you must be educated!

SINGER—Never! You will find one day that I am perfectly right. Wagner went much too far in his later works. The leitmotif system is the most laboriously unspontaneous method of writing a work. It's most artificial—

COMPOSER—Artificial!

SINGER—Yes, certainly. If you want to see how much

more deftly Wagner's methods have been used by another man just borrow or buy the score of—

COMPOSER—The score of what?

SINGER—Wormser's music to "L'Enfant Prodigue."

[The rest of the conversation cannot be reported.]—D. I. O'Genes, in "Musical Standard."

Palestrina and His Music.

WITH the intuition of genius, Charles Kingsley describes one of the leading characters in "Westward Ho!" as having been under the sway of the inspiring, subduing, devotional strains of the great leader of music thought of his time, Palestrina. May it not, however, be fairly asked, are we now, speaking generally, under the sway of this great man's high souled music? It must be feared that, though the world of music is this year thinking much of and duly celebrating the tercentenary of his departure from this world, where even harmony has its discords and suspensions and other musical types of our imperfect humanity, but few of even our more cultured lovers of music know the works of this great composer, and still fewer possibly realize the full, the angelic sweetness of his thoughts.

Primarily it must be allowed there is truth in the assertion that even the works of the greatest writers do not actively and directly influence the word for more than about a century and a half, though it cannot be denied, their thoughts continue long after, and in some rare instances, probably ever onward, to influence the opinions and habits of thought of those succeeding them. In other words, certain forms expressing unchanging truths remain, despite changes of fashion and developments of idiomatic expression. In this sense the music of Palestrina continues to influence and correct ecclesiastical art, although it no longer obtains extensive use. The abiding aspect of Palestrina's work has been, and will continue to be its profoundly devotional character. Just as the discreet preacher will avoid the oratorical suggestions and mannerisms of the political speaker or actor, so does Palestrina avoid the dangers of a too dramatic setting of sacred text.

Where the modern composer would somewhat presumptuously bring in the harp and organ, in order to suggest the traditional and partly pictorial ideas of the music of the heavenly choirs, Palestrina, in a finer spirit of humility, and seemingly with head bent forward and eyes cast down, continues his solemn strains in streaming counterpoint, without pretending to the smallest effort in the way of a dramatic illustration of words too deep in meaning for that worldly surface treatment, which after all does little beyond giving satisfaction to the imagination and gratifying the human instinct for imitation and suggestion. It may be asserted that comparatively little credit is due to the great church musician of the sixteenth century for taking up his position as an exemplar of ecclesiastical propriety in music, seeing that dramatic impulses in the art were only just beginning to be developed in his time. It may be asserted that the moderation as regards means to be employed in his music was forced upon him by reason of the then comparatively limited resources of the art.

Such views may find a certain confirmation in the fact that the motet and the madrigal of his day alike display the same seriousness of manner to a large extent. To such thoughts, it may be replied, the genius of Monteverde had pointed the way to the regions of dramatic musical expression before Palestrina had issued the ripest fruits of his eloquence in sound, and he paused on the threshold of the musical renaissance, the dawning of the "great transition period," electing to employ such established and simple means of the art as he had by earnest study mastered and developed, and rightly to rely more upon exaltation of spirit than upon the cunning devices of the mind. The permanence of Palestrina's influence in the world of art

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may be attributed to no small extent to the fact that his work crowned the triumphs of a period when music had assumed a style specially adapted to the wise and eloquent expression of sacred words. There is in art a system of epochs, by which a given epoch becomes a point of reference, and, in a measure, a fixed standard as regards being the accepted basis of a distinct and appropriate style. In accordance with this law of art-life, the general character of the church music of the sixteenth century has ever since continued to be acknowledged as embodying the true essence of sacred art.

To the establishment of this form of sacred music—with its wise economy of means, its severe yet tender devotional spirit, its elevation above the expression of merely human emotions—Palestrina largely contributed by his natural genius and high character as a man of far-seeing faith and earnest religious convictions. In allowing all this one must not overlook the fact that a composer's power to raise "a mortal to the skies" or to draw "an angel down," depends very much upon the condition of the art at the time when he is at work. At the period when Palestrina may be said to have both saved church music from a well-meant but mistaken retrograde movement and placed it upon lines sufficiently strong to secure permanency of method, yet sufficiently elastic to allow all reasonable development, counterpoint, and in a certain way harmony, were developed to the extent necessary for the completion of the great object of the great composer's life. The exciting intricacies of the fugal art were yet to be evolved, and still more in the way of creating the subtle combinations of harmony, awaited the touch of the musician. All the same the more reflective characteristics of counterpoint had been unfolded, and the resources of the most useful as the most natural harmonies of the diatonic type were ready to hand. Musical form had not so powerfully asserted its claims as the most logical and controlling force of the art. But, on the other hand, if constructive art was weak, the musician was saved from the temptation of warping or vainly repeating the verbal sentences in order to meet the exigent conditions of logical methods. Probably the manner of performance in Palestrina's time favored the effective rendering of his works, and of all the ecclesiastical music of the period.

To begin with, the habit of singing without accompaniment must have secured a truly vocal method of singing, and unconsciously on the part of the performers, created a perfectly even temperament as regards both intonation and style. Our modern methods of choral performance have been to some extent vitiated by the prevailing characteristics of the music of our day, by instrumental mannerisms of phrasing and by the fixed temperament of our key-board instruments, more especially felt in the sustained tones of the organ. Our singers depend for their sense of proportion upon the regulating influence of strongly marked accents. Individual self-assertion has partly in consequence greatly disturbed the evenness of tone necessary for the just rendering of the music of Palestrina.

The somewhat physically exhausting effects of this habit of self-asserting accentuation tend to prohibit the long sustained breathing, the prolongation of musical figures which characterize the sixteenth century church music of Italy. Our intensified and invigorating feeling for rhythm and climax (points essential to the modern development of both form and emotional assertion) has deprived us of the attitude of patient endurance and waiting, needed for the tranquil yet dignified expression of purely devotional music. Then the nearly identical compass of the alto and tenor parts of Palestrina's music, the former being a kind of counter-tenor part, well known in our own old cathedral music, presents no small difficulty in the way of performance by modern choirs. Another difficulty is the question of pitch in the sixteenth century, a matter considerably affecting an impressive rendering of the music of the great Italian school of that period. It may be seriously asked, are the traditions and mannerisms of the performance of Palestrina's works, as he heard them sung, lost for ever? and, again, are not these noble efforts of a great genius worthy of a notable effort on the part of our larger church choirs and completely organized choral societies in the direction of securing a dignified, impressive, placid in the best sense of the word, and self-denying rendering?

If such could be brought about we might again realize the spiritual beauty of compositions which formerly so greatly moved the world and left such a marked influence upon the character of sacred music for all ages. The good effect of the necessary training would purify, intensify, make more truly vocal all our vocal music. In conclusion, it should be noted that Palestrina's larger works contain many fine antiphonal effects for double choir, and present some points of interest apart from questions of general impressiveness which would tend to elevate choral music in many ways, and serve to put a revivifying influence and dignity into a chief department of the art, gradually being subordinated to the fascination of tone-color and to the passionate, dramatic assertiveness of modern instrumental music. In view of this position, the performance of one of Palestrina's most beautiful works, the "Stabat Mater," at the forthcoming Birmingham festival is an event, one may fairly venture to think, of special interest. It is to be

hoped that the impression then made will be great enough to bring the whole subject well before the public mind, with the result that the great Italian composer's music will during the coming season find a place in the schemes of not a few of our more important choral associations.—"Musical News."

A Sampogna in Brooklyn.

BROOKLYN rejoices in a band of Italian musicians, recently forced to leave France because of the prejudice against their race due to the assassination of President Carnot by Caserio, who abhor the organ and essay to delight the ear with more musical, if more primitive instruments, which they play with skill. The unique costumes and peculiar musical instruments of the performers cause a sensation in the Brooklyn streets, and they are followed about by crowds wherever they wander.

The chief of the newly arrived musicians plays what is known in Italian as the sampogna or shepherd's bagpipe. It consists of the whole skin of a sheep or goat, which is made air tight by tying up the apertures in the skin. The reeds which are attached are fashioned from corn stalks, and iron keys are crudely fastened to the reeds. The sampogna drones out a sonorous accompaniment to the corna musa, as the pipe played by the other performers is called. There are four players in the group now in Brooklyn. The sampogna player has a bass drum attached to his bagpipe. The drum is a small sized one, striped around the rim with red and green and bearing the national coat of arms of Italy. It was this that distinguished the player as an Italian in Paris and caused him to be conspicuous as a persona non grata. The drum has cymbals and a triangle on top of it, which are worked by a string passing through the body of the drum and attached to the heel of the player.

The sampogna player is a tall, swarthy mountaineer, with black moustache and goatee. He is apparently a good natured fellow, and cracks jokes with the crowd in Italian during the rests. There are two other men who play the corna musa. These are short pipes a foot long made of corn stalk. They look like a clarinet without keys and make a similar noise. The woman who accompanies the group and plays the tambourine is a buxom Italian of the peasant type. She dresses in bright colored skirt and waist, and wears a colored silk handkerchief on her head. She is the wife of the sampogna player. All the players come from the Abruzzi, in Italy, where nearly everyone plays the sampogna or corna musa. They begin to play the pipes when they are children just able to blow strong enough to make sound. Then they are trained in the art and reared to become wandering musicians.

A peculiar feature of the music is that it is composed by the players themselves, and they have no regular airs, but simply play whatever sounds pleasant to themselves. The corna musa players do this, while the sampogna keeps up his bass droning and crashes in with bass drum, cymbals and triangle whenever he gets a favorable opportunity. This seems to occur often in his opinion, for he bangs away indiscriminately, and at times with the energy of a convict driven in the treadmill. The action is somewhat similar. The woman thumps the tambourine until a crowd forms, then she moves around soliciting coppers. The uniforms worn by the musicians are the same as those in use in the Italian infantry. The coat and trousers are of dark green, trimmed with red, and the hats are low crowned and oval shaped, with straight brims and a bunch of green feathers curling over the top like a rooster's tail.

The mountaineer musicians were found in the heart of the Italian colony in Main street, Brooklyn, yesterday by a "Sun" reporter. They were surrounded by an admiring crowd of Italians, and all the residents in the neighborhood were either hanging out of the windows or gathered in the open doorways. At the appearance of the musicians all business in the vicinity was suspended. The little group made considerable noise for a while, and then a collection was taken up and it moved off down the street.

An organ grinder was dolefully grinding out "Sweet Marie" near the corner of Water street when the mountaineer musicians happened along with their lively and unique strains. They stopped within 20 feet of him, and started in with their plaintive airs. In a moment the organ grinder was deserted, and a big crowd gathered around the more attractive players. The organ grinder moved closer to the crowd and kept whirling the handle around in such a vigorous manner that it seemed as if he were bound to twist it off. He scowled at the sampogna and its companion instruments and whirled the handle around more fiercely than ever. The sampogna player simply smiled and kept up his droning. Then the organ grinder, who was naturally an Italian, became exasperated and shouted a jargon which was unintelligible even to his countrymen at the sampogna player. The latter only kept on smiling and droning, and finally the organ grinder gave up in despair and moved off amid the laughter of the crowd.

A trolley car with passengers from Catherine Ferry came along, and the driver stopped alongside the sampogna player and his assistants. The driver had a Celtic face, and, with a humorous twinkle in his eye, he started

to imitate the actions of the sampogna player by pounding his bell. He was soon making noise that drowned that made by the sampogna, but he could not anger the Italian handling it, who kept on smiling and playing until he thought it was about time to stop.

Then the trolley man moved along, still banging his bell. The passengers did not mind the delay, but enjoyed the fun as much as the others, and chipped in when the tambourine was passed around. The sampogna man and his band cannot play in this city, much as they would like to, because they cannot get a license.—"Sun."

Recollections of Some Pianists.

HERE are some recollections of the great school of piano playing which flourished through the early decades of the present century, and down to the period of "higher development"—a school distinguished by—to use the words of a well-known writer—"the most smooth and equable touch, the most perfect legato, with supple wrists and quiet position of the hands, a suave and singing tone, capable of endless modifications and delicate shades of expression." Pianists of this order have nearly all passed away, along with the instruments upon which they performed, and we shall never see their like again, whether the deprivation be for good or for evil. Vanished, too, is most of the music with which they charmed the world; the surviving examples living on more by the vitality of inspiration than by appreciation as music for the piano. Still, let us praise famous men and the fathers of art who preceded us, there is much still to be learned from them.

Marie Félicité Denise Moke (Madame Pleyel), was a native of Paris, where she was born in 1811. This lady had a personal history scarcely less interesting than that which musical lexicographers have written about her artistic career. For many years her life was a striking illustration of the fascinating power which a gifted and beautiful woman can exercise, if she please, upon the opposite sex. The incident which Berlioz describes in a famous chapter of his autobiography shows how early, and with what force, she began her witchery. It is true that Berlioz had a volcanic nature. He resembled one of those easily irritated geysers into which you drop a single stone, and the next minute see it flying upward in a storm of hot water. It is true, also, that the French romanticist had a lively imagination, and sometimes confused its suggestions with facts. But, making all due allowances, no doubt remains that when Mlle. Moke jilted her absent lover he was profoundly moved. We are not compelled to believe his story of the disguise and the armory of lethal weapons with which, on revengeful thoughts intent, he set out from Rome to Paris. But the poor moth was badly singed by the fickle flame of the candle which attracted him.

Mlle. Moke, not long after, married Camille Pleyel, eldest son of Ignaz Pleyel, the composer and founder of the still existing piano manufactory. But the lady by no means settled down to matronly duties. Both as artist and woman she had the world at her feet, and the position was one to be enjoyed. If we follow her triumphal progresses from city to city she is found always in an atmosphere of fascination. The greatest musicians of the day were proud to hold her fan, and Liszt on one occasion not only led her to the piano, but turned the leaves of her music. She came to England (1846) and met with equal success, dazzling the eyes of the critics as much by personal charm as by executive skill. Some of them appear to me to have lost their hearts when I read their passionate eulogies. In all this there was nothing new. The magnetism of sex under certain conditions is a very old story.

Madame Pleyel's development as an artist was quite premature, though it does not appear that she figured as an infant prodigy. She had the best masters of her time—Herz, Moscheles, Kalkbrenner—who taught her when themselves in the fullness of power, but, according to the highest authorities, she owed more to her own unflagging industry.

If genius be "the faculty of taking pains," then Madame Pleyel undoubtedly had genius. Anyhow, the clever Parisienne possessed talents and ambition which, in alliance with an all-subduing personality, carried her to the highest pinnacle of fame. In 1848 Madame Pleyel, though then only thirty-seven years of age, accepted the post of professor of the piano in the Brussels Conservatoire, and retained it till 1872. She died March 30, 1875.

From a great French pianist I turn to a famous German professor and composer for his instrument—Adolph Henselt. This well-known master was born at Bavarian Schwabach, May 12, 1814, three years later than Madame

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Pleyel, and within a year or two of a host of men distinguished in music. Though a distinctly remarkable and, in some respects, an original executant, Henselt did comparatively little before the public. It was not his fate to travel through the civilized world as a blazing meteor attracting all eyes. Even when he visited England in 1852 and 1867, and was surrounded by powerful temptations to appear upon the concert platform, he successfully resisted them all, consenting only to play at Messrs. Broadwood's before an invited company. Constitutional nervousness is said to have been the cause of his aversion to public performance. With regard to Henselt's method, which has been described as in some respects original, it is best to let the authoritative voice of Mr. Dannreuther be heard:

"Henselt's ways at the key-board may be taken as the link between Hummel's and Liszt's; that is to say, with Hummel's strictly legato touch, quiet hands and strong fingers, Henselt produces effects of rich sonority, something like those which Liszt gets with the aid of the wrists and pedals. But as such sonority, apart from any rhythmic accentuation, depends in the main upon the widespread disposition of chords and arpeggii, the component notes of which are made to extend beyond the limits of an octave, Henselt's way of holding the keys down as much as possible with the fingers, over and above keeping the dampers raised by means of the pedals, does not seem the most practical; for it necessitates a continuous straining of the muscles such as only hands of abnormal construction or fingers stretched to the utmost by incessant and tortuous practice can stand. * * * Nevertheless, be his method of touch needlessly cumbrous or not, if applied to effects à la Chopin and Liszt the result under his own hand is grand; so grand, indeed, that though his appearances in public have been fewer than those of any other celebrated pianist, he has been hailed by judges like Robert Schumann and Herr von Lenz as one of the greatest players."

Reference to Henselt as a composer appears almost superfluous, so well known are the works upon which his reputation is based, and in right of which his name will descend to posterity. The concerto in F minor has repeatedly been heard in this country, and, though not among first favorites, seems likely to retain its place on the active list. His twelve studies all pianists know as works which are something more than they assert themselves to be, and, like those of Chopin, have a purely lyrical as well as technical value. Henselt is a popular composer for the piano, on the strength of a number of drawing-room pieces not to be surpassed for grace and elegance. The "Wiegenlied" and the "Gondola" may be examples of art which does not aim very high, but nevertheless is perfect art in its way. A composer of such things does more good than many people imagine. He decks with flowers and graceful forms the portals of the temple of music, attracting many who otherwise might pass by unregarding. Henselt settled in St. Petersburg when a young man of twenty-four, and there made his home for life, ultimately holding the position of court pianist, teacher of the imperial children, and inspector of the Russian seminaries for women.

It remains to speak of another pianist who settled in the capital of the Czar, and made himself renown. This is John Field, called "Russian Field," to distinguish him from Henry Field, of Bath, who, be it added, was every way a much smaller man. John was by birth an Irishman—most likely by descent also—and first saw the light in Dublin, July 26, 1782. He studied the piano under Clementi, and from that master derived a perfect method; but a taste for music seems to have been inherited from his father, who was a violinist, and his grandfather, an organist. It cannot be said of Field's early course that the valleys were exalted and the mountains and hills brought low. The "ups and downs" were considerable, sometimes painful, as when, in early youth, he ran away from home to escape the relentless rule of his father and grandfather who kept him always hard at work. His wanderings as a vagrant were soon cut short by hunger and wretchedness. Even when apprenticed to Clementi Field was in hardly better case. His master kept a shop, and made him sell music as well as study the piano. Indeed it is difficult to say whether Clementi regarded him the more as a shopman or a pupil, for when Spohr visited St. Petersburg he discovered the young Dubliner showing off pianos in his chief's warehouse—"a pale, melancholy youth, awkward and shy, speaking no language but his own, and in clothes which he had far outgrown; but who had only to put his hands on the keys for all such drawbacks to be at once forgotten."

Clementi, who took his apprentice to St. Petersburg as a shopman, left him there as a teacher. Then Field had his chance, and for a long time made the best of it, his services being much in request and his success in the concert room immense. Unlike Henselt, he courted the public voice, playing in all the great towns of Europe and enjoying the enthusiastic acclaim of his audiences. Coming to London in 1832, Field appeared at the Philharmonic concert, playing a concerto from his own pen. He afterward visited Italy, but this was his last venture—last, not because the concerts did not pay, but for the reason that the demon of drink obtained a complete mastery and wrecked yet another precious life. In Naples, it is said, he was reduced

to utter misery, and lay for nine months in a public hospital. There he was found by one of his adopted countrymen named Raemonoff, and by him taken in charge en route for Moscow. Passing through Vienna, the shattered man made his last public appearance, his return to Moscow being scarcely accomplished before death claimed him. He perished—that is the proper word—in January, 1837, in his fifty-fifth year.

Field was the author of many large musical works, including seven concertos, but, like his successor, Henselt, he lives chiefly in effusions of smaller pretense. In point of fact, he is "Field of Nocturnes," and little else. It would be superfluous to dwell upon the charm of the pieces with which the Irish pianist is most closely associated. Some of these Mr. Dannreuther has spoken of as "the very essence of all idylls and eclogues, 'Poésies intimes' of simple charm and inimitable grace, such as no undue popularity can render stale, no sham imitation nauseous."

Field has an almost equally great claim upon respect and gratitude in that he has been a model for musicians even greater than himself. The nocturnes of the Irish composer were not only precursors, but the suggesters of the nocturnes by Chopin. Again I quote the authority already cited: "Both as a player and a composer, Chopin, and with him all modern pianists, are much indebted to Field. The form of Chopin's weird nocturnes, the kind of emotion embodied therein, the type of melody and its graceful embellishments, the peculiar waving accompaniments in widespread chords, with their vaguely prolonged sound resting on the pedals—all this and more we owe to Field." Here is a splendid tribute, such as alone might make welcome the portrait now before the reader—London "Musical Times."

A Sketch of Moniuszko.

By O. SKIBINSKA.

IN the fifteenth century arrived in Poland from Rome two knights of the name of Moneo, who, having taken an active part in the wars of the country, soon got honorably known. As a reward, naturalization, a coat of arms and the name Moniuszko were bestowed on them. These first Moniuszkos in our country settled in the district of Podlasie, whence, in the middle of the seventeenth century, one of their descendants went to Lithuania, and acquired, through honest and assiduous work, a large fortune, also a leading position as a citizen, and the post of judge. He settled there in the Government of Minsk, county of Thuminsk, on an estate named Smitowicz, which he purchased from the Prince Oginski. The judge Moniuszko was one of those typical, already legendary personalities, and was celebrated in the whole of Lithuania for the rare qualities of his mind and his heart. He had several sons, and he brought them up as honorable citizens, useful to their country. One of his sons, Dominic, besides deep learning, possessed so tender a heart for the poverty of the peasantry living on his estate that, to amend their lot, he distributed among them all his property, keeping only as much for himself as he needed to satisfy the mere necessities of life. Dominic's younger brother, Czesław, gifted by nature with a great talent for painting, did not devote himself to art, but to agriculture. However, in his soul he was always an artist, with such a love of painting that he collected from all parts and purchased pictures of an exceptional value. He also spent much time with his pencil, and though he was only self-taught, made very successful sketches, and left a rich collection of them. His love of art, his picture collecting, his life among artistic surroundings and also his good heart and too excessive trust in others, swallowed much money, and at last led to the loss of his fortune, which affected very sadly the only son of Czesław, and our great composer Stanisław Moniuszko.

Moniuszko, son of Czesław and of Elizabeth, née Madzarska, was born in the village of Ubielo in Lithuania, on May 5, 1819. A few days after his birth a strange thing happened. It was lovely, warm, spring weather and in the room where the child was lying a window was opened, through which shortly afterward a nightingale flew in. Placing itself on the cradle of the little Stas, it began to sing the most wonderful melodies. This prophecy of the future career of the child, this nightingale greeting the infant with the wonders of his songs—is it not like a legend? Yet persons most nearly related to the family of Moniuszko testify to its truth. Others say it was a swallow that flew into the room by the open window, and made long circles around the cradle of Stas, over which it later on built a nest. Nightingale or swallow, no matter; yet it is certain that a winged guest visited the sleeping baby, who in time grew to be the creator of Polish opera.

Stas made his first studies at home, helped by the governor, Jacob Tagietto. The rudiments of music were taught him by his mother. The mind, the heart, and the imagination of Stas began very soon to develop. Even as a child he knew by heart and loved the historical songs by Mieniewicz. His favorite amusement in childhood was amateur theatricals, played often in the house of his parents and of his uncles. The whole family of Moniuszko remained in

very good, almost patriarchal relations with the peasantry, who on every joyous or sad occasion went to the manor house. In this way Stas, surrounded almost from his cradle with the native element, often at different ceremonies listened with delight to the songs of the people. Already he was influenced by their rhythm and spirit, and all his later compositions are tinged with their simplicity and their national character.

In the neighborhood of Ubielo was Smitowicz, with the old palace of the Princess Oginski, around which floated legends of ghosts and terrors. Stas often visited his uncle in Smitowicz. The old palace and strange stories about it awoke his curiosity; and the old clock with (Rurants) chimes remained so well in his memory that several years later it resounded in one of his most charming operas—"The Haunted Castle." The childhood of Moniuszko passed in happy and favorable circumstances for his poetical and dreamy nature. He grew in the midst of fables and popular songs, and of nature, of which he was an adorer all his life. But the first years of study and freedom soon passed, and in 1827 Mr. and Mrs. Czesław, to further the education of their only son, changed their residence to Warsaw, where they first lived at Zolibore, and afterward in Cracow suburb, in the house of Staszic. Here Stas began to study, under the direction of five teachers, who were to prepare him privately for the school of the "Pijary." The music lessons were entrusted to August Freyer; but, it is strange to say, Moniuszko in his childhood did not betray any talent, any high disposition for music. He played diligently, and had a good ear; but the hand was too small, and seemed not to have been created for the piano. Therefore the parents did not attach any special importance to his musical studies. They endeavored to develop the mind of Stas more generally. This suited very well his residence in Warsaw, where he made acquaintance with many artists and literary men, among whom the most frequent visitors were Joachim Lelewel, the celebrated historian and Julian Korsak, the gifted young poet. After a few years of study the youthful Stas passed his examination for the fourth class of the "Pijary." But a change in the family's pecuniary position at this time prevented a longer stay in Warsaw. The parents of Stas were obliged to settle in Minsk, and they sent him there to school. At school Stas was always serious and peaceful; his comrades called him "the little gentleman." He studied well; he liked books, and willingly purchased them, though he was economical in other respects. He studied music assiduously at Minsk, and here his talent began to develop, though he had only a very mediocre master, Dominic Stefanowicz. With the awakening of his general talent a greater love for music awoke, and when, after finishing his sixth class in 1834, his father wished him to enter the Civil Service Stanisław unconditionally refused, and expressed a wish to enter the artistic career. Yet before deciding finally he remained a certain time in the house of his parents, as his health, weakened by his studies, required a longer rest. Having left the school, not incumbered by any duties at home, he could read, play, dream. And probably it was then he first tried his composer's powers, though he did not betray this to anyone, being modest, and exacting much of himself. Shortly after leaving school, at seventeen years of age, he made an excursion to Vilna, with one of his uncles. There he made acquaintance and fell in love with Alexandre Müller. It was his first and last love, full of charm and poetry, and the more delightful as being in an eminent degree reciprocal. But Stanisław was still very young, and youth often is changeable and unconcerned. Bearing this in view, the parents of Miss Müller proposed that only after a three years' test of the feeling and the love of the youth would they give him their daughter.

This condition was not oppressive to Stanisław, who regarded life with a seriousness far beyond his years. He saw clearly that he must first acquire a position before he could form a union with his beloved. Feeling predisposed only toward artistic life, he went in 1837 for study to Berlin, where Professor Rungenhagen, having considered his talent, assiduity, and worth of character, shortly after included him among his favorite pupils, and allowed him to conduct the choirs. After three years' stay in Berlin, having terminated his studies in music gloriously, he returned to his native land, and in 1840 married Miss Müller. Loving and having gained her affection, he would have felt quite happy but for the cares of life. Not possessing any fortune, and having married for love alone, he was obliged immediately after his marriage to work hard for his daily bread. Having nothing better to choose, he settled in Vilna, and accepted the post of organist in the Church of St. John. He at the same time gave music lessons, at very slender fees, for people could not as yet appreciate his musical talent or education, and his modesty was such that he had no tongue to sound a syllable of his own praises. In his hours of leisure from the organ and tuition, he played much, and began to create and to show his compositions to the world. He now wrote two operettas, "Ideal" and "Lotery." "Carmanioli" was written in 1841, and afterward "New Don Quixote," "A Night in the Apennines," "Yellow Night Cap," "Wonderful Water" and "Pastorale." Of these works, only "Lotery" was

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later on produced on the stage in Warsaw; the others did not live to be performed. In 1842 our young composer, to enlarge his musical experience, went to St. Petersburg; but this journey did not bring him any advantage. Moniuszko possessed great creative talent, but he had nothing of that cunning diplomacy or self-advertisement by which some men succeed. On the contrary, his modesty reached even to shyness, so that the artistic career was for him a "way of the cross" in reality. During all his life he struggled against indigence, and often he encountered envy, though he was exceedingly polite, useful and good to all. His appearance was the reverse of commonplace, and his general intelligence was distinguished. He was of medium height, with a large head, a broad and high forehead, fair hair and extremely expressive blue eyes, though he was short-sighted. The palms of his hands were large, and his fingers somewhat short and thick. In society he was very fascinating, his conversation being always marked by kindness, simplicity and wit, free from all shadow of malice. His nature indeed was deep and hidden, yet very sincere and noble. He did not understand such things as deceit and falsehood, nor could he endure them in others. He disliked etiquette, ceremony and affectation. He was very religious and devout. He went daily to church, and often to confession; but he made no parade of this, and he was the very opposite to a fanatic. He rose at 5 in the morning, went to church, and then worked. Almost all his compositions were written in the early hours of the day. He liked to smoke good cigars while he was writing, yet was obliged to enjoy them only as a rare luxury. He admired flowers and artistic furniture, and any beautiful things attracted him. He had a rich imagination and a tender heart full of feeling, as well as being sensitive to the highest degree. He loved the arts and respected artists. Of all poets he most worshipped *Mikiewicz*.

With classical music he was intimately acquainted. He preferred Haydn to Beethoven; he adored Chopin fanatically; Meyerbeer was no favorite of his, though he was enchanted by Mendelssohn, and highly respected Schubert. He called Liszt a conjuror. He took an intense interest in painting and poetry, being himself possessed of extraordinary talent for writing prose and verse. In his childhood he even penned little comedies, but only showed them to his companions, and then tore them up. In after life he never wished to use his literary powers. His home in Vilna was open to all alike. He preferred, however, to surround himself with youth. All musicians from far and near were welcome, and young talent found in him help and encouragement. He arranged concerts for different charities, and later on organized at Vilna the Musical Society of St. Cecilia. It was a happy and important accident for Moniuszko that the singer Bonoldi settled in Vilna. In this Italian baritone lay a great opportunity for the composer. Having within his reach a good executant, Moniuszko began to trace on paper, with enthusiasm inexhaustible, treasures of melody which had long since stirred within his soul, and which needed only encouragement and stimulus to be poured forth and crystallized in songs: things so tender, touching, popular and national as "Chochlik" (*Diablotin*), "Naiade," "Tears" and many others. One may certainly say that Moniuszko created the Polish salon songs, and giving us as he did a whole series of voice-melodies, he vanquished and drove into retreats the French and Italian songs which were before the rage of our own salons. But no one can imagine how many difficulties, sorrows, toils, Moniuszko suffered for the sake of art, and in the attempt to obtain recognition. At first no attention was given to his powerful talent, and when in distant parts of Lithuania his songs were already asserting their enchantments, Vilna still did not believe that the man who played its Sunday organ would prove a great composer. But the organ assured him of his daily bread, and if he left this he might possibly starve. Meanwhile, not being able to find a publisher for his songs, he began to publish them himself, under the name of "Home Songs," in volumes and by subscription, which brought him little profit.

In 1847, having written "Halka," he wished to get it put on the stage in Warsaw, and with this object went there. But his endeavors were unsuccessful, as Moniuszko was hitherto unknown there, and, having no means of public advertising, could not have attracted any attention to his opera. It was as difficult to get a footing on the stage as it had been to find a publisher—a circumstance which seriously depressed the creative power of Moniuszko. In fits of discouragement the pen often dropped out of his hand; yet as a rule he quickly regained confidence. Notwithstanding exasperating obstacles, he was enabled to expand his wings for flight, and to soar high upon the inspiration of song.

At last arrived the moment of fame and solid reputation for Moniuszko. In 1849 he decided to arrange a concert in St. Petersburg and appear there with his glorious cantata "Milda" and the charming overture "The Winter's Tale." It was not easy for him, as at first he lacked money for the journey, and it was only after pawning his favorite piano that he could leave Vilna. Having arrived at St. Petersburg in company of Bonoldi, he took up his abode in a miserable garret, and began instantly to arrange the con-

cert. His success seemed doubtful, as in this capital also Moniuszko had neither acquaintance nor patron. But when during the first rehearsal, after the opening portions of "Milda," the orchestra burst into enthusiastic applause, an unusual hope enlivened the heart of Moniuszko; nor did it deceive him. The concert was brilliant, and the audience charmed and enchanted. The platform was a mass of flowers, and the applause simply frantic. In a few days he arranged a second concert, giving at this one also "Milda" and "Winter's Tale," as these two compositions had pleased the public so much, together with the melodious "Cosac," which also proved an immense success. At the second concert the hall was packed with auditors.

The artistic world and the aristocracy now began to take a lively interest in the personality of our composer, and his acquaintanceship was coveted. Invitations and visits poured in upon him, and Moniuszko in his garret received the greatest celebrities of the day. The warmest admiration was shown to him by two composers then so celebrated—Slinka and Dargomyzski. Having obtained such a brilliant reception at St. Petersburg, Moniuszko on his return had no difficulty in finding a publisher.

Lawadzki in Vilna, and later on Friedlein in Warsaw, began to buy and to publish his compositions, paying him absurdly low prices. Neither at the beginning of his fame, nor at any period of his life, did Moniuszko understand how to drive a bargain. He was too delicate in commercial matters, and publishers therefore took pitiless advantage of him. The most he received was 15 roubles for one sheet of a song, and giving the eternal copyright to the publisher, without any stipulation as to the number of editions. It may be that he thought very little of his compositions, seeing that he created the songs so easily. He composed much and hurriedly. Seldom, and only in works of great length, did he use the piano, upon which he sketched out softly in sound what his head and his heart dreamt. In smaller compositions he had usually the whole melody ready in thought and memory, simply having to sit down and write away as fast as his pen could travel.

With everybody in this world he dealt without ceremony to such a degree that once, living in Warsaw, when he was busy with an important composition, and a street organ began to play under his window, Moniuszko reproached the household, who wished to send away the grinder, and gave him permission to continue his horrible performance, protesting that it did not in the least interrupt him. In home life Moniuszko commended himself by an exceedingly pleasant humor, and he was so exquisitely considerate that, in order not to offend the ears of others, he walked almost always on tiptoe. He was never irritated, and it was the greatest sign of his anger, if he called at any time—exclaimed to anyone—"You onion!" To his wife he was always an ideal husband, kind and loving. He liked society, and he understood how to develop an interesting conversation with anybody. In moments of serious grief he would take solitary walks out of town.

The surroundings of Vilna are charming and rich in picturesque scenery, which enchanted Moniuszko and caused him often to say, "With such a view of this before one's eyes it is hard not to be a Lithuanian. And he was, with all his soul a Lithuanian. He worshipped his country and Vilna. He loved everything national, often sacrificing himself and showing great tenderness to the misery of his fellows; though as to his own troubles, he was so accustomed to them that he did not pay them any attention. How often, being himself in need, he yet arranged concerts for other poor artists arriving or living in the place! At such concerts he always took an active part.

At one of these charitable concerts Moniuszko conducted the orchestra, wearing one boot of leather and one of fur, for he was so poor that he did not possess two boots of a pair which were both good enough to wear.

Meanwhile, at the very time when Moniuszko in Vilna had not wherewithal to satisfy his most urgent wants, there lay on the shelves of the theatrical library in Warsaw—deposited a few years previously in sheer forgetfulness—his most beautiful opera, "Halka," and only in 1858 was it first performed. It was New Year's Day—a day of veritable triumph for Moniuszko. "Halka" from the very first act conquered all the hearts of the audience. It was greeted with enthusiasm, with tears, with transports of joy as the first national opera. The theatre fairly shook beneath the applause. The public were so powerfully moved that some wept from feeling, others shook hands and embraced, although strangers, and mutually congratulated one another on entering into possession of their own national opera. And truly it was worthy of joy and congratulations, for "Halka," throughout national and popular, exquisite in form and beautiful in simplicity, combines originality of melody with superabundant richness of harmony. In instrumentation Moniuszko used only necessary instruments, which gave to his work both power and simplicity of diction. He was very resolute in carrying out this canon of art, and in "Halka" he exhibited the utmost power of his genius. Genius! yes, but our criticism acknowledged in him only talent. He was never called a genius, if only for this reason, that where the artist soars to heights unattainable by the multitude our criticism at once becomes economical in its praises, and prefers,

on the other hand, to place laurels on the heads of mediocrity.

Neither during his life, nor to this day, has he been justly appreciated by us, and there is nothing strange in this. Criticism has seldom to deal with genius and therefore cannot develop a faculty of appreciating it as such. Our so-called independent and unbiased critic has his fancies and his favorites. He favors those who flatter his tastes as well as those who have the cunning to impose upon his mind with a false idea of their greatness. And Moniuszko?—he paid homage only to art, did not understand how to impose, and abhorred blague and reclame. He felt the power of his talent, he was pained by every injustice in criticism, and, though he was a clever writer, yet he never took his own part, and when urged to do so would reply, "My field of battle lies in the five lines of music; if I do not conquer a position on them, so I do not wish to seek it on another field!" Be that as it may, the performance of "Halka" created a great epoch in the history of our opera, and at the same time in the life of Moniuszko, to whom Warsaw offered just then the place of an operatic conductor. Moniuszko then went abroad and stayed a certain time in Paris, where he wrote in four days the opera "Flis" (those who go on rafts with cargo down rivers).

In September, 1858, arriving at Warsaw, he began his conductorship. This honor was very bitter to Moniuszko quite at the beginning, as it sentenced him to separation from Vilna, for which he unceasingly pined. Having brought to Warsaw his wife, seven children and a devoted old servant, Agatha, he established himself opposite the Church of the Bernardines in the Cracow suburb. Here, given entirely to work and duty, he isolated himself within the home circle. The Warsaw ways did not suit his taste, least of all his heart. In Vilna he had not much pleasure, but at least he was among his own people; while here he felt a stranger, and often in addition persecuted by unjust and jealous critics. And being extremely sensitive, often when he saw in a paper some mention of him or his compositions, he first asked some well-wisher to read it, and only read it himself when assured that it did not contain anything insulting. In the contrary case he did not read it at all, as such attacks affected him too much.

In 1861 he went to Paris, wishing to produce one of his operas, but this did not succeed.

A few years after his settling in Warsaw he was appointed professor of harmony and composition in the Musical Institute of Warsaw. Accepting this post he filled it to the end of his life most conscientiously, though the duties involved many cares and disagreements. To aid the progress of his pupils he even wrote for them "A Treatise on the Study of Harmony." In truth he only consented to retain the post of professor in the Institute because he believed that nobody else could have replaced him, and this not of arrogance, but out of philanthropy, knowing the treasures of his wisdom and his knowledge in things of art. All vanity was far remote from him. He received letters full of veneration and admiration from the greatest celebrities in Europe, yet no one knew of them, for Moniuszko did not like to breathe a word about himself or his successes.

Before going to the theatre to conduct the orchestra he always locked himself up in his room and prayed. A call to the stage or platform always threw him into great embarrassment and apprehension.

As already said, he took great delight in young artists, and each year he arranged a concert for the poor students, paying all small expenses, such as cab fares, &c., in connection therewith, out of his own pocket.

He gave also annually his own benefit concert, consisting chiefly of his compositions. Usually the public came in great numbers, but on November 5, 1871, so few attended Moniuszko's concert that he lost heavily by the venture, which so distressed him that he decided never to give another concert in Warsaw. Different failures, disagreements and intrigues had a bad effect on his health, and perhaps helped the effects of heart disease. He determined to leave the chair he occupied in the Institute of Music, for he was overburdened by work and sorrow, and, although he never complained, he steadily became sadder and more depressed. In his later days the death of his father caused him poignant pain, and another blow to him shortly afterward was the death of his faithful servant Agatha. Not long afterward he also quitted this world's stage, dying suddenly from failure of the heart's action as he returned one morning from church, all medical aid being without avail. This happened on June 1, 1872.

The body of Moniuszko rests in the cemetery of Powazki, whither it was followed by unnumbered crowds of those who, notwithstanding that they did not fully grasp the greatness of his music, yet felt that they had lost a great master from their midst—one who had enriched the treasury of their national music with a wealth of melody.

Many works of Moniuszko were lost in MS., many remained unfinished owing to his sudden death; yet he bequeathed to us a world of music in every conceivable style. His religious music is very rich and valuable, as are his operas, such as "Halka," "The Countess," "Haunted Castle," "Tawnuta," "Flis," "Beata," "Paria" and many others. He considered his best opera to be the "Paria," though it did not succeed on the stage. His "Home Songs" are six in number, and besides these he left many detached airs and charming drawing-room songs, as well as the music to dramas and ballets. Of invaluable merit is the music to the "Sonnets of Crimea," by Mickiewicz, and the lyrical scenes to "The Spectres," second part of this work likewise by Mickiewicz.—"Magazine of Music."

Death of Fursch-Madi.

MME. FURSCH-MADI, who was chosen by Verdi to create the title rôle of "Aida" on its first production in the Theatre Royal, Brussels, and who was for nearly a quarter of a century a famous dramatic soprano, died on Thursday afternoon, almost alone, in a little farmhouse buried in the woods on Mount Bethel, in New Jersey.

No more lonely spot could have been found within a day's journey of New York. Her nearest neighbors, two miles away, were farmers, and they knew her only as the foreign

singer lived. It is on a branch road that plunges abruptly into the woods. It is a rocky up-hill road, with trees so closely interlocked over it that in the daytime it is dark, and at night it is black. For more than a mile this road leads through the woods without any sign of a house. Plainfield drivers get out and lead their horses up it at night, feeling their way with each step. Few of them have made the trip, and they don't repeat it.

After three-quarters of an hour spent on this road the "Sun" reporter came upon Mme. Fursch-Madi's farm house. There was a light burning in the little room, almost bare of furniture, that served as a dining room and

this room. The pictures were both of Fursch-Madi. One was a large painting in water color taken several years ago. It showed a woman with a handsome face and a wealth of brown hair. The other was a painting of the singer by Vurst. As Victor Clodio looked around the room and spoke of the woman's career he smiled sadly and said:

"These are not the surroundings that she was accustomed to."

Not was the thin, cold face upstairs the face that New York and London and Paris knew. Mme. Fursch-Madi had been worn to a shadow by her illness. She had felt that she must work for the children and herself to the end, and she had.

When asked if she had saved anything, Clodio, with a shrug of his big expressive shoulders, said:

"Well, you know what artists are, and she was a great artist. She has lived for her art, and now she is dead. That is all."

The undertaker and the singer's son Emil arrived at the house at 11 o'clock. Emil is now about twenty-five years old and is a singer. He is her son by her first husband.

Mme. Fursch-Madi, who died in this obscure little farmhouse, was born in the town of Bayonne on the Franco-Spanish frontier, and she took her family name for her stage name. She studied under the principal masters in the Paris Conservatory. Her first public success was made in the famous Padeloup's concerts, and was followed by a brilliant engagement at the Grand Opera in Paris. It was at the end of this engagement that she had the distinction of being chosen by Verdi to create the title rôle of "Aida," on its first production in the Theatre Royal in Brussels.

It is not generally known that she began her operatic career in America, appearing in New Orleans and singing with great success during the operatic season of 1874. In 1879 she appeared in Italian opera in Covent Garden, and it was then generally admitted that no such dramatic soprano had appeared since Nilsson. Mme. Fursch-Madi visited America with Messrs. Gye and Mapleson in 1882, and her success was so great that Mr. Abbey induced her to make an engagement for the Metropolitan Opera House, where she achieved new triumphs.

Her personality was pleasing. Her voice was clear, and, above all, true, and she had dramatic force. She made a starring trip, taking in some of the largest cities of this country, and again she sang in London with success.

Mme. Fursch-Madi was appointed in 1885 by the directors of the American School of Opera as directress, and on the incorporation of the National Conservatory of Music was she retained as a directress of the first branch of the conservatory.

She appeared chiefly in Wagnerian rôles and she was acknowledged to be in the first rank of grand opera singers. Mme. Fursch-Madi appeared to advantage last season in the Metropolitan Opera House Company with Melba and the De Reszkes.

She was twice married. Her first husband, from whom she separated, was De Montjau, who was the leader of the orchestra in the Grand Opera in Paris. He is still alive. Her second husband was Jean Verle. He acted as her manager. He died about four years ago.

Her daughter Jeanne by her second husband is now a pretty girl of fourteen. Emil, when Mme. Fursch-Madi separated from her first husband, went with his mother, and he has since been devoted to her interests.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., September 22, 1894.—The funeral services over Mme. Fursch-Madi took place Saturday, in St. Mary's Catholic Church, Plainfield, at 11 o'clock. The Rev. Father Murphy, assistant pastor, officiated. Mme. Attali Claire Kayne was expected to sing in the mass, but did not arrive until too late. Among those present beside the immediate family—the son and daughter—were: L. M. Ruben, Miss Huzemán, Miss Victor and Mr. Victor Clodio. A number of wreaths and bouquets from members of the profession covered the casket. The burial was made in St. Mary's Cemetery.—Exchange.



woman who taught music and who had nice manners. Beyond that they knew nothing about her. They didn't know that she had sung grand opera to the applause of two continents. Perhaps no rôle Mme. Fursch-Madi has sung on the stage was more strongly dramatic than her death. It will be remembered that her last public appearance in New York was near the close of the opera season at the Metropolitan, when she sang "Ortrud," in "Lohengrin," with Melba and Lasalle.

It was a brilliant performance, but Mme. Fursch-Madi's friends detected in her work then a certain weakness which was foreign to her. Her physicians told her that she had malaria. Notwithstanding her long operatic career she was still a comparatively young woman and ambitious for greater triumphs.

With her son Emil and her daughter Jeanne she went to Plainfield, and after a search found a little farm, eight miles away, where she might spend the summer cheaply and with benefit for her health. She had been a robust, handsome woman, but her sickness had begun to tell on her. Still she thought it was nothing but malaria, and it would pass away, so she bought the farm of 60 acres with its little wooden house, hardly larger than a box at the Metropolitan Opera House, and her friends lost sight of her.

Even when, two months ago, Dr. Zigler, of Warrenville, diagnosed her case as cancer of the stomach, she still hoped and worked, for she had saved almost nothing from her earnings. Three times a week she drove out through the woods with her son to Plainfield and taught music. It was with great exertion, however, and five weeks ago she gave up. After that her weakness did not permit her to leave her bed.

Victor Clodio, who had sung with her way back in 1874, had a little farm at Coontown, three miles away. He had known her well, and admired her as a great artist. With his wife he did what little he could to aid her. They and her two children were with her when she died. Not until late Friday afternoon was the fact that she was dead known in New York.

Mme. Fursch-Madi died in surroundings which were incongruous with her successes. From Plainfield the road winds up to Warrenville, a little post hamlet, with a church and a dozen houses. It is on Bethel Mountain.

Back and above the hamlet the hill is thickly wooded. A road winds around it. Even in the daytime a guide is needed to pilot the way to the little farmhouse where the

library. Three dogs, the singer's pets, were on guard at the door.

At one side of the house was a tumble-down barn. Victor Clodio returned from his out-door farm work, and, dressed as his audiences have never seen him, sat alone in the dining room. In a cheap, little bedroom upstairs the body of his friend, Mme. Fursch-Madi, was laid out, awaiting the undertaker. Except for Clodio the house was deserted. In another bed room on the second floor was a casket with a silver plate, marked, "Died September 20, Mme. Fursch-Madi, aged forty-six years."

The daughter of the dead singer had been taken to Clodio's house, and her son was in Plainfield making arrangements for the funeral. The house itself gave no evidence of the personality of its owner. The floors were bare of carpets, and there wasn't even a piano. In the dining-room there was a cheap table, and, in contrast with it, a quartered oak sideboard. Half a dozen chairs, a lounge, a small bookcase and two pictures completed the furniture of

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The Evolution of Anglican Church Music.

IN an interesting article in the last number of the "Ecclesiastical Gazette" the Rev. Compton Reade bewails the tendency of modern days to shelve the old writers of church music, in the place of whose works we are offered "Mendelssohn and water, Spohr and sugar, or Wagner and chaos." The writer tells the following anecdote, which in his opinion describes the attitude of mind of present day precentors and organists toward the compositions of past English composers of church music. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley's "St. Polycarp" was revived at the Hereford Festival of 1888, and two days after the performance Sir Frederick traveled from Hereford to London. The train had just started when his vis-à-vis, a lady, looking him straight in the face, exclaimed brusquely: "Pity we haven't an English composer!" "Indeed," replied Sir Frederick quietly; "Is there no English composer?" "No," she retorted, "and never has been."

Thus challenged the Oxford Professor took up the cudgels with: "Pardon me, madame, if I decline to discuss with you the merits of living composers, but as regards the past surely one may mention such a great name as, for example, that of Orlando Gibbons?" "Oh!" snapped the lady, "I never heard of him, so he can't have been much." Sir Frederick smiled at this feminine logic, and added blandly, "or Purcell?" "Well," remarked his fair catechiser, "I have heard of him, but then you know he was only an imitator of Händel." "Would you be surprised, madame," rejoined Sir Frederick, "to hear that Händel was just ten years old when Purcell died?" "Oh!" quoth the lady, collapsing judiciously behind a newspaper, "if you go into facts and figures you can prove anything."

"For some time past," the writer asserts, "the anthem bills, or programs, of the Metropolitan Cathedral have made a tabula rasa of the authors who figure in that standard work, 'Boyce's Collection,' including, beside the grand Orlando and sublime Purcell, such historical representatives of vocal harmony as Tallis, Farrant, Croft, Blow, Aldrich, Rogers. Moreover, Greave, whom Händel anathematized; Attwood, the English Mozart; Kempton, King, the standard writer of services, and old Boyce himself, together with Beckwith, Camidge, Crotch and others of less repute, have been swept away, and instead, to the accompaniment of mammoth organs, we are offered Mendelssohn and water, Spohr and sugar, or Wagner and chaos." Through S. S. Wesley and Goss have not yet been shelved, the Rev. Compton Reade wishes to know what has become of the music of Elvey and Corfe, not to omit Sir Frederick Ouseley. The writer of the article says that if we turn to parish churches wherein the higher art finds a place, those of a certain type cultivate the repertoire of the Mass almost exclusively. Of course the Rev. Compton Reade does not wish to decry such giants as Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn or Gounod; but they are not English and certainly not Anglican.

After touching on the requisites of a hymn tune, which, like a drama, should touch the emotions, our author goes on to classify church music. "One might," he says, "divide church music into three classes: anthems and services, which are art rather than religion; hymns, which ought to express feelings; and chants. These last I might define as vehicles for the devout rendering of the Psalms, or Psalms and Canticles. At the time of what is called the Catholic revival, an attempt was made to resuscitate the long disused Gregorian tones, and Mr. Helmore, with the notion of accommodating them to English ears, added harmonies of a simple character. This was soon denounced as a musical heresy—albeit harmonized Gregorians are not unknown in the Holy Communion.

"To speak candidly, the fault of nearly all the Gregorian tones is a crude cacophony, and when roared in unison at Vespers they suggest memories of the costermonger, so much so that to my mind those of them which to modern ears are tolerable, gain infinitely by being harmonized, and in that form possess a grace of their own, enhanced by the thought that it was to one of these primitive tones that Our Lord and His Apostles sang 'In Exitu Israel,' after the Last Supper. They form a link with the early Church, and are also inexpressibly solemn. At the same time for choral worship Anglican chants—or rather a judicious selection from the overswelling volume of them—offer by far the better medium. Yet even these attain the highest level when approximating the old Gregorian ideal.

"Let me instance a few gems: Morley—an Elizabethan double chant—Rosingrave, Flintoff, Goss' adaptation from Beethoven, and above all the exquisite chant of the late Mr. Jacobs, precentor of New College, Oxford, a perfect model of an ideal chant. That a chant should be massive and much the reverse of frivolous is all the more needful since the invention of mammoth organs and the adoption of an accelerated tempo generally in choirs and places where they sing. This modern tendency to hurry renders the passing notes of such writers as Dupuis and Boyce ridiculous, whereas at a slow tempo they do not detract from the dignity of the strain."

The Rev. Compton Reade concludes with a panegyric of past days. Now, according to him, "There is quantity

where once was quality, a devolution in lieu of an evolution. For this big organs and Boanerges organists are mainly responsible. They force their voices to shout and shrill until all the sweetness has turned to acid. So did not the old school, when Attwood aroused the enthusiasm of Mozart, and Dr. Buck, of Norwich, was wont to give his choir an hour's practice in singing versicles and Amens."—"Musical Standard."

Mr. Alfred T. Eyre on Organ Playing.

TO the current number of that excellent magazine, "Sylvia's Journal," Miss Flora Klickmann has contributed a very interesting interview with the well-known organist of the Crystal Palace. We quote a few

"Yes; and the result is the heavy, dismal droning one has sometimes heard in small country churches. In these 'pneumatic' and 'electric' days, when science has worked such revolutions in the mechanism of the organ, till the most rapid and florid music can be performed upon it as easily as upon a piano, facile technic is essential to the making of a fine organist, and this cannot be acquired without hard practice. Of the phrasing, the staccato, legato and sforzando effects that can be produced on an organ many players seem quite ignorant.

"Of course the pedals require separate and distinct work, but they are less likely to be neglected than the manuals. One great obstacle in the progress of the young organist is the difficulty most people experience in obtaining a sufficiency of organ practice. We cannot carry our



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passages which we hope will send our readers to the original article:

"The first thing I would insist," he begins, "is that organ students should earnestly practice the piano. The more they improve their piano technic the better will be their organ playing. I do not think the organ should be commenced until the rough edge has been taken off one's piano playing."

"I know you do not tolerate the absurd notion some people hold, that the organ spoils one's piano touch?"

"Certainly not. The organ improves the piano touch. It not only strengthens the fingers, but is most beneficial in cultivating legato playing."

"Do you not find that amateur organists often forget that finger exercises and scales are a necessity, if they hope to become even passable players?"

instrument about with us, like the fortunate violinist, neither do we find an organ in every house; and the church where organ practice can be enjoyed may be far away.

"Nevertheless, much precious time could be saved at the organ by preparing the manual part beforehand at the piano, leaving only the pedalling to be added at the organ—and this too can be prepared on pedals attached to the piano, nowadays a simple and not very expensive addition. It is a good plan for elementary players, after reading through the study or organ piece, to practice the left hand and pedals alone, then right hand and pedals, before attempting the three together."

"With regard to the stops; do you advise frequent changes?"

"There is a happy medium in all things. Variety should

of course be aimed at, yet not to the extent adopted by a deluded young man who as a fact gave out 'From Greenland's icy mountains' with a fresh solo stop for nearly every line, the last but one being in the tenor octave and the final on a '4 ft.' As a contrast to this, there is the brave young man who complacently pulls out every stop on the organ, and perpetrates a Bach fugue, from beginning to end, without the slightest alteration in the registering. Neither of these courses is to be recommended.

"On the whole I think inexperienced players err on the side of the fugue performer. They do not vary the quality of tone sufficiently and their playing is monotonous. One important fact to be remembered is that the mind has (more than the fingers) to do with the freedom with which good players make use of the stops. It should be decided, only after careful trial and comparison, what combination of stops (or solo effect) will best suit a given passage."

"It is the player who is haphazard, and who trusts to a sudden inspiration, who will bungle and make indefinite pauses when stops have to be altered. Pencil your music freely that you may have everything before you in advance, and do not trust to your memory. Mark the pedaling of any passage that is in the slightest degree difficult, also the backward fingering in the manual part; such trifles are an immense aid to the student."

"I understand that one or two at least of our prominent players seldom, if ever, use the 'Mixture' stops."

"That may be so, but it is after all a matter of detail. Personally I think a judicious use of 'Mixtures' brightens the tone of a well balanced instrument and heightens the coloring, so to speak, in special passages. But of course if employed indiscriminately or unwisely the effect is both vulgar and irritating. Much depends on the balance and 'voicing' of the 'Mixtures.'"—Musical Standard."

Nordica's Lost Husband.

"NOTICE," said a Boston man yesterday, "that the 'Sun,' in speaking of Mme. Nordica's reported engagement to marry the Hungarian tenor, Zoltan Doeme, refers to the stories of her husband's reappearance after he was supposed to have been lost in a balloon which, ascending from Havre, was some time afterward found wrecked and floating in the English Channel. Many friends and acquaintances of Fred Gower believe that he still lives."

"I? Oh, I don't know of course, but it wouldn't surprise me if he were still in the land of the living. But I believe if he is still alive he will never bother himself to interfere with any matrimonial or other arrangements the prima donna may see fit to make. He is 'legally dead,' I fancy, so far as the courts are concerned, and Mrs. Gower is free to marry."

"A singular history, Fred's. When I first met him he was a reporter on a daily paper at Providence, R. I. I've forgotten the year, but it was during that bitter winter when the State of Maine, in spite of thermometrical indications, was red hot politically, with two Governors and a couple of Legislatures endeavoring to occupy the State House at the same time. It took the Supreme Court and the militia, armed with Gatlings, injunctions, rifles, writs and other deadly weapons, to straighten things out."

"The State house was fortified and garrisoned by troops, and of course everybody visiting the little city of Augusta was crazy to get into it. It was on the broad granite staircase at the eastern front, facing a sentry holding his bayoneted gun at a 'charge,' that I saw Gower for the first time. He had been sent to Augusta by his paper, had just arrived, and was hustling for news. Admission to the

building was denied everybody not bearing a pass issued by General Chamberlain; but this little chap, with his shock of red hair, his earnest eyes and his persuasive tongue, aided by a silver 'press' badge something smaller than a saucer, won over the corporal of the guard, whom the sentinel called, and gained access to the closely guarded precincts for me as well as himself, introducing me (then a perfect stranger) as another newspaper man."

"Blaine was the principal figure in this political crisis, as he was in every political movement in Maine from the time he began editing the Kennebec 'Journal' until the day of his death. He was intrenched in his residence close by the capitol, and it was alleged at the time that he had a private wire leading from the main telegraph lines to his library, where an operator was stationed to inform him of the purport of every dispatch to and from the Democratic leaders. How true this was I am of course unable to say; but everybody understood that Blaine was 'on the inside' of everything going on, and the newspaper boys were very eager to get at him. But he wouldn't be got at; his son Walker met every correspondent with a smiling face, and, as one of them said, 'smiled them clear out into the street,' just as wise and no wiser for their attempts at an interview. Gower, repulsed as a newspaper man, got in as the bearer of a 'fake' telegram, and I believe was the only one of the twoscore correspondents on duty in Augusta who reached Blaine until the cruel war was over."

"Fred dug away at his work in Providence for some time, and then Bell, the telephone man, came along. Bell had no money, and was giving exhibitions—perhaps auditions would be a better word—of his newly-invented instrument in public halls to raise funds to push his invention. The telephone he showed was not the instrument

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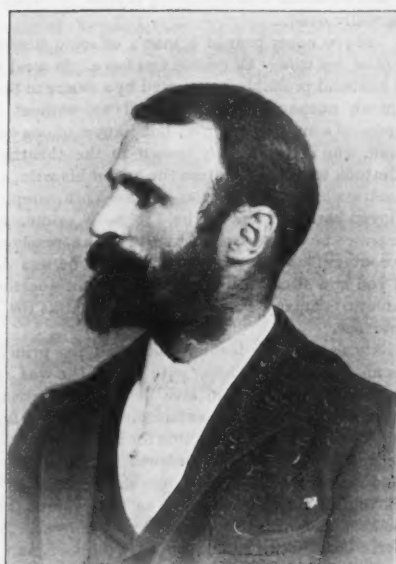
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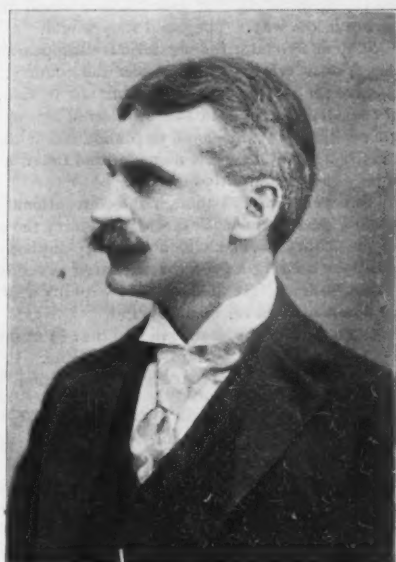
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now so well known, but a big square box, with a metal tube, like the bell of a trumpet, protruding from one end. This box was suspended in the centre of a hall, over the heads of an audience (which was invariably far from crowded), and from it could be heard faintly, when atmospheric and electrical conditions were favorable, which was seldom, the notes of a cornet played in some nearby town.

"Bell soon found he needed a press agent to work up his exhibition in the papers, and coming across Gower in Providence, engaged him for the position at a salary a little above the modest stipend he was earning as a reporter. But, in showman's parlance, business was bad, and, small as Gower's salary was, a considerable portion of it remained unpaid week after week until the arrears attained three figures. Much against his will Gower was compelled to accept telephone stock when he needed cash. He was loyal to Bell, however, and soon came to be as enthusiastic over the invention as his employer. He stood by Bell in adversity and reaped his reward when prosperity came by getting the privilege of introducing the commercial telephone into France.

"How much he made then I doubt if anybody but himself knew, but he reaped the greater part of the profits, and was reported a millionaire when he met Lilly Norton.

"Did you ever know, by the way, that the singer is the granddaughter of 'Camp Meeting John'? The Rev. John Allen was a Methodist minister, who acquired his soubriquet by attending all the camp meetings held by the believers in the doctrines he preached throughout New England for many years, and his fame as an exhorter was widespread in the denomination. He died several years ago at an advanced age, not long, I believe, after his thousandth camp meeting. He used to preach against the theatre as being the gate of hell, and was at first bitterly opposed to his granddaughter going on the stage, but he subsequently became reconciled, in view of her great success, especially as he used to say she was 'no actress, but a singer.'

"A great many stories have been told of the cause of the trouble between Mr. and Mrs. Gower. Friends of the latter say it arose from abuse on his part; friends of the former that it was a case of too much mother-in-law. I'll not pretend to offer an opinion, especially as I have known little about Gower personally since he went to France.

"But somehow I cannot bring myself to believe that he is actually dead.

"Did you never hear of a man's effacing himself on account of his wife? Of course you have. In most instances the husband probably is actuated by a desire to break away from an uncongenial matrimonial tie without the open scandal of a suit for divorce; but I know of one case where a man, who is now widely known in the theatrical world, undertook to disappear from the ken of his wife, at present an actress especially popular in New York, simply because he loved her. Suicide he held to be a crime, as well as cowardice of the most abject sort; so he resolved to quit the country, leaving the impression that he was dead. I'll tell you how it came about. The man in question took a dramatic company away down East as far as the Maritime Provinces.

His wife was the leading lady, and the principal actor was an old flame of hers, with whom she was reputed to have been desperately in love before her marriage. The husband fancied, from certain circumstances and occurrences, that his wife's affection for the actor had sprung up afresh and that it was returned with equal ardor. He called the two into his room one day, and after solemnly adjuring them to tell the truth as they valued their happiness here and hereafter, asked them if they still loved each other. Of course there were no witnesses, and I cannot attempt to repeat what was said, but this is the way the story came out, as such stories will. Both the actor and the actress, so the relation goes, admitted their passion. Then the husband further asked if they would marry if he were not in the way. They said they would.

"A day or two later the mysterious disappearance of the manager was telegraphed all over the country. Search was made for him in every direction, but in vain. It was as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up; not the slightest trace of him could be found, and it came to be generally believed that the manager had fallen a victim to foul play or had committed suicide.

"Time went on, and though the conventional period of mourning passed the actress did not marry the actor. In fact she didn't seem inclined to marry anybody. Then one day the missing manager reappeared as suddenly as he had disappeared. He does not live with his wife now, but their bonds have never been severed.

"How's that for a romance in real life? Put it in a play, and the critics would declare it improbable. It is one of those true stories that are stranger than fiction."—"Sun."

THE first issue of the page devoted to "Wolfsohn's Musical Bureau Items" will be printed October 17. All artists desiring to avail themselves of this mode of advertisement please address HENRY WOLFSON'S MUSICAL BUREAU, 331 East Fourteenth Street.

Bayreuth and Munich.

THE following extracts form a part of a letter

written a few days after the closing of the Bayreuth season by the author of "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani."

"I arranged about tickets and lodging in London two months in advance, and spent a week in the Wagnerian stronghold—the time necessary for one 'Tannhäuser,' one 'Lohengrin' and two 'Parsifals.' I was not at all taken with the town itself nor with the country round about; both seemed in need of editing. 'Tannhäuser' as a scenic production was magnificent; from a vocal point of view it was quite mediocre; as a whole, not worth the time and trouble of going to Bayreuth. 'Lohengrin,' with Van Dyk and Nordica, was vastly better—in fact, the success of the season. Van Dyk has not the splendid, even trustworthiness of De Reszké, but at his best is perhaps the better of the two. Nordica, both in her costuming and her acting, seemed rather to have knuckled down to the Bayreuth standard, and to be not completely herself, but vocally she was great. It seems that when the Wagnerians want real singing done they have to go outside of Germany for the singers—to Belgium or to Boston.

"I did not hear 'Parsifal' with Van Dyk; at that time he had not yet 'made up' with Frau Cosima. This worthy woman it seems sits in a front seat at every performance, and at the end comes down with all fours (on general principles) upon all the participants, high and low. Van Dyk felt big enough to protest, so the 'Parsifal' of the early season was Birrenkoffen—rather plum and bleaty, like most German tenors, but quite competent. I wonder whether the chastened Nordica had not felt the correcting hand of the eminent widow? However, there was this consolation for Lohengrin-Van Dyk and Elsa-Nordica ('aus Boston'), that at the end of the performance the applause—which kept the whole house together for five or ten minutes—rose to the height of a demonstration—something not too familiarly known, I fancy, to the amphitheatre châlet on the hill.

"'Parsifal' is the great Bayreuth specialty of course. I thought it put on with great taste and splendor; but the old stagers are beginning to complain that Frau Cosima's innovations are coming to be a distinct detriment to the integrity of the work. The 'Kundry' was Rosa Sucher, from Berlin. Here, again, the old stagers come to the front. They say that Sucher does not make so much of the part as did Materna, for instance (being a smaller woman, perhaps!), and that her voice is not what it used to be five or six years back—as if five or six years were not half a lifetime on the Wagnerian stage! But you of New York may judge for yourselves presently, if, as I understand, Walter Damrosch has engaged Sucher for the coming season of German opera at the Metropolitan. Also Marie Brema, if report be true. She was in the 'Lohengrin' cast—the best 'Ortrud' I have ever heard.

"It is a pity you couldn't also have Popovici for the same work; he is the most spunky and vigorous 'Telramund' I ever listened to, and an extremely good singer as well. The 'Gurnemanz' of 'Parsifal' was Grengg, who succeeded Scaria at Vienna; and the 'Amfortas' was our old friend Reichmann, whose suave and finished presence is itself a pleasure, and who found it easy enough, with his good looks and his fetching voice, to make 'Amfortas' the ideal of the fascinating sinner. One may find the Good Friday spell rather slow and 'Kundry's' account of 'Parsifal's' forbears something of a bore; but when Reichmann in the last act refuses to uncover the grail and calls upon the knights to kill him, if they must, why, then you realize how much more interesting bad people are than good people, or people who are trying to be good, and you—follow him!

"I may add here a few words about the opera season at the Hof Theatre, Munich—the 'rival show,' you understand. This season runs from the forepart of August to the forepart of October—four Nibelungen Rings in all their robust and cruel entirety, together with the proper allowance of 'Tristan' and the 'Meistersinger.' It is the fashion this summer to go from Bayreuth to Munich (or vice versa), so I followed up my opening Wagnerian week with a supplementary fortnight, to hear the first 'set' of the 'Ring' performances. Vogl and Ternina opened the ball. The coming set will be led, I believe, by Alvary and Klafsky, who were doing 'Siegfried' and 'Brünnhilde' for Sir Augustus Harris at Drury Lane when I left London last July. The third set by still others—and so on.

"It occurred to me that, as a preparation for the Nibelungen Lied, it might be well to take in 'Tristan and Isolde'—if you can stand that you can stand anything. Gudehus and Moran did this; and I am glad to state that the singing was not nearly so shabby as the scenery. On this score, however, the management made ample amends with their presentation of 'Rheingold.' This they gave in its original and proper form, that of one continuous act; they drew upon the full resources of the house, and some of their 'transformation scenes'—to fall back on a convenient term—were enough to eclipse even the perambulating forest that Bayreuth uses in 'Parsifal.' Brucks was 'Wotan' and Standigl was 'Fricka'; both were no more

t tedious than is necessary. Vogl was at home of course, as 'Loge.'

"All these people you know, but I dare say that Ternina is new to you. She is interesting as proving one fact: that a woman doesn't have to weigh 300 pounds in order to accomplish 'Brünnhilde.' If Fräulein Milka ever falls down on the stage in open scene it won't take three stage hands to set her on her feet again. Briefly, Ternina is young, slender, handsome, spirited, and looks her part to perfection. She also holds out to the end. She is apparently a great favorite in Munich, but goes to Berlin next year. * * * As for the other eight Valkyres, you may be interested to hear that at Munich they execute their famous ride without horses, or magic lantern slides, or anything of the kind—just eight nimble damsels footing it briskly over the rocks, an arrangement by which the element of absurdity is happily eliminated.

"For these performances Munich has drawn the best that all the other German towns have to give—Dresden, Leipzig, Berlin, Hamburg and many more are represented in the casts from night to night—except on those alternate nights when these poor, simple Bavarian souls go to see the historical dramas of Wilhelm Shakespeare. Imagine anybody wanting to see 'Henry VI.' or 'Richard II.'! That's what they are getting in Munich, though. Can it be that this interleaved fashion of doing things is just the sly German way of hinting that the Bard of Bayreuth is fully the equal of the Swan of Avon? I'm afraid so—if indeed, he is not held to be superior—for it costs four or five times as much to see the operas as it does to see the plays.

"Don't fancy that opera in Munich is 'cheap.' The best places cost 24 marks (\$6), and few places under 10 marks (\$2.50) are worth the having. Many at that price even are wretched enough, for the Hof Theatre is built on the antiquated horseshoe plan with all the defects of that plan in their highest development—it is dim, shabby, awkward, exasperating. The stage is first class; of the auditorium the less said the better. Of the effect of the auditorium, filled with a legion of music-mad native tourists, all clad in regulation Tyrolean travel togs, you may form your own idea; it is all more curious than distinguished."—H. B. Fuller, in 'The Critic.'

A Great Library.—The Chicago Newberry Library has purchased nearly 3,000 volumes of sacred music collected by Mr. Hubert C. Main. They include English hymn books and pointed psalters, old singing books from The Hague, from Switzerland and from Germany, together with a comprehensive collection of early New England publications of sacred song. It is in these last named that interest chiefly concentrates. The dates on the title pages range from 1711 to the present day, modern examples being extensively represented. While many of the books are worn with age and use they are in excellent preservation, and a source of interest to musician and antiquary alike. In this collection is "The Continental Harmony," containing a number of anthems, fugues and choruses in several parts, compiled by William Billings in 1704. Possibly not from purely unselfish motives Mr. Billings laments in a foot note the niggardliness which prevents people buying a hymn book of their own instead of depending on the clerk or deacon to read to them line by line. He plainly asserts that under existing conditions the deacons appear to have a monopoly of learning, and are the only people who know how to read. This last forcible imputation may not have been without effect, for Mr. Billings' book reached a number of editions. The book opens with a dialogue between master and pupil, in which Mr. Billings enlivens the dry principles of other people's invention with some anecdotes of his own. After quoting the Italian proverb, "God loves not them who love not music," he tells of a Quakeress who regarded the art as a worldly pastime. Nevertheless she allowed her two nieces to attend his singing school and came herself, as she expressed it, "to see the girls safe home." "And what is most diverting," chronicles Mr. Billings, "is that she always came an hour before school broke up, and that was, as she said, to be there in season, but her pretensions were so thin they were easily seen through, for if I am not much out of my conjectures she was as highly entertained as any of the audience. Yet," he concludes, testily, "this woman would never acknowledge that music was any gratification to her."



MISS
**DORA VALESCA
BECKER,**
THE
AMERICAN VIOLINISTE.
ADDRESS:
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NEW YORK.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlos A. De Serrano.

AMONG the first vocal teachers of this city Mr. and Mrs. Carlos A. De Serrano hold a firm place; this is borne out by results, which have been apparent to observing persons. The concert and the operatic stage is graced by numerous young artists who owe their success in a great measure to the method of these teachers. There are none more painstaking to bring out the good points of a pupil, nor are there any more successful in accomplishing the desired result; that is, of cultivating a voice to make it perfect in intonation, firm, yet elastic, a joy to the possessor of it and to those privileged to listen. The method of Mr. and Mrs. De Serrano is of special value, inasmuch as both have had extraordinary fine training in their early years, and a highly successful career on the operatic and concert stage has given them the opportunity to hear and to observe; and, noting what is best, the experience gained in this way fitted both eminently to be teachers of the young as well as of those who, already finished, require coaching for special operatic work. That the musical taste of late years is of a higher plane in this country, and that the importance of musical education is recognized more and more every progressive year, is due in a great measure to artists like Mr. and Mrs. De Serrano. They have been indefatigable in cultivating the taste for good music, and it is but natural that this field will bear fruit in season and time.

Carlos A. De Serrano was born in Mexico, where he was taught by several resident teachers; his ambition took him to Paris, where he studied under the celebrated S. Thalberg, appearing later successfully as a soloist in the Salle Erard concerts. He afterward returned to Mexico, where he became leader of a grand male chorus of 500 voices, the "Orfeon Popular." Mexico city is renowned for its love for music; the city even subsidized the Opera House to enable the directors to obtain the best artists and the best operatic works that were available. Mr. De Serrano was the leader of the Opera. He also organized a concert company for a grand tour, with the co-operation of Mrs. De Serrano, who was married to him at that time. This lady also had up to that time a career resplendent with ovations.

Mrs. De Serrano was born in Vienna, the capital of the Austrian Empire, noted for its gaiety, its love for all the arts, and especially for music. Under such influences a child, if at all receptive, cannot fail to profit by the character of the surroundings. With the subject of this sketch the love for music was innate, and when only seven years of age she was placed with Professor Simm, of the Conservatory of Prague. As she advanced in years and degrees of efficiency it became necessary to change the instructor, and under Lewy Richard, the best teacher in Vienna, she pursued her studies. Later she went to Italy to perfect her-

have made hosts of friends. They are esteemed by all who come in contact with them. Their flat and studio at 323 East Fourteenth street are furnished with taste, and so is their summer residence at Sherman Park, where they keep open house for their friends during the heated term. Both Mr. and Mrs. De Serrano have now returned to the city to receive their pupils.

Mr. and Mrs. Serrano have begun their winter season auspiciously. Not for a day during the entire summer were these popular instructors idle, and it is certainly to their credit that their pupils have had an opportunity to go on uninterruptedly toward their musical careers. Certainly



the Serranos have pupils who are earnest and have the voices and the capacity to make a stir in the musical world whenever their teachers give their consent to have them make their debut. A new departure will be, this season, Mr. and Mrs. Serrano's ensemble class. This is really an operatic class, where the aspiring young artist may learn to sing grand opera in the most approved and effective style, and where every part in a given opera is fully cast with other pupils. The class as already formed will embrace two very promising light sopranos, two dramatic sopranos, two contraltos, three tenors, two baritones and three basses. These are all pupils who have studied with the Serranos for a number of years. These classes are, however, open to singers who wish to perfect themselves in this line and want to be taught the art of ensemble singing.

Paganini and Liszt.

WE notice in the curious souvenirs of a dilettante published by the "Temps," under the signature of Charles Rollinat, a strange story. It is a recital of the execution of the sonata in F major of Beethoven by two mysterious artists; the one, quite young, is a pianist of genius; the other, thin and spare, of angular features, sombre and worn out with age, plays the violin.

We shall see what a sonata can effect under the manipulation of these great artists.

The piano commences. The young artist plays the sublime work with that passionate enthusiasm which characterized his talent. He educed out of a hymn, a prayer, a sursum corda borne on the wings of faith, hope and love. These broad and long drawn out chords resemble the sounds of the organ swelling through the silence of a cathedral over the heads of the faithful, kneeling worshipers. The effect was general and profound.

The violin afterward repeated exactly the same theme. The first passage, "fa, mi, mi," struck out by the powerful tone of the unknown, pierced the audience as with an electric thrill and forced from all parts a cry of stupefaction. Three sounds had sufficed to annihilate the fame of all previous violinists.

But the stupefaction was followed by fear as the artist developed his haughty inner thought, and when to the phenomenal power of the sounds was superadded a corroding expression of revolt and impiety, it was a contemptuous defiance thrown to the piano. To the religious aspirations of the latter, the violin replied with brutal jests, and answered its prayers with blasphemies. Then commenced a terrible struggle between the two instruments, a dialogue sufficient to cause the angels to shudder.

"Grace and pardon," sighed the Piano.

"Hatred and violence," growled the Violin.

"Believe in God."

"I believe in self."

"Hope in Jesus Christ."

"I hope in death."

"Brother," said the Piano, in supplicating tones, "wherefore this ferocious despair? Why doubt the good-

ness of God? If thou art unhappy, let us pray together; let us weep together, and thou shalt be consoled. Whence can this cruel hatred arise that removes thee so far from me? Are we not children of the same Father Who is in Heaven? How canst thou blaspheme the Creator, Who has given thee with thy life a spirit to know Him and a heart to love Him?"

"I recognize thee," growled the Violin, "thou cringing voice of Abel, thou indolent shepherd and favorite of Jehovah. Thy nature is always to cringe before the observer, whoever he may be. Thou art the eternal sneak, as I shall always be rebel? / shed tears of repentance! Rather should I be nailed to a tower as Prometheus, my father, than utter a cowardly prayer."

A shudder of horror issued from the piano, and the struggle was renewed with more intense energy. A frightful struggle, as if between Heaven and hell, between an angel and a demon. The angel was defeated. Suddenly there appeared on the contracted face of the young man a new expression of pride and impiety, while that of the dark unknown flashed with a smile of triumph. The lightning bow swept the chords with a flourish of savage joy. The eyes of the two artists flashed rays of light, one blue and the other black, and the pianist and the violinist, like two rebellious spirits, began to blaspheme in concert and to cast furious defiance toward Heaven.

At that moment a violent blast drove in the second window with force. The curtains, torn from their settings, floated like white wings over the heads of the virtuosi. The piano and violin still continued to play. Vivid flashes lightened the dark outline of the violinist, showing his cadaverous features and his long fingers, like snakes running over the strings, and the ghastly paleness of the young man, his fair hair erect with fear, his eyes fixed and glaring.

The piano and violin still played. A clap of thunder, deep and prolonged, shook the hall and was followed by a heavy shower of rain and rattling hail of such size that it shivered all the glass in the windows. The piano and violin played the finale of the sonata with fury.

At the last bar, when several chords broke, the exhausted young man ceased and fainted at his seat.

During the time that some were proceeding to his assistance, the mysterious virtuoso had disappeared.

The younger of the two artists—he who had fainted—was Franz Liszt, the other was the great Paganini.—Translated from "Le Bien Publique" for the "St. John Telegraph."

Henry Heyman.—Henry Heyman, the Californian violinist, was in the city last week for a few days. He spent his vacation in Germany, France and Belgium, and in Liège was on the jury with M. Ovide Musin for the violin classes at the Conservatory. Mr. Heyman returned to San Francisco last week.

Bulow on Bach.—Von Bülow on Bach: "If all the masterpieces of musical composition were to be lost and only the 'Wohltemperirte Klavier' to remain, it would be possible to reconstruct from it the whole of our musical literature. Bach's work is the Old Testament. Beethoven's the New; in both must we have perfect faith."

A Good Fiddle Story.—About two years before his death (1884) the late Charles Reade, who was great on the subject of old violins, published the following anecdote:

There was a certain precious violoncello at Madrid. It was a genuine Stradivarius. The local maker, one Ortega, had put in a new belly and sold it, keeping the old belly in his shop. M. Chanot, "the best judge of violins left, now Tarisio is gone," lighted upon the old belly and bought it. Tarisio then discovered it and pestered Chanot till he sold it for 1,000 frs., and told him where the remainder of the fiddle was to be found. The owner was persuaded to part with it for 4,000 frs., and Tarisio sailed exultant for Paris with the Spanish bass in a case. He never let it out of his sight. The pair were caught in a storm in the Bay of Biscay. The ship rolled; Tarisio clasped his bass tight and trembled. It was a terrible gale, and for one whole day they were in real danger. Tarisio spoke of it to me with a shudder. I will give you his real words, for they struck me at the time and I have often thought of them since: "Ah, my poor Mr. Reade, the bass of Spain was all but lost."

Was not this a true connoisseur—a genuine enthusiast? Observe. There was also an ephemeral insect called Luigi Tarisio, who would have gone down with the bass, but that made no impression on his mind. De minimis non curat Ludovicus. He got it safe to Paris. A certain high priest in these mysteries, called Vuillaume, with the help of a sacred vessel, called a glue pot, soon rewelded the back and sides to the belly, and the bass, being now just what it was when the ruffian Ortega put his finger in the pie, was sold for 20,000 frs. (800). I saw the Spanish bass in Paris twenty-one years ago, and you can see it any day this month you like, for it is the identical violoncello now on show at Kensington, numbered 188. Who would divine its separate adventures, to see it all reposing so calm and so uniform in that case?—Exchange.

MISS MARY H. BURNHAM'S Music School, 106 East Seventy-fourth street, for resident and visiting pupils, reopens October 15.



self for opera, and the famous Pasquale Bona took her in his care. When she felt herself ready to make an operatic debut with credit to her teacher and to herself she accepted an engagement for a tour in Russia, appearing with greatest success as "Marguerite" in Gounod's "Faust" at Kiew, and subsequently at Moscow, St. Petersburg and Odessa.

Returning to Italy she sang at Milan and in every large city of the kingdom. It was a succession of triumphs. A splendid engagement made her cross the Atlantic Ocean to South and Central America, where she also sang to delighted thousands in the principal cities. At Bogota, the capital of the Republic of Colombia, she resided for some time, having founded the Conservatory of St. Cecilia. It was about that time that her marriage occurred, and both Mr. and Mrs. De Serrano concluded to come to New York. During the ten years that they have been among us they



SYRACUSE.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., September 18, 1894.

NEARLY all the members of the musical profession are back from their summer outings, ready for the activities of the approaching season. Professor Kuenglen returns from Europe in a short time, and will resume rehearsals with the Symphony Society. The local chorus conductors promise us the usual amount of music of this kind. Comic opera will again assert its sway, and at an early date at that.

Two young ladies of this city have joined the ranks of the operatic profession; Miss Norma Kopp with the "Wang" company, and Miss Clara Aline Jewell with the Bostonians. Both are contraltos and singers of whom much can reasonably be expected. Miss Jewell's position in a choir in Utica was taken by Miss Gertrude Thompson, of this city, while Miss Kopp's place in the same capacity here is filled by Miss Florence Colton. With the exception of Miss Kopp these young ladies are pupils of Mr. Tom Ward.

Manager Hennessy, of the Bastable Theatre, tells me he has a number of fine attractions booked for the season. The Bostonians will appear at this house the 28th and 29th of this month. Anton Seidl comes later in the season.

A concert company consisting of Mr. Arthur Eltinge, pianist; Mr. Morrell, violinist; Miss Emily Alvord, elocutionist, and Mr. Franklyn Wallace, vocalist, gave a concert in the rooms of the Melpomene Club, September 11. They were well received, and have the best wishes of your correspondent, being exceptionally talented young people, capable of giving a very pleasing entertainment.

Mr. George A. Roff, director of music in Park Presbyterian Church, has returned from a pleasant hunting trip in Montana. He will shine in local productions of comic opera this season. The Crouse College of Music and Fine Arts has adopted the Virgil Practice Clavier, and ordered quite a number of the instruments for pupils' use—a step in the right direction. Professor Parker spent some weeks in New York this summer studying at the Virgil Institute.

I came across a charming song the other day, "A Maiden's Heart," words and music by Mr. Harold S. Daniels, of the Syracuse "Herald." It is a dainty little encore piece, and has but to be heard to be liked.

HENRY W. DAVIS.

KANSAS CITY.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., September 7.

LAST Tuesday evening marked an epoch in Kansas City's musical history, when the Kronberg Conservatory of Music was formally opened and the musical season was auspiciously begun by a piano recital given by Mr. Rudolph King, the celebrated pianist, recently arrived from Vienna.

This western country has long needed a first-class conservatory, and Mr. Kronberg has appreciated that need and has admirably met it in establishing the Kronberg Conservatory of Music. It is to be hoped his endeavor will meet with the encouragement it most certainly deserves.

Mr. Kronberg has been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. King, who is an excellent artist and teacher, as the head of the piano department.

At his recital Mr. King made an immediate and lasting success by means of his artistic and brilliant playing, and was enthusiastically received. His methods and style are somewhat different from ordinary Kansas City ones; he has no tendency to confound "pounding" with "playing"—and he will be a refining element among Kansas City musicians. He has already made many friends by his modest and unassuming demeanor, and his delightful manners and undoubted talent will secure for him admirers wherever he goes.

Mr. and Mrs. Kronberg were the assisting artists, and again demonstrated the fact that real artistic singing is always appreciated. Mrs. Kronberg sang Wagner's "Dreams" most beautifully, and Tchaikowsky's "Sehnsucht" was given an artistic interpretation by Mr. Kronberg.

Mr. Carl Busch, the composer, has just arrived from Europe, after a two months' sojourn in Germany and England.

An open air performance of "H. M. S. Pinafore" was recently given at Washington Park by an amateur company of resident singers. The only professional artist in the combination was Mr. Holt, under whose direction and management the opera was given. As "Dick Deadeye," Mr. Holt pleased his friends doubly, as an admirable actor, which he most certainly is, and because he didn't sing half so badly as he was expected to sing. The part was later taken by Mr. Hanrahan, who played it acceptably. As a whole the performance had little merit, the singing and acting being almost equally bad.

Much had been expected of Mrs. Georgia Powers-Carhart, who has been devoting her entire time for the last three years to the study of music in New York, but that expectation was hardly realized.

Mrs. Carhart has a very fine contralto voice on which to build, but her training has rather repressed than developed it, which is a severe disappointment to her friends here. Her forte will be the concert and not the operatic stage, to judge from her acting as "Buttercup." Mr. Merrihew stands out among the amateurs in acting—a delightful exception. He made a most pompous,

self-satisfied, dictatorial "Sir Joseph," and looked the part to perfection. The "Josephine" was a light-voiced soprano from Chicago, and the part of "Hebe" was prettily taken by Miss Celia Quinn, a former Kansas City girl.

J. F.

MONTREAL.

MONTREAL, September 21, 1894.

OUR musical season has begun, and I believe that we are going to have a much better one than last year.

The Hinrichs Grand Opera Company opened a week's engagement at the Academy of Music, beginning Monday evening last, with "Il Trovatore;" Tuesday, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci;" Wednesday, "Mignon;" Thursday, "Rigoletto;" to-night, "Aida;" to-morrow matinée, "Martha," and evening, "Bohemian Girl."

The company is a strong one, and some of the performances were most satisfactory. Fair attendance at each performance.

The Théâtre Français opened their season October 2. The company has just arrived from France and will commence to rehearse shortly. Mr. Hardy, manager of the theatre, has informed me that the company is the same as last year, with the exception of a few new members. The following is the repertoire:

"Ali Baba," of Lecoq; "Madame L'Archiduc," "Barbe Bleue," "Les Brigands," "La Belle Hélène" and "Orphée aux Enfers," of Offenbach; "Cousin et Cousine," of Serpette; "La Fille à Paillasse," of Louis Varney; "Le Petit Fauser," of Hervé; "Rip Rip," of Planquette; "Madame Boniface," of Lacombe; "La Cigale et la Fourmi" and "Les Noces d'Olivette," of Audran, and "Fatinitza," of Suppé.

The reproductions include "Mamzelle Nitouche," "Boccace," "Grand Mogul," "Cloches de Corneville," "Fille du Tambour Major," "Mousquetaires" and "Mascotte."

Mr. Chas. Harris, local manager, has returned from Europe and announces the following artists to appear here this season under his and Mr. Vert's management:

Lawrence Kellie, who will probably be accompanied by Mons. Gillet, soloist upon the 'cello; also Joseph Hallman. These entrepreneurs will give a series of grand concerts with Madame Antoinette Sterling, ballad singer. Also Signor Poli and Ben Davies. Mr. Watkin Mills, the bass, who will sing for several of the philharmonic societies in the United States during December, doubtless may appear with some of the Canadian societies.

Madame Antoinette Trebelli also comes over again. Mr. Harris likewise says that Madame Albani has accepted their offer of a farewell tour in Canada.

Mr. G. Couture, as I have already mentioned in THE MUSICAL COURIER some time ago, has his Symphony Orchestra completed and will commence private rehearsals next month.

Mr. Jules Hone is composing a comic opera in three acts, libretto by Captain Forsyth, which will be completed in time for this season, to be produced at the Théâtre Français. Both local.

BUFFALO.

BUFFALO, N. Y., September 30, 1894.

THREE men have the eyes of all musical Buffalo on them just now. They are Mr. John Lund, the conductor of the Orpheus and Symphony concerts; Mr. Louis Coerne, of Boston, the newly chosen conductor of both the Liedertafel and Vocal societies, and Mr. Joseph Mischka, who has resigned the conductorship of the last named societies in order to devote special attention to supervision of music teaching in the public schools.

Mr. Lund has for half a dozen years led the Orpheus, that noble band of German-American singers, to success, notably at the great Cleveland Saengerfest of 1888 and the yet greater Fest in New York last June, when the Orpheus came back with a prize of the first class. In October of this year the quarter centennial of this society is to be celebrated with feast and frolic and song, and for this three days' Fest extensive preparations are making. A banquet for 700 people, excursion along the grand gorge of Niagara to Lewiston, festivities at the Falls proper, and the celebration concert, in which orchestra, Orpheus (seventy-five singers) and soloists, Miss Gertrude Stein and Mr. George Ferguson, will participate.

Mr. Louis Coerne comes with introductory letters from Messrs. B. J. Lang, of Boston, and Theodore Thomas, of Chicago, and as conductor-elect of the best mixed chorus this city has—the Vocal Society—as well as of the old and honored Liedertafel, he has at once jumped into prominence. Now how shall we pronounce your name, dear Mr. Coerne? I have heard it thus: Corn, Co-earn, Curn, Curney and Co-earn.

Mr. Joseph Mischka has the elementary musical education of some 50,000 children in his charge—a great and grand opportunity. With Mr. Charles P. Hager and Miss Mary M. Howard he proposes to instruct the teachers in the grammar schools, and so bring into system the matter of singing in our public schools. Here is both method and sense, both of which have been sadly lacking in this department in the past.

Miss Inez Mecusker and her company held forth here at the Academy recently in the operatic comedy called "The Prima Donna." The lady is well known here from past associations, and both her friends and the general public gave her a hearty reception. "Tuff Hughey Dougherty" was one of the special features, and Mr. Thomas D. Van Osten is business manager.

Mr. Wm. J. Sheehan, of New York, has returned thence after a very successful season here, during which time he gave four song recitals and lessons innumerable, as well as singing in various churches and concerts. Mr. Sheehan's annual visits here are much enjoyed by his many friends.

Mrs. Gertrude Sears-Ives, with her sister, Miss Florence Sears, have been here off and on lately, but have now departed for Paris, to resume vocal study with Marchesi.

Mr. John M. Barnes, Mr. Angelo M. Read, Mr. James Unno, Mr. G. Hudson Bidwell and Mr. Gustavus Hall have all located here. The towns around Darien, Genesee County, have a musical as-

sociation which meets monthly all the year round for their "sing." I had the pleasure of attending and contributing a bit at the last meeting, which was conducted by Mr. Simons. The president is Mr. Whiting, a man well along in years, but an ardent music lover, lending a hand with his fiddle.

At the local church (M. E.), where Rev. Mr. Pasko preaches, I was glad to see that gentleman aid the choir with his ministerial and full toned bass, passing from there to the pulpit and preaching a bright and interesting sermon on temperance one hour and three minutes long.

The Mr. Lautz who died much honored and mourned was J. Adam Lautz, president of the "Orpheus," and brother of Mr. F. C. M., of our Symphony concerts.

The appended little article on "Instruction in Music" is so much to the point that I quote it. Rev. A. S. Coats, the pastor of the First Baptist (formerly Washington street) Church, is the author. He hits the nail on the head in all things:

"Some people can sing and won't sing. They should be made to sing; but how this can be done remains as yet undiscovered. Some people think they can sing and can't sing. Their mouths should be stopped; but we have yet to meet the man who can do it. Some people can sing, but have never discovered that fact. They will only discover it as they put themselves under competent musical instruction, which will bring into active exercise their undeveloped talent. The great majority of mankind belong to this latter class. The ability to sing is one of the most delightful accomplishments that a young man or a young woman can possess. It yields to themselves and to others the highest gratification. The Christian Church during all its history has done more in the way of encouraging the art of song than all other agencies combined. Public worship without singing would be like the play of 'Hamlet' with 'Hamlet' left out. The First Baptist Church has entered upon an entirely new and elaborate scheme in the line of music. We may call it the 'Rotary Choir System,' or the 'Multiple Choir System.' In this scheme no one set of singers is asked to do the singing of the church, for the church, or to the church, at every service. The choir at one service constitutes part of the congregation at the next, where it renders even more acceptable service than when it is before the congregation as a choir. The aim is to foster good congregational singing. This can only be done as a large number of individuals are under constant instruction and practice in singing."

Isn't this sensible? That this system will be a success is the belief of

F. W. RIESBERG.

Musical Items.

A Niece of Flotow.—Miss Louisa van Flotow, grand niece of the famous composer and herself an accomplished musician, has accepted the position of vocal and instrumental instructor at the Bishopthorpe Seminary, at Beth-lehem, Pa.

Leonard Liebling.—Mr. Leonard Liebling recently gave his first recital at the Utica Conservatory with much success, as the following from a local exchange will show:

Following the lecture came a recital by Leonard Liebling, the new professor of piano at the Conservatory. Liebling is young in years, but he is a mature musician. His appearance is decidedly that of a foreigner. His head is wreathed in a mass of wavy dark brown hair. His face bears no adornment. It is a strong face, and bespeaks a strong intelligence. The whole figure of the young man indicates strength and virility. Notwithstanding his foreign aspect Liebling is an American, having been born in New York. He comes of a family noted for musical talent. He has studied abroad, and for two years was an instructor at the Royal Conservatory in Berlin. Notwithstanding a long absence he retains thorough command of English and is an enjoyable conversationalist.

Those who came to hear his recital as skeptics went away converts to his art. He surely is entitled to be termed an artist. He plays with the confidence that only a true artist possesses. His style is masterly, brilliant. This was his program:

Sonata.....Scarlatti
Sonata, op. 31, No. 2, last movement.....Beethoven
Etude, on black keys.....Chopin
Valse, op. Posth.....Chopin
Romance.....Leonard Liebling
Octave study.....Leonard Liebling
"Love's Dream," No. 3.....Liszt
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 6.....Liszt

The audience was not slow to recognise Liebling's virtues as a pianist. Liberal applause rewarded his efforts. By request he played two additional numbers, Grieg's "Cradle Song" and a study by Rubinstein. In every number rare powers of execution and expression were displayed, while the selections of his own composition revealed creative talent of high order. Director Lombard was the recipient of many congratulations on having secured the services of so able a musician. Liebling has signed a three years' contract with Director Lombard, and he is certain to prove a most valuable acquisition to the Conservatory and to the musical circles of the city.

Berlin.—The Royal Opera House, in Berlin, has received the score of "Ratcliff." This is really Mascagni's first work; he had it laid aside when he wrote his three village operas, and represents consequently his first musical impressions. The opera, after the drama by Heine, will be given in Berlin before it will be heard in the principal Italian cities.

Strakosch.—Impresario Strakosch will make next month a concert tour through Holland and Denmark with the renowned prima donna Regina Pacini.

Darmstadt.—The Court Theatre at Darmstadt opened the season September 2 with Wagner's "Lohengrin." The production was without any cuts, and the scenic arrangements received greater care than ever before. The newly engaged tenor, Hauschild, sang the title rôle with much success.

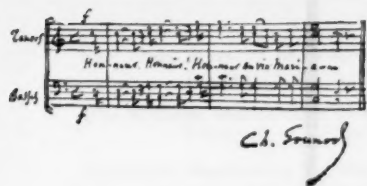
WANTED immediately a violin teacher for the Kronberg Conservatory of Music, Kansas City, Mo.

Contemporary Celebrities and Vin Mariani.

"IS life worth living?" is a question which that very gentle humorist, Mr. Punch, of London, answered by saying, "It depends upon the liver." M. Emile Zola makes quite a different reply



CHARLES GOUNOD.

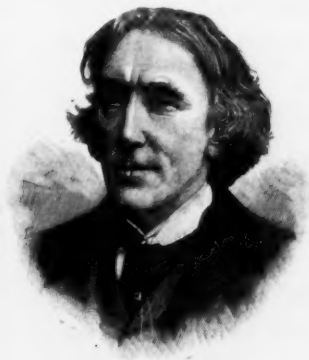


in his "Doctor Pascal." He speaks of "The Elixir of Life which combats human debility, the one real cause of every ill—a veritable scientific fountain of youth, which,



EMILE ZOLA.

in giving vigor, health and energy, would create an entirely new and superior race." Moreover, in writing to M. Mariani, the world famous inventor of that tonic



HENRY IRVING.

wine "a la Coca," he tells his compatriot that he (M. Mariani) has discovered this "Elixir of Life."

From the preacher of realism to that late preacher of the Gospel, Cardinal Lavigerie, is a far cry. But we find the Cardinal equally emphatic in his praise of this tonic

which for many years past has been recognized in this country as well as in Europe as the tonic par excellence. He wrote just before he died to M. Mariani of "Your admirable tonic, which has conferred on my 'White Fathers' the strength and courage to undertake the civilization of Asia and Africa." What strength and courage these "White Fathers" required, what strength and courage they showed, form one of the most glorious pages of the Roman Catholic Church.

Charles Fauvel, the celebrated French throat specialist, has during his lifetime attended more royal and dramatic throats than any man of his day, was so pleased with the results of his having prescribed this tonic for his patients, that he wrote to M. Mariani: "I have much pleasure in stating that I have used 'Vin Mariani' for



EMMA ALBANI-GYE.

many years and consider it a valuable stimulant and particularly serviceable in the case of vocalists."

Albani acknowledges that "Vin Mariani" has enabled her to delight the ears of her hearers for many years. Calvé considers "Vin Mariani" the most marvelous tonic stimulant she has ever used; Sarah Bernhardt, the retention of her remarkable energy; Emma Eames, her velvety notes; Capoul and the De Reszkés, the havoc they have made in the feminine heart.

Charles Gounod could find time to tear himself away from the composition of successors to the "Jewel Song" to write to M. Mariani of his "admirable wine which has so often rescued me from exhaustion." Ambroise Thomas, whose mad scene in "Hamlet" and whose



EMMA CALVÉ.

"Mignon" placed him in the first rank of modern composers, declares himself constrained by feelings of gratitude to "sing the praises of the Mariani wine." Henry Irving "has found it excellent and is well convinced of its quality," while Victorien Sardou drops his dramatic work for a time to write that "one is tempted to feel unwell and depressed in order to have the excuse for resorting to Mariani wine, so agreeable to the palate is this unfailing tonic."

The notoriety that "Vin Mariani" has gained—and we use the word notoriety in the best sense—proves its popularity. If there be one thing more than another that strikes the attention in reference to this remarkable tonic it is the unreservedly favorable reception which it

has invariably received and the enthusiasm it has called forth on the part of those who have availed themselves of its tonic and rejuvenescent properties.

Apropos of this wine, a highly interesting and artistic work, the "Album Mariana," is being published in France. When completed it will comprise no less than fourteen volumes containing upward of six hundred



DR. CHARLES FAUVEL.

etched portraits, by Adolphe Lalauze, of persons of note and distinction in the world of authors, composers, physicians, lawyers, churchmen, painters, lyric and dramatic artists, statesmen, journalists and poets who have, as if by mutual collaboration, extended appropriate words of praise for the services rendered to each individually



AMBROISE THOMAS.

for the beneficial results obtained from the use of "Vin Mariani."

To you, kind readers, who feel wearied with the worries and burdens of this life, we say "take heart!" A pamphlet has been called to our attention, dated from the New York offices of Mariani & Co., 52 West Fifteenth



SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

street, which contains a collection of seventy-five portraits and autographs of celebrities who have benefited by the use of "Vin Mariani." If you send for the pamphlet you will receive it and we accept in advance your thanks, as we know it will be interesting and appreciated.

WE present herewith to our readers an exact reproduction of the first European (International) number of THE MUSICAL COURIER, issued from London, England.

THE MUSICAL COURIER CO.,

19 Union Square, W., New York.



LONDON, ENGLAND, SEPTEMBER, 1894.

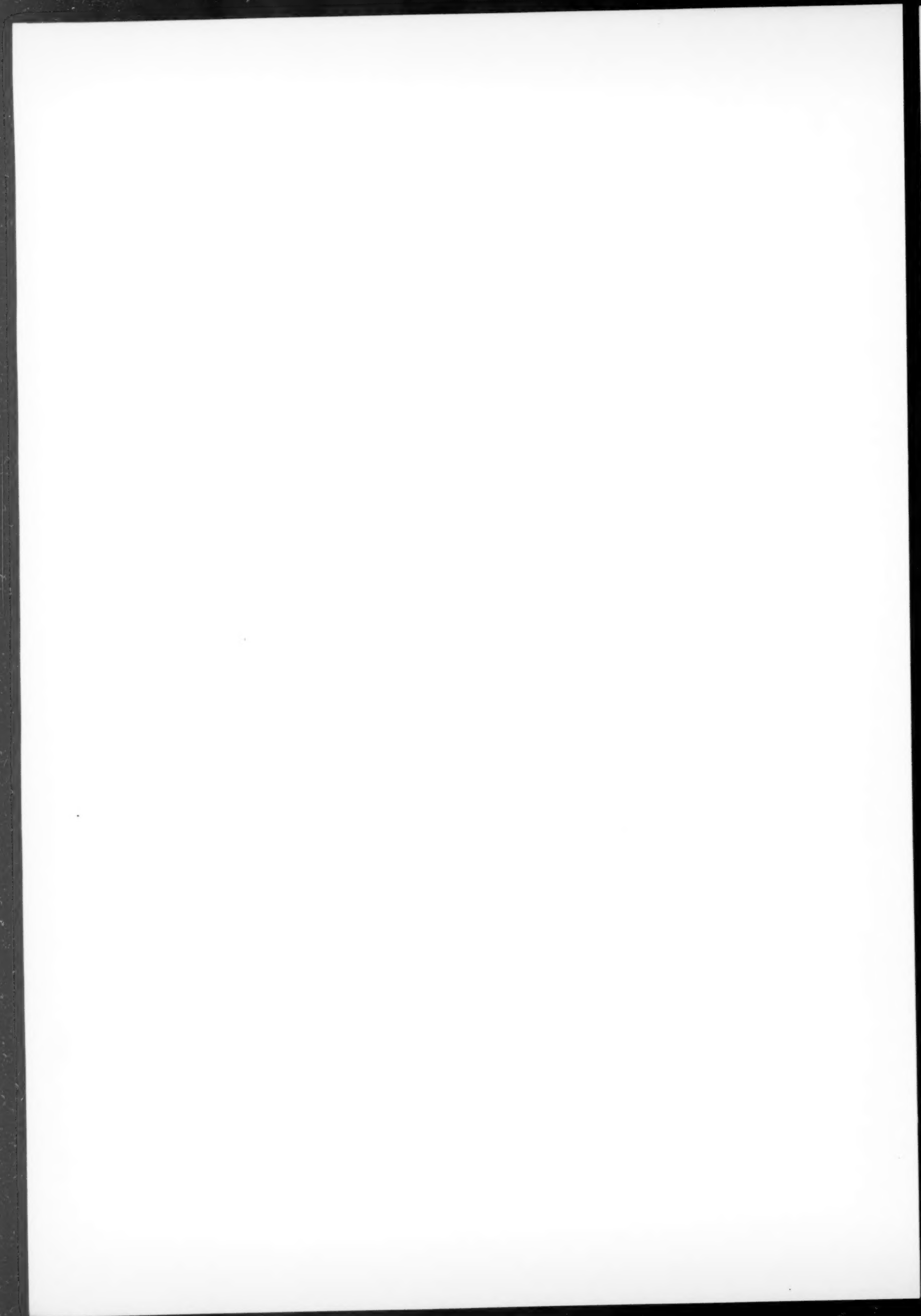
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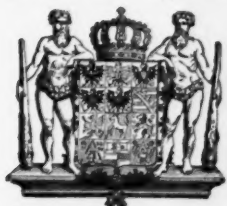
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Steinway & Sons beg to announce that by Imperial patent dated June 13, 1892,



HIS MAJESTY EMPEROR WILLIAM II. OF GERMANY

Has deigned to appoint Mr. WILLIAM STEINWAY, the head of the house of Steinway & Sons, New York, Piano Manufacturer to
THE ROYAL COURT OF PRUSSIA.

Steinway & Sons beg also to announce that by Royal warrants dated respectively May 29, June 18 and October 4, 1890, they were honored by the appointments of Piano Manufacturers to



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND,

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES

AND

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



By Patent dated Madrid, October 28, 1893, STEINWAY & SONS were appointed Piano Manufacturers to

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that the 'Pathbreaking' House of Steinway & Sons
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Signed by all the members of the jury of the division.

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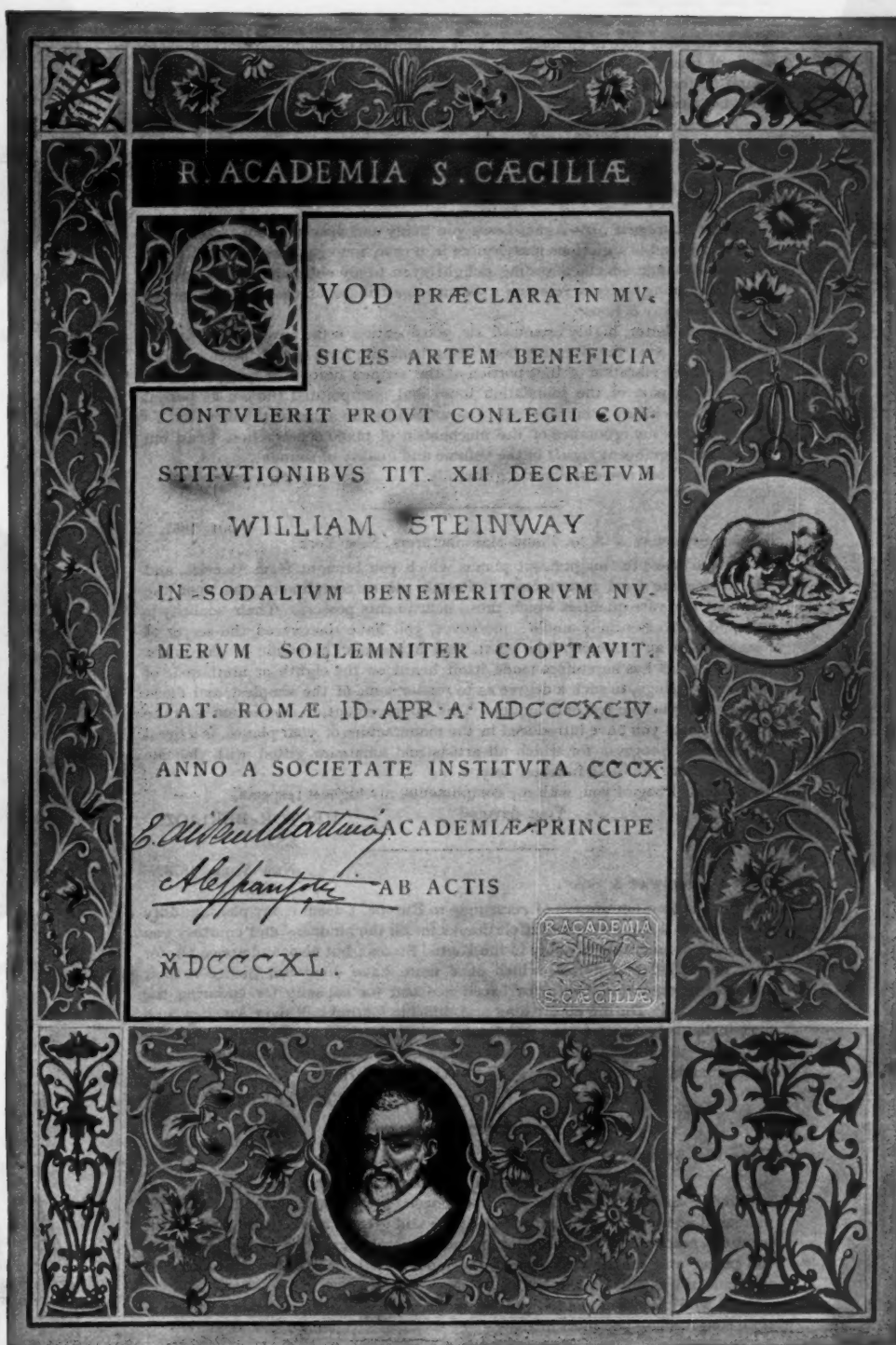
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STEINWAY & SONS

Beg to announce the election of their Mr. WILLIAM STEINWAY as an Honorary Member of the "Reale Academia di Santa Cæcilia," founded in the year 1584, by the celebrated composer,

❖ ❖ ❖ GIOVANNI PIERLUIGI DA PALESTRINA.

DIPLOMA.



(TRANSLATION.)

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ST. CÆCILIA have, on account of his eminent merit in the domain of music, and in conformity to their Statutes, Article 12, solemnly decreed to receive WILLIAM STEINWAY into the number of their honorary members. Given at Rome, April 15, 1894, and in the three hundred and tenth year from the founding of the Society.

E. DI SAN MARTINO, *President.*

ALEX. PANSOTTI, *Secretary.*

STEINWAY & SONS.

CERTIFICATES AND TESTIMONIALS.

BAYREUTH, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. STEINWAY:

* * * * * From your communication I readily perceive with what enthusiastic love you seek to attain the incorporation of the most "spirituelle" tone into the piano, which has heretofore served only as the exponent of actual musical sound. Our great tone masters, when writing the grandest of their creations for the pianoforte, seem to have had a presentiment of the ideal grand piano, as now attained by yourselves. A Beethoven Sonata, a Bach Chromatic Fantasia, can only be fully appreciated when rendered upon one of your pianofortes.

Although I do not possess the slightest dexterity in pianoforte playing, I delight in being able to do justice to your assumption of my inborn and cultivated sense of tone. For sounds of such beauty as those coming from my Steinway grand flatter and coax the most agreeable tone pictures from my harmonic melodic senses.

In a word, I find your grand piano of wondrous beauty. It is a noble work of art.

RICHARD WAGNER.

WEIMAR, 1883.

MR. STEINWAY:

Most Esteemed Sir—Again I owe you many and special thanks. The new Steinway grand is a glorious masterpiece in power, sonority, singing quality and perfect harmonic effects, affording delight even to my old, piano-weary fingers. Ever continuing success remains a beautiful attribute of the world-renowned firm of Steinway & Sons.

In your letter, highly esteemed sir, you mention some new features in the grand piano; viz., the vibrating body being bent into form out of one continuous piece, and the vibration of that portion of the strings heretofore lying dormant, being now a part of the foundation tones and incorporated therein as partial tones. Their utility is emphatically guaranteed by the name of the inventor.

Owing to my ignorance of the mechanism of piano construction, I can but praise the magnificent result in the volume and quality of sound.

Very respectfully and gratefully,

FRANZ LISZT,

PARIS, 1867.

MESSRS. STEINWAY & SONS, Piano Manufacturers, New York:

I have heard the magnificent pianos which you brought from America, and which emanate from your factory. Permit me to compliment you upon the excellent and rare qualities which these instruments possess. Their sonority is splendid and essentially noble; moreover, you have discovered the secret of lessening, to an imperceptible point, that unpleasant harmonic of the minor seventh, which has heretofore made itself heard on the eighth or ninth node of the longer strings, to such a degree as to render some of the simplest and finest chords disagreeable (cacophonique). This improvement, in connection with the various others you have introduced in the manufacture of your pianos, is a great progress—a progress for which all artists and amateurs gifted with delicate perception are infinitely indebted to you.

Accept, I beg of you, with my compliments, my highest respects,

Your devoted

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

NEW YORK, 1873.

MESSRS. STEINWAY & SONS:

Gentlemen—On the eve of returning to Europe, I deem it my pleasant duty to express to you my most heartfelt thanks for all the kindness and courtesy you have shown me during my stay in the United States; but also, and above all, for your unrivalled pianofortes, which once more have done full justice to their world-wide reputation, both for excellence and for capacity for enduring the severest trials. During all my long and difficult journeys all over America, in a very inclement season, I used and have been enabled to use your pianos exclusively in my two hundred and fifteen concerts, and also in private, with the most eminent satisfaction and effect.

Yours very truly,

ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

LONDON, 1892.

DEAR MR. STEINWAY:

* * * * * I must tell you that, although I was delighted and inspired with your pianos at my first concert, my enthusiasm and inspiration increased at my second concert, and became still greater at the third, and thus it went on *crescendo* until my final appearance, at which my joy in the grandeur, the power and the ideal beauty of the tone, and the perfection of touch and mechanism was unbounded.

All who play your pianos can but thank you. I also do so, and at the same time congratulate you most heartily.

Your very devoted,

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NORTH TARRYTOWN, N. Y., 1893.

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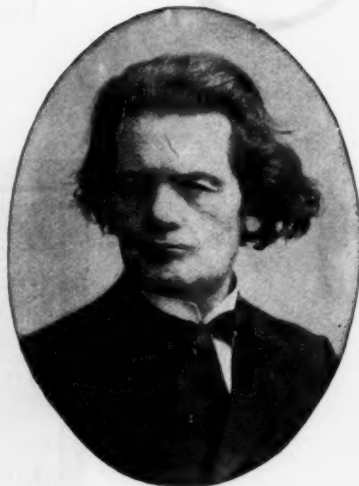
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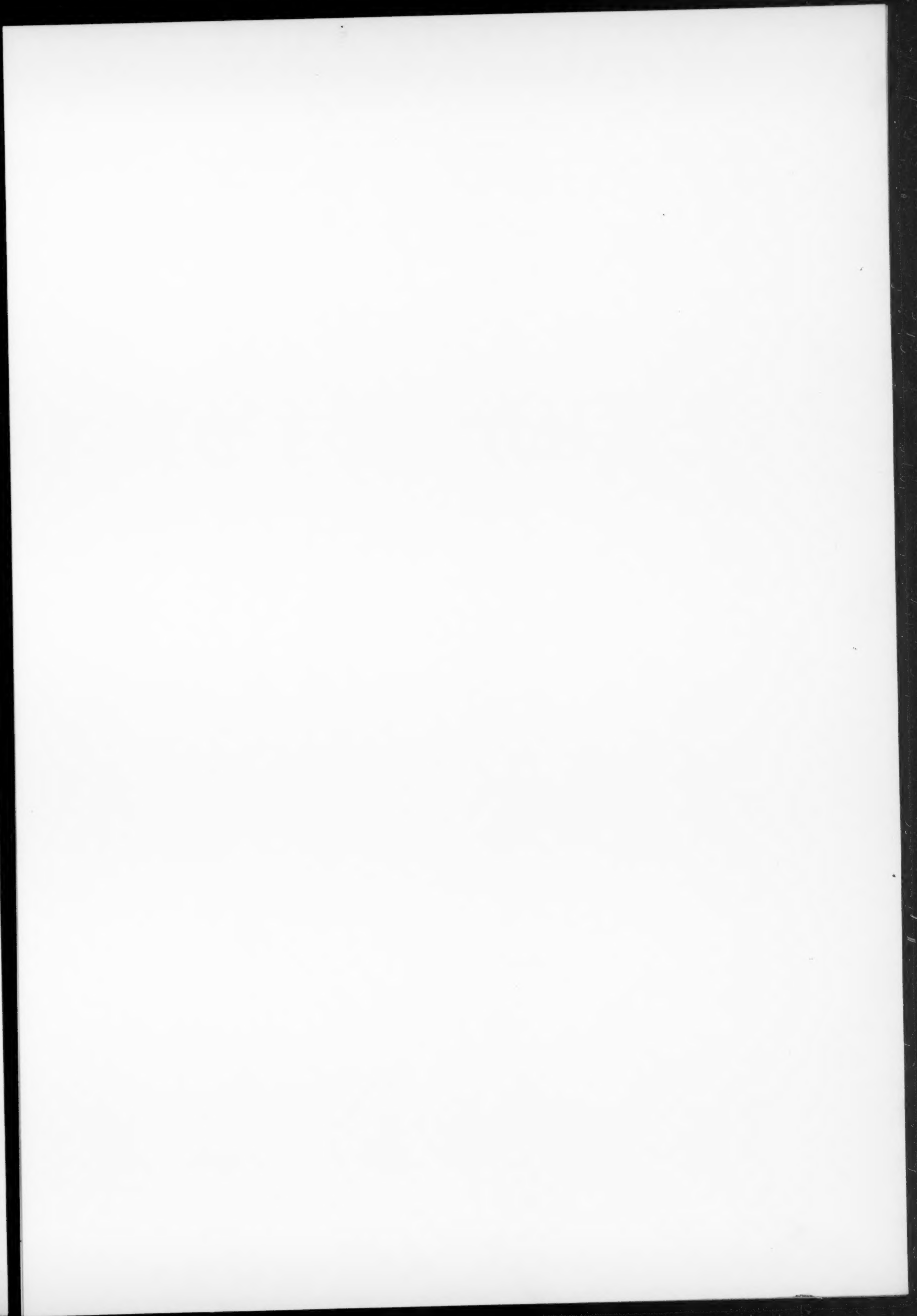
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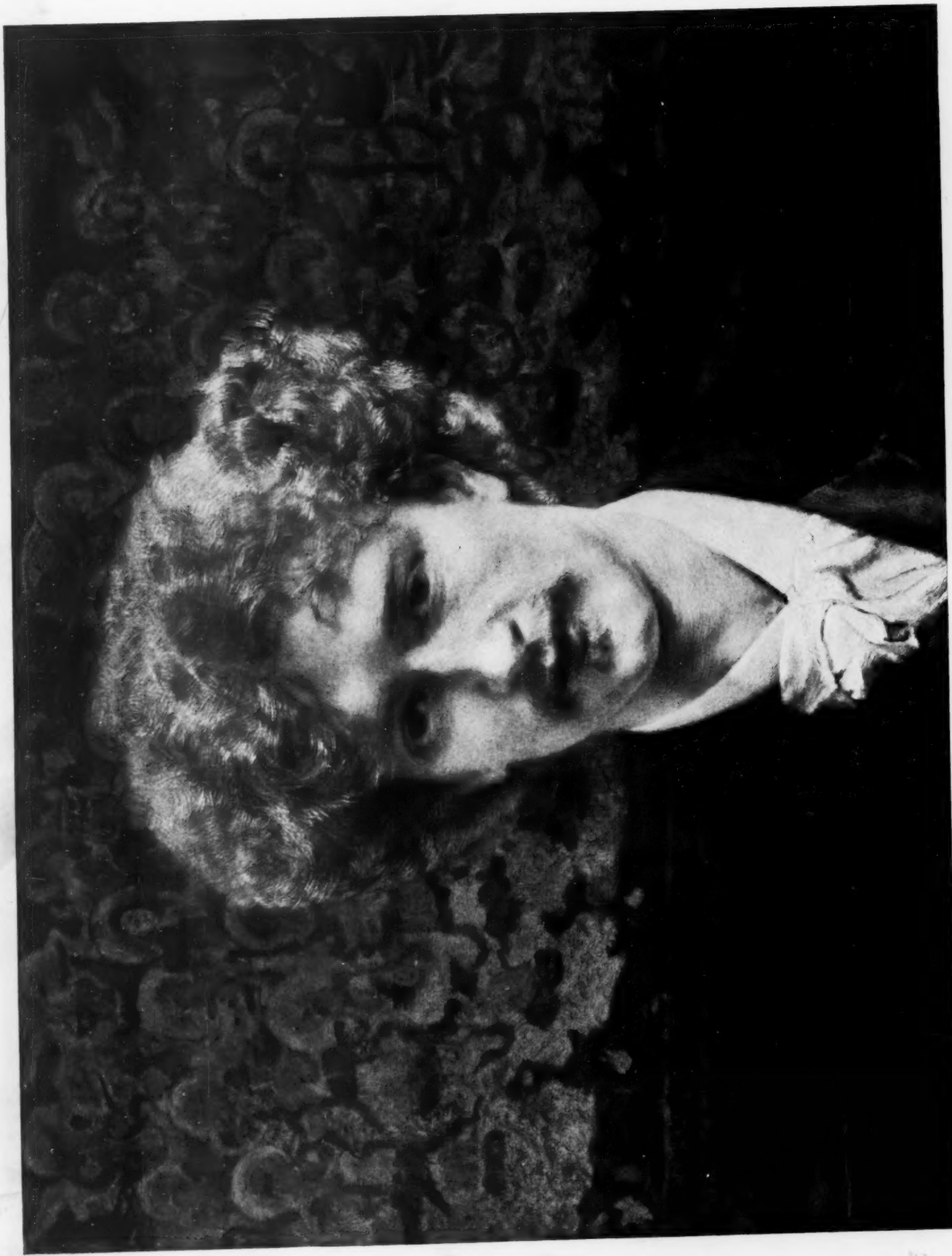
HECTOR BERLIOZ.



RAFAEL JOSEFFY.



Supplement to the European (International) Edition of The New York Musical Courier, London, England, September, 1894.



A PORTRAIT OF MR. PADEREWSKI.

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THE MUSICAL COURIER

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THIS EDITION.

THE first effort of THE MUSICAL COURIER in the direction of universal expansion has proved a most remarkable success, as seen in the character, scope and brilliancy of this, the introductory European and International Edition, the beginning of larger operations than ever in this journalistic enterprise. As is seen, the basis of the work was the city of London, although Paris, Berlin, Leipzig, Weimar and other foreign cities besides the United States have largely contributed towards perfecting the plan upon which this edition of the paper is based.

A perusal of these columns will disclose a great symposium of leading authorities in the literature and science of Music of these times participating in the creation of a magazine such as hitherto has not been published. It constitutes a mirror of contemporaneous musical thought, and it will necessarily attract the attention of the whole musical world of the present day.

Great care has been exercised in giving to this edition an opportunity to reflect the very widest range of topic; and to make it International, so far as the use of one language permitted, and hence it will be found that nearly every living musical idea is touched upon and many situations are analysed by competent authorities.

As a matter of course, no publication in music journalism ever carried within one cover such an array of famous writers on music whose views will be of lasting interest, besides furnishing the substance of many future discussions.

That the United States should be the country from which an enterprise such as this should be launched for Europe, and the world besides, must be attributed to the peculiar energy and determination of the people among whom THE MUSICAL COURIER has grown to become the greatest musical paper of the age. It is due to Western civilization and enterprise that an American journal should be the first to cross the ocean and invade the old countries to disseminate in them the best thoughts of their own minds commingled with those of our

own. The co-operation of Europe was, however, absolutely essential to make a success of this venture, which will tend to bring into still closer alliance than ever before the musical elements of the East and the West.

A full list of our European associates will be found in this edition. It is very probable that the next International Edition, which, if published at all, will appear in 1895, will be printed in a language other than the English.

Ignace Jan Paderewski.



HIS, then, was the situation. The young Polish artist had arrived in London almost unknown. To the inner circle a ripple of gossip languidly came from Paris. An unknown one had played at Munkacz's, having been

brought there under the fostering wing of Comtesse Brancovan. It was a night of illy suppressed anxieties and smothering triumphs. The young man with the curiously coloured mane of hair bore his honours easily. The habit of enormous self-criticism was not easily dispelled, and Paderewski resolved to conquer both continents. He has done it.

After laying musical London captive under his spell he hurried to America, and in the face of studied, even determined indifference this youthful Cæsar conquered us off-hand and set Gotham agog. Let it be premised at once that in his treatment of the usually unresponsive instrument of wood and wires Paderewski is unique; his touch is peculiarly original; his treatment of hackneyed passage work is so distinctive as to spiritualize the most mechanical feature in piano-playing. Most pianists keenly differentiate their passage and their cantabile playing.

Even those artistes who possess a beautiful singing touch become automaton-like the instant involved figure work is to be played. They may sing their song, but arpeggios, double note scales, octaves are given crisply, distinctly, but as something not integral with the composition; in a word, technique becomes master, and the pianist a slave to finger-velocity. Not so with Paderewski; with the same accuracy, deftness, endurance, clarity he sings, always sings. His scale shimmers golden along the key-board, but it sings ever.

In the most rapid flights one never misses the sense of foundation, of legato. He is the most lyrical artist, in the true sense of the word, of his generation. He draws from the piano a pure, prolonged volume of tone, which he moulds sculptor-wise into the loveliest of images—for Paderewski is one of those artists to whom the beautiful is concrete, a thing to be felt and heard, and all ugliness abhorrent. One never could fancy this young poet being in sympathy with certain moods of Brahms and Tschaiowsky—moods in which the ugly truths of life are half revealed; harsh, crackling moods of doubt and unfaith.

The bitterness of sorrow in Paderewski's music is mutely veiled; agony there is, but it is transfigured, translated into terms of beauty. Paderewski feels deeply, and his hearers feel with him; but his feeling is suave, serene; even his brilliancy is never metallic or unlovely. The playing, then, of this man is eagerly listened to, simply because he soothes, softens, makes sweet even adversity. The great heart in his bosom is for humanity. Ah, there is the word—he is human; it is a human being, not a clanking, technical machine, that sits at the piano.

This is the secret of his sway over the multitude, not his marvellous facility, nor yet his golden halo. He plays on one's nerve-pulp; his melodic fingers are unerring in their diagnosis of the most recondite feelings. He is the artist of sentiment, the ex-

plorer of the human soul—the feminine soul—a very Paul Bourget of the ivories. This over-soul, as Emerson would say, this excessive sensibility, leads him at times to ever accentuate, his "qualité." He has, like all beings under the moon, the vices of his virtues; but, then, what colossal virtue!

Paderewski's dynamics are unparalleled. He not only commands every grade of tonal color, but uses the whole so judiciously as to generate the theory that, perhaps, as a painter he would have been as great as a pianist.

Why Rubinstein is spoken of in conjunction with Paderewski's name one does not quite understand; possibly because so few of his critics have heard Liszt in his prime. Rubinstein was an old bear, an ursine genius, whose growl could be heard above the crash of the orchestra, but who ruthlessly murdered the notes of the composition he was playing, and whose nature was so unbending that all that came within his grasp he hopelessly crushed by his individuality. The protean versatility of Franz Liszt he never had, nor that master's delicacy or even accuracy of technique; but he was a living volcano who belched forth sparks and smoke, whose discharge of musical lava was overwhelming, and whose roar made the earth tremble. He was elemental and defied criticism.

But Paderewski is as Liszt was—individual, poetic, a being of uncontrollable caprices, extravagances, fire, flame and fury and steel wrists, but cast in a mould of highly wrought delicacy such as Cellini would have modelled. Between Liszt and this young Pole there are many points of contact. Not the senile Liszt of latter days at Weimar, who mumbled his musical phrases, gave indiscriminate praise to all who essayed his music, and who is the creator of the most dreadful pianistic nuisance of this century—the Liszt pupil—but the Franz Liszt of 1835, the elegant, the polished man of the world, the earnest and original thinker, the dazzling virtuoso and the thunder of the key-board, before whose utterances Thalberg's pale, genteel arabesques fled affrighted.

We most firmly decline to make other comparisons, particularly those with contemporaneous piano artistes, for they are specialists, who excel in various departments of their art; nor need this be construed into an assertion that Paderewski is a universal genius, to whom all masters are as child's play. Paderewski is but human, consequently, he had his limitations. He cannot play Beethoven as does Rubinstein, nor yet Schumann, as he does the lovely, fragrant melodies of Chopin. The man, critic or fool, who believes that such a pianist ever existed or ever will exist will believe anything. As well assert that Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Wagner, Brahms and Liszt are rolled up in one personality—for such a miracle of multiple individuality would have to transpire before any one pianist could interpret well the works of those composers.

This slender being, Paderewski, with the diffident walk, sweetly grave expression, plays like a man possessed of twenty devils, and then again like an æolian harp whose strings are blown upon by celestial melodies. His touch is so original, so languidly tired in Chopin nocturnes, so fiercely powerful in Lisztian rhapsodies and velvet and golden in broad cantilena, that one must hold his tongue, else the superlative would enter his speech, as did the seven into the obsessed soul written of in the Scriptures.

His hands are a study in Delsartean decomposition; he deitalizes his muscles so that the channel 'twixt brain and fingers is utterly unimpeded, and his playing is the best object lesson in the world. Clangorous harshness, square-cut touch and rigid style are absent in his play, the limpidity and purity of which are phenomenal. His movements are unaffected, his pose, the perfection of grace, and his octaves and double notes, marvellous in their rapid clarity and infinitesimal tonal gradations.

To describe his playing, shot through with colours so glowing, would take the pigments of Makart's palette to do it justice—for to interpret Paderewski on paper one must be a Paderewski among critics.

His music is charged with tints the most subtle and varying; his shading, never fantastic or extravagant, is diverse and poetic. His curving arpeggios are like the flight of some strange bird across a sheet of water that mirrors it in its calm depths. Then the abandon and rush, which are so infectious that one's soul trembles with giddiness as it is whirled

over tonal precipices or is shot up into the azure so far that vertigo seizes it.

The butterfly caprice of Chopin étude, with its eloquent uplifting of the hands, contrasted with the staccato utterances merging into a trip-hammer blow of the Rubinstein étude, are they not all evidences of Paderewski's transcendental abilities? His fervour and intellectual enthusiasm, always resting securely on a basis of rhythmical repose, are alike admirable, and one will never forget the Rubinstein D minor concerto so long as memory is vouchsafed.

The singular thing about Paderewski was his sudden bursting on the London world in the spring of 1890 unheralded and accomplishing such a complete victory over the phlegm and cynical indifference of the British public and British critics alike. Where had he studied; under what great master had that grand style of his been perfected? were the questions propounded by the curious. The only great master Paderewski ever had was himself, for though he enjoyed some tentative studies under Leschetizsky, the husband of Annette Essipoff, his principal work was done privately, his extraordinary musical gifts and enormous powers of application sufficed for the rest. And we all know now what that "rest" means, for Paderewski as a pianist has few equals and fewer superiors, in point of strict truth, as an all-round musician; to use a crude phrase, he has no superior, for where, combined with such a marvellous technical equipment and spiritual style, can be found such an ardent temperament and such profound musicianship as Paderewski's?

Technically the young Pole surpasses Rubinstein even when Rubinstein was in his prime—for it must not be forgotten that the standard of technical excellence has moved a notch or two upwards since the hirsute Muscovite giant of the key-board was among us in 1873. As to Paderewski's future as a composer, that can only be guessed at. He has imaginative gifts, a power of selection and discrimination, seldom attained by Rubinstein, who is prolixity itself, and great technical resources, when writing for the orchestra.

He has composed an orchestral suite, a violin concerto and many songs and—*cela va sans dire*—piano pieces; but it is hazardous to predicate great things of a man before he is under the sod a generation. At present Paderewski stands for much that is poetic, fresh and bubbling in ideas—a unique individuality in music, a very wonderful piano virtuoso and a modest, amiable fellow to boot.

He was something so entirely new, both in style and artistic demeanour, that the public didn't just know how to take him at first.

It was not alone the supreme polish of the technical work, nor yet the supreme ease of the performer, but rather the penetrating and pure musical nature he revealed and the lofty, artistic purpose of his work.

He was not to be swerved from his ideal by the very natural desire to make a hit on the night of his début, but played in a straightforward, artistic fashion the measures allotted him—and then all knew a great one was in their midst.

Paderewski possesses one quality of which few of his pianistic rivals have the faintest notion. He has a big heart, and it shows in his work, as does his big brain. It penetrates all he does and makes his playing thoroughly human, a quality sadly lacking in most piano-players' art.

To tell the truth frankly there is much humbug in this talk about pianists and piano-playing generally. Too much stress is laid on mere finger-agility, or a large memory, or an adherence to mummified traditions, dubbed classical readings. This goes on season after season until the music critic and the public alike get a fit of musical colic and vow to stay away from dry-as-dust piano recitals; and then a Paderewski comes along with his wonderfully human playing refined style and wondrous technique—a technique never, brutal, but ever musical—and we all forget that yesterday we vowed that piano-playing was a nuisance and a bore, and rush to hear its newest exponent.

As to his original compositions. The Paderewski concerto, which was new to us, is a beautiful piece of writing, full of ideas, flavoured perhaps by some modern composers, but in the main fresh and sparkling, and treated in the most musicianly manner. Here the musicianship of the composer surprises us, for there is every evidence of profound knowledge of

harmony, part writing, instrumentation, and all expressed in the most naïve fashion, and with an utter absence of striving for effect.

Mr. Paderewski writes for his instrument as he plays upon it—superbly; he always gives one new passage work, harmonic surprises, and his orchestration is delightful in colouring and piquancy. As a composer alone he could stand comparison with many more celebrated names than his own. The second movement, a little spun out, has many abrupt harmonic transitions, and is replete with fine, cunning and subtle workmanship. In it the pianist showed his lovely cantilena-touch—a touch that is golden in quality. He plays a melody with an unapproachable legato, and the crispness of his staccato is ever admirable.

Paderewski returns to New York next winter and will play December 27 at the Metropolitan Opera House. He will give us his new "Polish Fantasy," of which the Berlin correspondent of THE MUSICAL COURIER had the following to say last May, when the composer-pianist played the work at the Seventy-first Netherhenish Music Festival in Aix-la-Chapelle:

"The most difficult piece of music for the piano which has so far been penned is Paderewski's new 'Polish Fantasy,' and I would wager my all on it that Rosenthal could never play it as I heard it performed two days ago by the composer. This fantasy was in reality the only novelty on the festival program, and it was to me likewise revelation. As high as has been my opinion of Paderewski as a composer heretofore, this 'Polish Fantasy' puts him 'way beyond my highest former estimate. It is a noble work, a beautiful work, and a most strikingly original and irresistibly effective work. From the first G sharp minor theme of the prelude, with its pointed Slavic rhythm, through the matchlessly piquant scherzo and the lovely poetic Dumka in B major to the last note of that most brilliant Krakowiak, which forms the finale of the fantasy, I was held in almost breathless fascination. The workmanship, the musicianship displayed, more especially in the orchestration, and then again in the handling of the themes, all of which are original, are something perfectly wonderful. I can designate the style of this creation only as a combination of Liszt and Chopin in a most happy blending, with a lot of Paderewski thrown into the bargain.

Again I reiterate that I was dumbfounded by both the composition and the performance, and after it was all over got as crazy as the rest of the audience and joined in a hurrah such as the venerable city of Charlemagne has rarely witnessed. Aix-la-Chapelle stood on its head for once and the walls of the Kur-haus shook."

The excellent portrait which we present to our readers is after a painting of Alma Tadema, the celebrated Friesland painter, and a warm admirer of Paderewski.

And, in conclusion, what shall one write of this remarkable artist? With his great brain, great hands, great heart—of this Polish tone-charmer it might be said, in the words of Schumann, slightly altered, "He is the proudest poetic pianist of his time!"

Décadent Verbal Colour.

YOU know the strange story of Arthur Rimbaud, as told by George Moore and by Paul Verlaine. A copy of Rimbaud's "Les Illuminations" is here before me. There were thirty copies printed on Japanese paper, and 170 copies on paper of Holland. Prose poems, prose sleep-chasings, or what you will. Here is a "Phrase": "I have stretched cords from steeple to steeple; garlands from window to window; golden chains from star to star, and I dance."

To which Mr. Gradgrind would answer: "Yes. And the price of green smelts is five cents a quart."

* * *

But Rimbaud is also the inventor of the sonnet dear to décadents:

"A noir, E blanc, I rouge, U vert, O bleu, voyelles."

Then comes Professor Combarieu, and says there is nothing new in this idea of Rimbaud. The Professor, however, does not quote from the Latin thesis of G. T. L. Sachs (1812), who coloured vowels, consonants, the very notes of music, dates, the days of

the week, historical epochs, phases of human life, and, possibly, musical reviews.

To Sachs A was a vermillion red, E rose, I white, O orange, U (ou) black, Ü white. Among consonants D was yellow, M white, S dark blue, &c. Zero does not change the colour of the figures that precede—thus 1 is white, and 10 or 100 is also white, but of a vague whiteness, while 110 and 111 are absolutely white. On the contrary, 1,000 is yellow, "and it is only logically white when it stands for an historical date." The colour of a day of the week does not depend on the letters that compose the name. Historical epochs are coloured according to the figures that make the date; and phases of human life are also subordinated to the figures of age. Names of towns are also coloured.

Dr. Jules Millet, in "Audition Colorée" (1892), says that although Castel, L. Hoffmann and Goethe treated of this subject, Sachs was the first to take scientific observation.

* * *

Combarieu, in a chapter, "Of the part played by sound in poetic language," discusses in an entertaining manner the imitative or symbolic worth of sounds in poetry.

He claims that the décadents are merely followers of the Hindus. The Hindus had three kinds of poetry—the superior, middle ("ranging from fair to middling," as the old country saw has it) and the inferior. The inferior poetry was that which was of a precise meaning. The superior had for its essential object the suggestion of certain ideas by a choice of sounds. The word which designated this poetry was "dhvani," sound, and the suggested sense was considered as the sonorous prolongation of the echo of the sense expressed. "When these subtle poets wished to say that 'the moon was the diadem of autumn nights,' or when they spoke of 'the face of the lotus,' they repeated certain sounds, which, outside of logical meaning, seemed to them appropriate to these images. Alliteration, which played a great rôle in this system, was of two kinds; it could consist of sounds which were inter-harmonic and harmonious with the corresponding idea, or it was simply an intentional repetition of certain letters." As his authority in these matters Combarieu cites Regnaud, a Sanscrit professor at Lyons.

Homer was charged by ancient commentators with coining imitative phrases. "He could mimic in one word the voice of a flower or the roar of a wild beast.

Socrates is represented as saying that letters and syllables reveal things by imitating them. Thus to him the Greek letter "rho" expressed the idea of movement, and "phi," "psi" and "zeta" everything that blows or whistles; "delta" and "tau" are most apt for imitating the action of binding, etc.

Do you know the Chevalier de Piis, who wrote a poem on "Imitative Harmony"? Here are two lines from it:

Que l'oie au capitol oisive dans son coin
En déployant sa voix avertisse au besoin.

In the fourteenth and in the fifteenth century the majority of poets were symbolists, jugglers with words.

Isaac Vossius classed vowels according to their "nobility."

* * *

Combarieu cites other such vagarists, but looks skew-eyed at all such theorists with their theories. He throws a sentence of De Bonald against the décadents, and, to his mind, demolishes them: "Man thinks out the word before speaking his thought."

On Théodore de Banville the word "citadelle" made a "terrible impression." Combarieu laughs and remembers the remark of Johannes Weber: "'Citadelle' is only 'terrible' on account of its signification; otherwise the word 'mortadelle' would be still more terrible if it did not signify 'bologna sausage.'" And to some "mortadelle" is then doubly terrible.

I fear that the learned Professor is without imagination. Is not the old form "murdered" more characteristic than "murdered?"

And when Horne Tooke traces "murder" and "mirth" to one root, the mind at once remembers comic opera.

Was it not De Quincey that spoke of "sublime" middle-age Latin "murdratus?"

PHILIP HALE.

MUSIC IN AMERICA.

A Series of Digressions, and

Roundabout Remarks.



THE story of the development of musical culture in the United States has been told by Professor Ritter, Mr. J. C. Griggs, and Mr. H. E. Krehbiel. The material for them to work with was scanty, and Mr. Krehbiel says with truth, "A history of musical culture in America ought to consist of a series of chapters

of local history." I do not propose in this desultory article to go over the ground already covered by these three writers.

Yet these starting points or "primal influences" named by Mr. Krehbiel may here be called to mind: the Church, the Theatre, the German Männergesang.

The Church influenced and still influences music in New England. The people of New England descent or birth now in Western towns still show the influence in their love for oratorio—a love that in certain instances is a passion.

The Theatre "with opera and instrumental music as its fruit" owned New York as "its intellectual and political centre."

I cannot agree, however, with Mr. Krehbiel in his estimate of the importance of the German Männergesang. I admit that the Männergesang has been of great importance in maintaining the social union of Germans in whatever city they may be found. I admit that a reverential remembrance of the Fatherland has thus been fostered. But the spirit of these musical societies has been clannish, the influence parochial. Take the case of a city like Albany (N. Y.), a city that is not distinctively German, as Milwaukee. There is, at least, one German male chorus there of sturdy growth. How many English-speaking Albanians have been influenced in their fondness for music or stirred to a desire of cultivating music as an art or profession by the concerts or subtle influence of this said Society? How many English-speaking Albanians to whom the loose term "musical" may be applied know anything about the character of the concerts? And yet this Society has undoubtedly worked advantageously for German thought and fellowship.

Music in the United States is an exotic. There were here no princes to encourage or patronize. The first settlers cared little for music as an art, and many regarded it as a vain and wanton thing. Some denied that song in church could be acceptable to God. In New England the fiddle was the devil's instrument. In the probate offices of New England counties there is rarely a record of any musical instrument appraised in old estates settled there. John Adams in 1758 praised Peter Chardon, because "his thoughts are not employed on songs and girls, nor his time on flutes, fiddles, concerts and card tables;" and yet in 1771 the same Adams spoke in a discriminating manner of the singing of a church choir in Middleton, Conn. Less than a century ago there was not half a score of professional musicians in Boston.

The American, to use the word in its limited sense, was not musical. He was not given to singing at his work. He did not find naturally in song the supreme expression of pleasure and joy. The first settlers of New England knew psalm tunes and brought over their sectarian hatred of worldly music. Neither the Colonial Dutch nor the first Virginians paid attention to music as an art, and to them it was not an engrossing diversion. The American was not

likely to be influenced artistically by the rude chants of the "Red Indians." He learned very little, if any, from the negroes whom he imported.

But let us speak of the present, not of the past.

Let us consider the church music, the instrumental music, and the opera of to-day. Let us then discuss in an informal manner the much vexed question of the "American composer."

Let us again take a particular case. Thirty or forty years ago there was a church in Northampton, Mass., where much attention was paid to music. The organist of the Old Church was for a time George Kingsley, whose name is still preserved in certain hymn and tune-books as a maker of tunes. He was musical by nature, and if he had enjoyed modern advantages he might have taken high rank as a composer. Later the organist was a talented amateur. The choir was fortunate in its solo quartet, and the chorus was made up of genuine lovers of music. The organ was the conventional three-manual instrument of the time, rich in its diapasons, with strings and reeds without character except rawness. The anthems first were arrangements or excerpts from oratorios. Then came the reign of Henry Wilson and Dudley Buck, names that cannot ever be regarded lightly in the history of church music in America. The "choir hymn" was sung as a rule to a tune from "Madison Square," "Grace Church," "Wilson's," or "Greatorex." A programme of this church choir twenty years ago might have read as follows: Prélude, offertoire, A major, Batiste; a "Jubilate" or "Te Deum" by Buck; an arrangement of the "Prisoner's Chorus" from "Fidelio," or "Flee as a Bird" (solo); a hymn arranged from a melody from Donizetti; and for an organ postlude, the "Drinking Chorus" from "The Huguenots," or the "Glock" from Farmer's Mass, B flat. This programme might be censured justly as a misch-masch of unseemly brilliancy, rank sentimentalism and incongruous suggestion. Yet from the musical, not the ecclesiastical standpoint, such a programme was surely an advance; for what sort of music, pray, was sung in the average church between, say, 1830 and 1860? Look over the old collections and you will find the answer.

The introduction of the octavo series of English anthems, published by Novello, was of great advantage to church music. Not that these anthems—particularly in latter days—are of equal worth; but choirmasters and congregations become acquainted with music written expressly for the Church, music that was of a serious nature. Some of these anthems are conventional, some are stupid; it is very seldom that they suggest the operatic stage or are flippant.

These anthems excited the ambition of American composers. They also influence choirs; for as they are often ineffective when sung by a quartet, they encourage the formation of a double quartet or a chorus. Boy-choirs became a fashion even in small cities; and although to many a choir of mixed voices is more agreeable and of greater inherent musical value, it is impossible to deny that boy-choirs in such towns as New York and Boston have made for musical righteousness.

In this town of Northampton thirty years ago the church choirs were the nucleus of a choral society that gave concerts at which Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night" or a Mass was given with orchestral accompaniment. The orchestra came from Boston. At that time there was no piano teacher of solid attainments in the little town. There were few that studied the piano seriously.

To-day there is a school of music attached to a female college, and there are professors of the piano, singing and theory; but there is no support for such a society as the one just referred to.

But this is a particular case. Still it is often remarked that the greater the attention to instrumental music, the lesser is the interest in a vocal society.

But if some small towns in the East have apparently lost their interest in choral works throughout the country, the gain in such interest is surprising. A few years ago Mr. Krehbiel counted up in the United States twelve cities with choirs numbering from 200 to 500 voices, thirteen with choirs of from 100 to 200, seventeen with choirs of 100 or less. "In at least fifty cities of the United States oratorios are now sung annually, generally with full orchestral ac-

companiment." This is undoubtedly to-day an underestimate.

It must not be forgotten, however, that a performance of oratorio is to many a religious function, not to be criticized, and to be enjoyed devoutly, even though solo-singer wander from the pitch and chorus grope and falter. It must also be remembered that at "Grand Festivals" it is the "Artistes' Night" that pays for the evening or the evenings given up to oratorio. Nor is it to be denied that the knowledge of the oratorio repertoire is extremely limited. "The Messiah," "Elijah," "St. Paul"—these are known from A to Izzard. Bach is still known chiefly as the composer of the "Passion according to Matthew."

But, in its predilection for a few oratorios, and in its turning of a musical performance into a religious ceremony, the American audience is next of kin to the English, although the latter has an opportunity of hearing works by English composers, who seem determined to turn every Jew and Gentile of the Bible into an oratorio hero, with "Thus saith the Lord" forever in his mouth.

In the matter of cantatas the taste of the American choral society is more catholic. In the larger cities a new work of European fame is soon heard, and the repertoire of such clubs in towns where performances are chronic and not sporadic is often surprisingly large.

There is no doubt that there has been a decided gain in the quality of the performances themselves. The pioneers, who paid chief attention to the rigid precision of the beat, have in many instances given way to younger men trained thoroughly in their art, who have borrowed orchestral effects and realize that there are such things as flowing, musical sentences of varying dynamic intensity. The fetich of the "grand chorus" still has worshippers, as in England, and the roar of "multitudinous mediocrity" is still dear to indiscriminating and unreasoning audiences; but the fact that quality is of more vital importance than quantity is now more generally recognized.

Nor has the greater cultivation of instrumental music driven out that weakest and most unmusical species of vocal chorus, viz., the male club—weakest and most unmusical because the hearer's ear soon tires on account of monotony of tonal color, and the narrow range precludes a variety of effects. Such societies flourish, and in a few instances even the possibility of associate membership is regarded as a privilege.

That the art of singing is lost, and is only fit for a Pancirollian catalogue, is frequently declared; and yet the same cry came from the mouth of Tosi, and before Tosi, in the glorious days of the virtuoso, the same cry was heard. There is to-day undoubtedly a tendency to put forcible declamation, spasmodic striving after a dramatic effect, a sudden exhibition of temperament before the mastery of *bel canto*; but these are signs of the musical times. As the music, so the singer. The vocal music of to-day requires a special race of singers. Here is not the place to discuss whether this is for the best. It is enough to admit the fact. It may be said, however, that the American singer occupies now a more prominent position in the history of music than ever before. She—for the American woman has here far outstripped the man—appears with confidence as a welcome guest on the European stage, and European composers write operas for her. And then these questions naturally come up: (1) Was she taught by Americans in America? (2) Did she win her laurels in America or in Europe? It may also here be asked whether an American audience is quick to recognize the value of a countrywoman, while the same audience will applaud a foreign singer on account of a foreign reputation, although each tone may stab the ear.

The widespread teaching of singing in the public schools is a factor, and an important factor in musical culture. The sociologist may say, and with reason, that singing should not be taught in public schools at public expense; that after the changing of the voice no profitable result will reward the labor and the expense. But many children are thus provided with an opportunity for exploiting natural gifts, and certainly such instruction is a leaven not to be underrated.

There has been a mighty change since the days when Theodore Thomas with his orchestra went from

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town to town as a missionary, preaching the overture and the symphony. The orchestras of New York, Boston and Chicago have received generous support from men interested in music. Orchestras in other cities have won a good reputation or are striving bravely for it. These orchestras we owe in great measure to Germany, and, indeed, it is hard to imagine them without the thought of Germany. In these orchestras how many of the players are of American parentage? Or how many were born on this soil?

American money has made the existence of these orchestras possible. American money supports them. For player or leader one looks naturally to Europe.

Our music schools, now many, and scattered over the country, turn out pianists by the dozen, singers galore, fiddlers, organists, theorists, composers; but how many students apply themselves faithfully to instruments of wood, wind or brass, so that they can fill acceptably a position in a first-class orchestra?

There is this to be said: the immediate prospect of reward for such study is not alluring. The number of full orchestras is not so great that an oboe-player or a bassoon-player is sure of a steady engagement, when he is only a performer of fair ability. A pianist is confident of earning a living, for in these days nearly everyone plays the piano, or at least is taught it in youth. The organist sees the number of churches and knows the fickleness of congregations. The cornetist has a field for his operation. But would it be possible even in New York to found an orchestra made up exclusively of Americans without suspicion of foreign grandfathers, who would after a year's practice vie honorably with the leading orchestras of the country?

After all, this is perhaps an irrelevant question, except when it enters into the discussion of patriotism, say rather, Chauvinism in music.

The fact remains that in the largest cities instrumental concerts are given, and fine and catholic programmes are wedded to fine performances. In the matter of catholicity of programme Boston is more conservative than New York or Chicago; is, in fact, too conservative, too unwilling to admit the musical esprit of modern Europeans, although the knee is bent to Brahms.

Only in the largest cities, and not in all of them, are orchestras fully equipped and finely drilled. In the smaller towns lovers of orchestral music must content themselves with the visit of an organization under Seidl, Paur, Thomas or Damrosch.

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The opera is a visitor even in New York. It is an expensive luxury. The problem of an established opera at reasonable prices in the leading cities is still to be solved. A State subsidy is out of the question, and the plan of running the opera as an annex to a music school is not calculated to establish operatic performance on a safe and sure foundation. At present the opera is a thing of fashion, to which the manager bows, provided he sees money follow his reverence. A season of opera in which two or three well-known works are given again and again, chiefly because they are drawing cards, or a season in which the personality or the individuality of one singer makes the deepest impression, is hardly an assurance of deep-seated and popular love of opera as an art. Yet the course of German opera in New York did much to do away with the pernicious "star system," and create a desire for acceptable ensemble and performances that respected the composer. To-day, as in England, leading singers are visitors, and operatic performances justly excite attention; but we are allowed to hear few works of the modern repertoire, and we are sadly behind the times.

The "season" of opera at Boston in the spring of '94 was two weeks, and the only new work then given was "I Pagliacci," which had been already produced by a wretched travelling company. Little is known of the modern French school in this country except by hearsay, and only two operas of the Italians who have made a noise and pother since the appearance of Verdi's "Otello" have been produced in the United States. The proudest city in this country, so far as opera is concerned, is far behind a dozen German towns, with Berlin, Dresden, Munich and Frankfurt left out of the question.

It is to be feared that the popular taste for sparkling operetta has been debauched by that species of musical entertainment known as comic opera, in which

the music is apt to suffer so that the comedian's part may be fatted with incongruous jests and acrobatic clowning. The American audience is ignorant of many of the charming works that form the repertoire of the Opéra Comique, and he would be a daring manager who attempted to introduce them. Opera to the average American means "Faust," "Carmen," "Martha," "Trovatore," "Mignon." German opera to him is synonymous with the music dramas of Wagner. And in the majority of cases he does not go to hear the opera; he goes to hear a certain singer in an opera.

* * *

Music schools have multiplied. Teachers are undoubtedly, as a class, more competent than in former years. Virtuosos, too often rashly slighted by superficial observers, have taught by their concerts many a useful lesson. Students who have worked in foreign cities return and give their country the benefit of their experience. More money is spent by the people at large on music every year. Musical subjects are discussed in the daily newspapers at greater length and with more intelligence than when the managing editor thought any reporter without an assignment good enough to "do a musical notice." Audiences are perhaps a little more discriminating in the matter of applause.

Counting of noses and dollars does not prove necessarily that a nation is truly musical or growing to be musical. There remains the question, what is the United States contributing to the music of the world? Or, as some prefer to put it, what has the school of American composers already done?

But, first of all, is there any such thing as the American composer?

There are American composers worthy of respect. I do not wish to make any invidious distinctions by calling a roll of names, but I may be here permitted to speak of certain works.

Mr. E. A. MacDowell has written pieces for orchestra and pieces for pianoforte that show uncommon technical skill and rare poetic fancy and imagination. His pianoforte concertos, suite for orchestra, symphonic poems, pianoforte sonata and several of his lighter pianoforte pieces are admirably made, abounding in exquisite or serious musical thought, and at times, as in his remarkable pianoforte sonata, he rises to the height of absolute genius. But if anyone of his works were played in a European concert hall, would an intelligent foreigner say at once to himself, "Why that must be by an American?"

There is Professor Paine with his scholarly and impressive "Edipus" music. There is Mr. H. W. Parker with his "Hora Novissima"—a work in which ecclesiastical feeling and the sensuous enthusiasm of youth and the skill of the master of counterpoint are blended together with grand, at times almost overwhelming result. There is Mr. George W. Chadwick, whose best orchestral works would excite admiration in any country, whose "Phoenix Expirans" is a singularly melodious, richly coloured, effective and sympathetic treatment of a strange and fascinating mediæval hymn. All of these compositions are highly creditable to the makers and therefore to their country. But is there one phrase, one feature of harmony or rhythm that is distinctively and characteristically American?

And, pray, how is anyone to write music that is distinctively and characteristically American?

And what are these characteristics?

Nonsense has been spoken and written concerning local colour and national characteristics. On the other hand it is not prudent to go so far as Johannes Weber did when he doubted the existence of any such quality as local colour. If national music rests on folk-song the chief characteristics are matters of tonality and rhythm. But where are the folk-songs of the United States? One may hunt among the Indians. Another may collect the alleged authentic melodies of the negroes. Is the music of the United States to be built on such a doubtful foundation? Are the tunes that according to some are peculiar to the negro of any moment or alive in association to the white people of the country, to whom they can never be folk-songs?

An American composer meditates a work of long breath. He dreams of a symphony. His first wish is to express adequately his musical thoughts. He has no programme in his mind. To him comes an enthusiast over the subject of national music and says: "My dear fellow, you must not invent your themes,

chief and subsidiary; you must honour your country. See, here are some negro tunes. It is true they might be Scotch or they might be Bohemian or they might be Hungarian; but I assure you they are simon-pure negro, right from the Gold Coast. Take them as themes and you will write a great national work." Are great and living works built in such a manner?

And would the aforesaid intelligent foreigner who heard the symphony in a foreign concert hall say immediately: "Why, here's a genuine American symphony?"

Would such a scheme of composition give inevitably the idea of "a new form of expression which sets forth fully the national character?"

* * *

One American composer studies in Leipsic, one in Munich, one in Paris, another in Berlin. At first he, almost inevitably, suggests in his work the style of his teacher or a favourite composer. Later, his own individuality is accentuated. If he then has anything to say, he says it in his own way. Should he stop every few minutes and say to himself, "Here I am, wondering whether this music is good or bad, when I should be anxious whether it is truly national?" Or should he strive after a national flavour by an ingenious combination of "Yankee Doodle" and "The Star Spangled Banner" as a finale?

And here it may be said that "The Star Spangled Banner," although an English tune, is in the higher sense an American folk-song, because it by adoption is full of association and patriotic meaning to the great bulk of the American people. It stands for an idea. It expresses a national and popular sentiment.

* * *

Or can a musical work be said to be American because it deals with an American subject?

Is Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" a romance that could not have been written under any conditions save by an American? It is a masterpiece; but Hawthorne's "American Note Books" are, in this sense, more distinctively American, for they are full of suggestions that could be expressed only by a man regarding American things in an American way.

How has America stimulated objectively the composer? Has he been "inspired" deliberately by the thought of her scenery, life, literature? One man may write a symphony with a prairie for a programme; another may write an ode or an overture or a march for a national occasion; is the result of the particular "inspiration" and patriotic labour distinctively American music?

Here is a singular instance: Walt Whitman, who laboured most earnestly in the endeavour to be a distinctively American poet, is appreciated at his full value—and it is great, never to be over-rated—chiefly by foreigners who are not particularly in sympathy with American ideas as expressed by him. His noble hymn to Death—which is found in his "Burial Hymn," "the most sonorous nocturn ever chanted in the church of the world"—has been set to music, not by an American, but by Villiers-Stanford.

* * *

The first question that should be asked concerning a composition by an American is this: Is it good? and not: Is it American?

* * *

Surely music is cultivated with earnestness and enthusiasm in this country; and great and rapid have been the strides of improvement during the last twenty years. And deeper and more genuine is the interest of the public year by year.

That opera is a thing of fashion, that personality counts for so much on the concert stage, that curiosity is for the new performer rather than for the new work, that there is a superficiality in enthusiasm—these symptoms of our musical life should neither distress nor discourage. For they are not peculiar to this country, they are not peculiar to this dying century.

What is needed at present is practical work instead of theorizing. It is well to talk bravely about the duties of the composer to his country and cite the example of Glinka, Benoit or Smetana. The great names are those of men who wrote music because they could not help it, and wrote without particular thought of nationality.

The true American composer is he who, like Candide, leaves the philosophers and works in his garden.

THE MUSICAL INSTITUTIONS OF LONDON.



As the similar titles of the many musical institutions of London are confusing to those who are not thoroughly familiar with them, I take this opportunity of giving a brief account of the more important, and as far as possible have grouped together those of the same character, commencing with the oldest, the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain.

The Royal Society of Musicians

of Great Britain was instituted in 1738. The circumstances which led to the foundation of this society are briefly as follows: The celebrated oboe player, Kytch, came to this country and soon attained eminence. Success, however, was too much for him, and led to dissipation, and finally death. Soon after, Festing, the violinist; Weidmann, the flute player, and Vincent, the oboe player, while standing together at the corner of the Haymarket, one day saw two interesting boys driving milch asses, and being attracted to the youths soon learned that they were the orphan children of the unfortunate Kytch. The sympathy at once aroused in the hearts of these three musicians led them to alleviate the sufferings of the sons of their lamented brother, and from this beginning they united with others and founded this noble society for the maintenance of old and decayed musicians, their widows and orphans, which in 1789 was incorporated under Royal Charter. The founders of the society worked with determination, and from that time to this the leading musicians in this country have been members of this institution. Handel gave it liberal support, and at his death bequeathed £1,000, which generous example has been followed by many others. The society has always received the patronage and support of the Royal family. At a commemoration festival in Westminster Abbey £25,000 were received, which enabled the society to devise means of relief and comfort to its distressed members commensurate with the views of its promoters, and from that day to this it has done an incalculable amount of good to those who would have suffered greatly had it not been for its beneficial aid. During the past year over £4,000 were expended, and this, too, at very slight expense, as only the Secretary of the society and ordinary running expenses are paid. It is customary to give a reunion banquet and a concert annually. The past year the "Elijah" was selected for the work, the orchestra was composed of members, who, with the soloists, gave their services, and the whole was efficiently conducted by Mr. W. H. Cummings. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha is President, and has always taken an active interest in its progress and the work done under the capable management of a board of twelve directors and the Secretary, Mr. Stanley Lucas.

The Royal Academy of Music.

This representative English musical educational institution in Tenterden street, Hanover-square, was founded in 1822, and opened to the public on March 24, 1823. It always enjoyed royal patronage, and the leading musicians resident in London took an active interest in its welfare, often taking part in its concerts. The standard of instruction has been usually high, and as a rule the school has been progressive and well sustained, though at intervals allowed to lapse for want of concerted action, there being friction between the board of management, which in several instances was not musical, and unwilling to be advised by the committee of musicians whose privilege it was to give them suggestions. No longer ago than the sixties, the Academy had very serious trouble. The royal grant of £500 was withdrawn, and the arbitrary board of directors found themselves entirely incompetent to carry forward the work successfully. At this juncture the professors came forward and offered their help, giving their services if necessary for the good of the institution, provided they might have entire control. Since that time this noble institution, which numbers among its

members nearly every English musician that has made a mark in the world, has constantly been in the ascendancy. The royal grant was restored and the attendance has increased until at present the average number of scholars exceeds 500. The annual regular fee for tuition is 33 guineas, and there is also an entrance fee of 5 guineas. The instruction is so planned as to give in a three years' course a good general musical education to students, as well as to fit them for the active work in the special department they may take up. Several concerts are given each year, at which the more advanced students have an opportunity of appearing. The work done by the Royal Academy of Music, as shown in the new compositions, and in the singers and instrumentalists heard at these concerts in the past year under the able management of a board of directors with Dr. Mackenzie as principal, has reached a high standard. The Royal Academy is a non-personal-profit institution, the major portion of the fees going direct to the professors, the staff including the best talent procurable in each class, the small residue going to pay salaries and the expenses of the institution, their being no personal profit accruing to anyone in connection with it. The Academy issues to deserving pupils graduating from the school certificates making them Associates, and after they acquire distinction in whatever branch of art they take up as a profession they are made Fellows. A "Metropolitan" examination for music teachers and performers is also held, and successful candidates are made Licentiates of the Royal Academy of Music.

The Royal College of Music.

The Royal College of Music, Kensington Gore, Sir George Grove, Director, succeeded the National Training School for Music, founded in 1873 and opened in 1876. The supporters of the former institution founded a number of scholarships of the value of £40 annually to extend over five years, and this has been carried on by the Royal College of Music, which was formally opened as such on May 7, 1893. On the 1st of May this year they took possession of the magnificent new building given them by Mr. Samson Fox. This school has on its teaching staff the best professors available in each branch, and has already reached a high standard of work, as shown in the several concerts and operatic performances given during the past year. The fees at this institution are forty guineas annually, and one guinea entrance fee. By the regular course each student acquires a good general education in music as well as becoming proficient in the particular branch that is taken up. This, like the Academy, has a royal grant, and is carried on on the non-personal-profit basis. The Royal College of Music unites with the Royal Academy of Music under what is called the "associated board," which holds examinations in music both in London and the provinces.

The Guildhall School of Music.

This school of music, with Sir Joseph Barnby, as principal (the largest school of music in the world), is under the auspices of the City of London. It is practically the outcome of the Guildhall Orchestral Society, which was founded under the direction of Mr. Weist-Hill, in January, 1879, with permission to hold its meetings at the Guildhall granted by the City Lands' Committee. On September 18 of the same year a musical deputation, previously appointed, presented a report of the London County Council, recommending that they should be authorized to take control of the Orchestral Society. In the following March the deputation recommended that a school of music be established in the City of London, and that such deputation should be authorized to take the necessary steps and give publicity to such a school. The Common Council acceded, and gave the use of nine class rooms in premises in Aldermanbury for the temporary accommodation of pupils. The Guildhall School of Music was opened in 1880 with sixty-two pupils; by the end of the term 216 names were registered, and twenty-nine professors were attending. The number increased each term, and in December, 1881, the musical deputation was dissolved, and the management transferred to a Ward Committee. In the May following the annual grant was increased from £200 to £1,800 per annum. The list of pupils grew so rapidly that in 1883 it was made £2,300, more class rooms also becoming necessary, and in July, 1884, a site was selected on the Victoria

Embankment, and the Council erected and furnished a large building where the school is firmly established, and gives a thoroughly efficient training upon terms within the reach of all. The fees run from thirty shillings to two guineas for twenty-minute lessons and from two to four and a half guineas for half-hour lessons, the term of twelve lessons, according to the professor chosen, there being three grades. One lesson may be taken weekly, or a student may fully prepare for the profession. There is a staff of 100 professors, nearly 4,000 pupils, and upwards of 5,000 lessons are given weekly.

Miscellaneous Institutions.

The Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, at Norwood, is doing a commendable work under the guidance of the principal, Dr. Francis J. Campbell, in teaching the blind.

Mr. Otto Beringer, Mr. Franklin Taylor, and others have established an excellent institution for the Higher Development of Pianoforte Playing, with a competent staff of professors, and an attendance of pupils usually exceeding one hundred.

In addition to these there are Trinity College, London, Dr. E. H. Turpin, principal; the London Academy of Music, Mortimer street, under the direction of Mr. A. Pollitzer and Signor Denza.

The Tonic Sol-fa College and numerous other institutions are efficiently carrying forward the work of musical education in Great Britain. There are, however, several institutions which enjoy a large patronage that are not held to be doing legitimate work.

The Gresham Lectures on Music, founded in 1581 by Sir Thomas Gresham, consist of a series of twelve lectures given each year at the Gresham College at 6 p. m., when the public are admitted free. Dr. J. F. Bridge delivered the lectures this year.

The Royal College of Organists.

This college, which has its quarters in Hart street, Bloomsbury, is a degree-giving institution for the profession of organists. The idea was first started in 1863 by the late Mr. R. D. Limpus, and the society was formed in 1864, enrolled as an incorporated company in 1877, and received the royal charter this year. Examinations are held twice yearly, when organists can try for the degree of associate, or a fellowship of the college. Each member pays an annual fee of one guinea. Lectures are given at stated periods during the winter months and conversaziones are held, all of which have brought the profession nearer together and succeeded in arousing the spirit of progress in the ranks of this important class of musicians of Great Britain.

The Incorporated Society of Musicians.

This society, which was formed for the purpose of uniting musicians in every way possible to further their interests, has succeeded in enlisting the active support of the majority of the musical profession of Great Britain. An article explaining the formation of this society will appear elsewhere in this number, over the signature of the honorary secretary.

Philharmonic Society.

Every Englishman points with justifiable pride to this noble society, which is the oldest musical institution in the world, except one, having had a continuous existence of eighty-one years, and has, during that lengthy period, had associated with its destiny the great personalities of the musical giants that have lived in our century. Undoubtedly the society was the outcome of musical activity commencing with Haydn's arrival in England on January 1st, 1791, with six symphonies which were played at Mr. Salomon's concerts. After several years of success, they lost their hold upon public patronage, and ceased. The taste thus created led the leading musicians of the day to organize a society which was called the Philharmonic Society. The first concert was given on March 8th, 1813. Spohr, Weber and Mendelssohn were among the musical lights that had a potent influence in guiding the society during their residence here. Beethoven was invited to come to London to conduct, but never did so. He, however, had great admiration for the society, and composed several works for it, one being the Ninth symphony. In his last days, while his sufferings were increased by his fear of coming to want, he appealed to this society for an advance of £100 on a symphony which he proposed to write for them. With characteristic generosity the members got together that sum and

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made him a present of it through a friend, which Beethoven acknowledged in a letter now in possession of the society. This world-renowned institution has always been to the fore in placing before its supporters the best novelties year after year that have been produced by the musicians of the time. In many cases the composers themselves have conducted. Thus a large majority of the better compositions of orchestral music have been added to the repertoire of the Philharmonic Society. Like all institutions of this kind, the society has had its ups and downs, but at present, through the management of the excellent board of directors, it is enjoying the most profitable period of its existence. The present secretary, Mr. Francesco Berger, and the conductor, Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, have contributed largely to this result.

The Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts.

Under the successful directorship of Mr. August Manns, during the past thirty years a series of twenty-eight concerts have been given each autumn and winter. Mr. Manns' orchestra has attained a high degree of proficiency, and the solo talent on these occasions is supplied by well-known artistes as well as young recruits to the ranks of the profession. He has been very progressive, and has helped many young artists to success before the public, and has brought to light many worthy orchestral compositions. In addition to these Saturday concerts, Mr. Manns, during the winter season, gives a series of promenade concerts, and also orchestral concerts on Wednesday and Friday, which he makes a stepping stone for unknown artistes to the Saturday classical concerts.

The Richter Concerts.

Through Dr. Richter's conducting several concerts here in connection with Wagner, he was asked to come and direct a season of concerts which would be called after his name. This was organized by Mr. Schulz-Curtius and his brother, who carried it on for some years and managed several provincial tours with the great chef d'orchestre. It may be of interest to relate that at the first concert there were ten rows of stalls sold, and fully occupied; back of this there were not more than twenty tickets disposed of. At the second concert something similar occurred, with less subscriptions and more admissions taken. But at the third concert—all three being held close together—the hall was not large enough to hold the crowd that came. During the time Mr. Schulz-Curtius managed these concerts, and since Mr. Vert has acted in that capacity, they have kept up their wonderful popularity. The programmes are made up principally of Wagner music, vocalists usually taking part, and in one or two concerts each season the choir assists in rendering some choral work.

The London Symphony Concerts.

This now thoroughly established institution, organized by Mr. George Henschel, gives one of the most popular series of concerts in London. This capable conductor has reached a power of interpretation which meets with the hearty approval of a large following. His programmes are made up of the best music from classical composers, and good selections from modern works. Mr. Henschel also at one or two concerts of the season introduces choral selections, when his own orchestra is assisted by his choir.

In addition to these there are many more organizations which give orchestral concerts, the more important of which are perhaps the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, conductor, Mr. George Mount; the Westminster Orchestral Society, conductor, Mr. C. S. Macpherson, and the Strolling Players Orchestral Society, conducted by Mr. Norfolk Megone.

The Royal Choral Society.

This society, it will be remembered, was organized on the completion of Albert Hall in 1871, when Gounod was the first conductor. He was succeeded by Sir Joseph Barnby, who has ever since wielded the baton. The society gives a series of ten oratorios every year, when the best solo talent attainable is engaged, and with a chorus of 1,000 voices and an orchestra, give a rendering of these works perhaps not equalled in the world. The great auditorium, which has a seating capacity for 6,000, and a foyer at the top that accommodates an additional 4,000, is one of the most perfect buildings for sound

on the globe, and the effect produced by this gigantic chorus, perfectly under the control of this chef of choral conductors, is one of the most impressive sights to be seen anywhere. The works produced include all the older and more popular oratorios, besides the leading novelties of the day.

There are many other choral societies in London, among them the Bach Choir, under the conductorship of Dr. Villiers Stanford, many of whom do excellent work.

Popular Concerts.

The leading concerts for chamber music are the Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts, given at St. James's Hall, which has a seating capacity of about 2,000. These were started in 1859, and include in their repertoire the best selections of all schools, executed by the leading artistes of the day. A series of some eighty concerts is given annually, forty on Saturday and forty-four on Monday.

Musical Artists' Society.

Another institution, formed in 1879 for the introduction of good works of unknown composers, is the Musical Artists' Society, who give an annual series of four concerts at St. Martin's Town Hall.

The London Ballad Concerts.

In 1859 the London Ballad Concerts were established by Mr. John Boosey, the primary object being to revive old English songs, part songs and quartets, and old instrumental music that had fallen into disuse as well as to introduce new compositions of the day. The best obtainable artistes were employed, and this institution gradually became one of the most popular concert-giving organizations in London. For years they were at St. James's Hall, but on the completion of the new Queen's Hall they changed to that place, and Mr. Arthur Chappell, who has a large interest in St. James's Hall, has arranged with Mr. William Boosey, who lately retired from the firm of Boosey & Co., to give another series of ballad concerts at St. James's Hall the coming season.

The Royal Italian Opera.

This institution, which largely exists in England through the support given it by Society, has, through the management of Sir Augustus Harris, since 1887 been a success. The best operatic talent of the world is secured, good choruses and good orchestras under the best conductors interpret a thoroughly comprehensive repertoire each year, several novelties usually being added. By his excellent castes, Sir Augustus Harris has gained the patronage of Royalty, and the last half of the present season has perhaps been better attended than any for many years. As far as practicable the operas are given in their original languages.

At Drury Lane each spring and autumn a series of opera in English is given at popular prices, when those works which have proved the greatest favourites with the people are put on with a good chorus, orchestra and artistes.

During the regular season Sir Augustus Harris always gives a series of performances in German at Drury Lane, where German talent is always requisitioned for the Wagner rôles, as well as other German operas.

In this connection I should like to mention Sir Augustus Harris's provincial autumn tours, when he sends some of his lesser known Covent Garden artistes through the country to give a weekly series of opera in Italian and French in each of the larger cities. There is also the Carl Rosa Royal Opera Company, which gives forty-two weeks of operatic performances in English each year in the larger centres of the country. They usually have several good artistes, and the constant work enables them to get plenty of young talent who seek the benefit to be gained in this school of experience. Since the starting of the English operas at Drury Lane the Carl Rosa Company has not held performances in London.

At the Savoy Theatre, Mr. D'Oyley Carte presents operas of the class of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado" and "Utopia Limited." At present the opéra comique, "Mirette" is occupying the boards. At the Lyric, under the management of Mr. Horace Sedger, comic opera, like "Little Christopher Columbus," which has run for something over a year, is usually to be seen, while at the Trafalgar Square and the Prince of Wales's musical

comedies are, as a rule, selected to win public patronage.

With a few remarks on the places where concerts are given I will close.

The Albert Hall, mentioned above, with the capacity of holding some 10,000 people, is used only on great occasions, like the Patti concerts, for instance. The St. James's Hall in Piccadilly, with seating capacity of about 2,000, has been for many years the most popular hall in London. Here nearly all the best concerts and recitals are given. Across the way is Princes Hall, with a seating capacity of about 1,000, which serves as a good second to St. James's Hall. Last December the Queen's Hall in Langham Place was opened. It holds about 2,800 people, and has proved a formidable rival of St. James's Hall, winning away from this older place of entertainment many of the leading concert-giving institutions, including the Philharmonic Society, the Symphony Concerts and others. In connection with the large Queen's Hall is another smaller one, where an audience of about 500 can be accommodated, which has also proved popular for pianoforte recitals and other smaller concerts.

Perhaps the next in importance is the Steinway Hall, an excellent place for acoustics, holding about 500 people. Recently the Salle Erard has been opened, with seating capacity for about 350. This, however, has not received the official license yet from the County Council, and will be regularly opened in October. St. George's Hall in Regent Street, St. Andrew's Hall in Newman Street, Queen's Gate Hall, and many other like places are used at times for concerts. In addition to these there is a hall in every borough of the metropolis, usually known by the name of Town Hall, such as Westminster Town Hall, St. Martin's Town Hall, the Holborn Town Hall, etc., where concerts are sometimes given. During the regular season, when the number of concerts reaches sometimes eighty in a week, other smaller places and large private drawing rooms are used.

FRANK V. ATWATER.

MODERN MUSICAL CRITICISM.



WE live in an age that is nothing if not critical, and of late the lurid light of criticism has been turned upon criticism itself. The lime-light man who should be suddenly exposed to the full glare of his own commodities would not, it may be supposed, cut a very pretty figure, even if he had time to rig himself up in his Sunday best before the lights were turned on. That there are shortcomings of many kinds in any conceivable system of enlightening the public on matters artistic may be readily admitted, but it is difficult not to sympathize with the fearful joy of those who think they are about to see the lash descending on their judges' backs. On all hands there seems to be felt the need of a court of artistic appeal, to reverse where necessary the judgments of the accredited critics, or occasionally to confirm them. We are in too great a hurry now-a-days to wait for the verdict of the only court of appeal that really exists in such matters—the judgment of posterity. And even that, it has been whispered, is not always infallible. The pendulum swings so slowly in some cases, and so far in others, that its ultimate place of repose can hardly be predicted before the once burning question is forgotten altogether.

A striking instance of this in recent musical history is the position occupied by Mendelssohn in the minds of his contemporaries and successors. Many of us, though born too late to feel the direct magic of his personality, can remember the abiding influence of that charm on those who knew him and may have ascribed to that personal atmosphere the otherwise (by us) inexplicable popularity of his music. The vogue passed away, and for years Mendelssohn's name has been a kind of "Aunt Sally" of the modern critics, who thought they had quite crushed the once idolized composer when they had made the discovery that there were weak points in the "Lieder ohne Worte." Now there are not wanting signs

of a return to an admiration of far more limited kind, it is true, but also far more rational than the former fetich worship. In these undulations of opinion, however, the professional critics take very little part, not that their judgment is any saner than that of their contemporaries, but because their utterances must be of ever less and less force as time goes on.

This statement reads almost like a relinquishment of the whole position of the critics; but a moment's consideration will show that it cannot be otherwise. When a new work is brought out the body of professional critics in the audience bears a considerable proportion to the whole number of hearers, and their words are at first the only source from which the public that was not present can derive any idea of the production. In a performance of "The Messiah," "Elijah" or the C minor symphony every one of the audience goes to the concert with prejudices already formed from the judgment of friends (whose words carry probably quite as much weight as those of the newspapers), and the utterances of the critics become what a certain class of people think they ought always to be—exactly equal in influence to the opinions of any other individuals in the audience. For this reason rather than from any inclination to shirk their work the critics are apt to usher in notices of such works as these with the words "merely formal notice is required," or some such phrase.

In the absence of any immediate court of appeal there have been various attempts made lately to counteract the influence of criticism in cases where the irresponsibility of the press has led to results that could be proved to be absurd. A year or two ago, an art-critic of the "advanced" type brought down upon his head a torrent of abusive correspondence from persons of influence and others; and the lesson that such methods can only have one consequence—viz., to strengthen the hands of the critic abused—seems impossible for some to learn. Not to this class of invective, but to that of really practical suggestion and temperate discussion, belongs an interesting article lately contributed by Professor Stanford to the "Fortnightly Review," on "Some Aspects of Musical Criticism in England." It is curious to see how certain conditions, which seem perfectly natural to regular journalists, strike one who is not accustomed to the routine of newspaper work. Mr. Stanford's paper is divided into two parts—for he sees two main defects of the present state of things. He regards as the more serious of the two "baneful oppressions"—as he calls them—the haste with which, on the daily press, notices of new works have to be provided within a very short time of the performance; and takes for his example an opera on which the curtain falls about midnight, which, nevertheless, has to be criticized at length within a couple of hours afterwards. He would wish to see the principle of the foreign feuilleton adopted here, and to wait for the better part of a week for the full delivery of the critic's opinion upon a new work. There are many practical reasons why, in the journalistic world, as it exists in London, such a plan could not be successful, and it is hard to see how, without some very arbitrary restrictions on the liberty of the writers, it could even be attempted.

It has been pointed out by several experienced men on the press that manifold opportunities are afforded the critics of becoming acquainted with the new work before it is produced. In the case of a serious opera, copies of the score are forthcoming in advance, even when they are not accessible to the public; and the last rehearsals are open to the regular critics, so that it is possible, without any shadow of injustice, for them to get a certain portion of their work done beforehand. But, putting these opportunities aside, I would venture to point out that the hardship is very much less than Mr. Stanford supposes. Either a man is competent to form an opinion on a new work, or he is not. If he is, it is a matter of very little difficulty to train the critical faculty in the art of forming an opinion quickly (I do not mean superficially), and it is quite possible to attain a condition in which complete reliance can be placed on first impressions, rather than on second thoughts. It is not hard to see why this should be so, always admitting the general competence of the critic. He awaits the first impression of a new work with every faculty in the highest possible state of receptivity; the salient qualities or defects of the composition strike him vividly as they

pass, and in all probability that elusive "right word" leaps into his consciousness at once, instead of having to be laboriously sought for in the slacker mood of the next day. At a second hearing the critic's mind is no longer a *tabula rasa*; he remembers the impressions he received before, and they often act strictly as prejudices; some beautiful touch of orchestration is expected to strike him as strongly as it did on the first night, and he finds that the expectation has deadened its effect. He will question the accuracy of his former opinions at every point, and, if he is wise, will defer a final judgment until the third time of hearing, when he discovers that his original attitude was the right one—for him at least.

I am perfectly ready to admit that this reliance on first impressions is scarcely a safe thing to preach to the world in general; but the fact that it exists should be stated when the whole question is under discussion. Of the incompetent critic what is to be said? He will arrive at no better opinion after weeks' or months' acquaintance with the work than after the first night; all that he will do will be to offer to his readers a servile copy of the judgments passed by his betters, and the present system is actually a hindrance to his doing this with success. It is pitiable to see certain well-known characters pacing up and down the foyer between the acts of a new opera trying every wile by which they may pick the brains of those in whom they recognize a power of forming a definite opinion. These gentlemen would, no doubt, heartily support Mr. Stanford's suggestion, but from quite other reasons than his.

The other glaring defect pointed out by Mr. Stanford is journalistic pluralism, as it may be called, the system by which one man is allowed to speak with many voices. It is of course a grave anomaly that this should be so, but I take it that the thing is much better than it was, and the remedy that Mr. Stanford recommends, that of signed articles, is making its way, though not perhaps as rapidly or as thoroughly as he would desire. The fault of this lies not at the critic's door, but at that of the managerial department of the smaller papers, who naturally cannot afford to retain the exclusive services of a man of education to write what is in the editorial eye a very unimportant section of the latest intelligence. Where work has to be paid, as in the case of all the less prominent papers, by the piece, the ordinary short concert notice can hardly bring in enough to pay the critic's expenses in getting to and from the hall; and he must either seek to duplicate his offices, or endeavour to obtain employment outside the domain of criticism. And Mr. Stanford will hardly be so hardhearted as to claim much force or independence of opinion (to say nothing of literary style) from men who are teaching all day or spending a great part of the week in playing the organ or drilling refractory choir boys.

On this point of literary style Mr. Stanford has much to say, and I find it difficult to agree in some of his conclusions. In the first place he speaks as if literary excellence were a thing only to be obtained in the daylight hours, and from many passages in his article it is not hard to see that he does strongly disapprove of the midnight oil, and of work in the small hours. "Harassing and unhealthy" are two of his epithets; but it is not only musical critics who find that they can do their best work not in the daytime but at night. Trollope's system of writing for so many hours in the daytime, regardless of the mood he was in, may have conduced to regularity of habits, but it may be surmised that the more usual methods of literary men would have made the general level of his work higher than it is.

Again, there are other reasons than those of haste for the absence (a regrettable one truly) of literary skill in most musical criticism. The almost complete lack of a choice of words in the department of technicalities is a most serious drawback to literary excellence; yet without these technical terms our meaning cannot be made clear, and most undesirable collocations and repetitions of words are really inevitable, if anything like justice is to be done. I venture to think that in the present day this desire for highly spiced "literary" criticism of music has done at least as much harm as good. It has brought about the employment of men whose only qualification is their knack of writing in the fashionable style of the moment. It is one thing to be able to dress up descriptions of millinery or cooking receipts in

the choicest Della Cruscan English, but when the same methods are applied to nobler topics the poor manipulator of words is led into sadly dangerous places. A sentence may be prettily balanced, but if it contains such a "howler" as the description of the "Appassionata" and the "Moonlight" sonatas, as if they were the same work, even the least educated amateur knows how little value to attach to the critic's utterances. The unfortunate part of the thing is, that this kind of blunder is winked at by editors, the greater number of whom are perfectly satisfied if the contributor's "copy" is fairly legible, grammatically expressed, and, above all, delivered in good time. This great drawback is indeed alluded to by Mr. Stanford, who is sanguine enough to hope that the majority of the editors at least "may be trusted, if they are themselves without any acquaintance with music, to make sure of the credentials of those whom they wish to appoint as their musical correspondents." He spoils a good case, however, by going on: "If they appoint an incompetent person, public opinion is pretty sure, sooner or later, to find out and expose the ignoramus." This is perfectly true, but alas, this does not always mean that the ignoramus loses his post. By no means; for the sale of the paper is in no way affected by the blunders that appear in it, and for the state of their advertisement columns the smaller papers do not appear to care very much.

Mr. Stanford is fond of quoting from the utterances of the late Master of Trinity. I will cap him with a famous story of the speech of an English judge. On a special occasion, when a certain joint message was to be sent from the entire English Bench, some of the judges demurred when the opening words of the draft were read out—"Conscious as we are of our own shortcomings,"—whereupon the late Lord Justice Bowen proposed to substitute the phrase "Conscious as we are of each other's shortcomings," a form of words that doubtless expressed the condition of things far more truly. Some of us musical critics are acutely conscious of each other's shortcomings; but, after all, I believe the proportion of critics who are both competent and honest to be larger in the present moment than it has ever been in the short history of musical criticism. Within the last few years there have disappeared from London journalistic circles no fewer than three men who notoriously used their position on the press to obtain money by something very little removed from blackmailing. One of the three, who was lately living in Paris, informed a pianist of some eminence, who had never appeared in England before this spring, that he must be prepared to offer bribes to "about two or three" of the musical critics. It is to the honour of the class that the pianist made search for these gentlemen in vain; he had to retain his money and stand the ordeal with the other players of the year. In the "good old days" critics must have had a far more lively time of it. It almost makes one's mouth water to think of the days when all the greatest pianoforte players of Europe were kept at bay, for the simple reason that the wife of a distinguished London critic was a pianist; or to read a famous operatic criticism indited on the strength of the rehearsal of an opera which to this day has never been performed; or to taste with the palate of the imagination the dinners that were given as a matter of course to "them of old time" in exchange for their favourable verdict.

On the whole I very much doubt whether the musical criticism of the present day is in such very bad case after all; the critics whose opinion "signifies" are nearly all of them well-informed, unprejudiced, and not to be purchased; and the mistakes that can be quoted against us as a class are at all events no worse than many that could be culled from the pages of artistic or dramatic criticism. We do not generally commit musical blunders of such magnitude as is implied in the confusion between a water-colour and an oil; and if a musical critic has reviewed "Izyl" without detecting that the hero was Buddha he would most probably have heard of it from headquarters. That it can be improved I do not doubt, nor that it will be, as the spread of musical knowledge grows simultaneously with the literary taste, which is, as Mr. Stanford points out, the main thing that is required, if musical criticism is to be readable twenty years after it is written.

J. A. FULLER MAITLAND.

HAUNTS AND HOMES

OF CHOPIN IN PARIS.



OWARDS the close of the year 1831 Chopin, then a young man of twenty-two years, reached Paris, and from that on till 1849, the year of his death, he made the French capital his headquarters and home.

In Paris he lived through the best, the most brilliant and also the most tragic years of his life, and in Paris the greater part of his incomparable

compositions, to-day unrivalled for poetic grace and inspired loveliness in the field of pianoforte literature, were written and conceived.

During the early years of his youth the great European art centres were to Chopin the goal of many hopes and dreams. Amidst the provincial surroundings of his Polish home the allurements of a broader and fuller art life tempted him into constant longing for the intellectual joys he knew awaited him in foreign cities and made him dissatisfied, despite the passionate love he bore his country, with the surroundings of his home life.

To a friend he writes from Warsaw in October, 1830:

"You cannot conceive how impatient and weary (a feeling I cannot struggle against) I am of everything here." And, although he writes sadly of leaving home with all he loves, and going "out into the wide world," yet his love for art overrules all other feelings, and a month later, November 2, 1830, we find him bidding adieu to his Polish home—which he never again revisited—and setting out on the journey that was eventually to be terminated at Paris.

It was fate rather than pre-arrangement that decided Chopin's going to Paris, for, on leaving Warsaw, his steps were directed towards Italy; but political disturbances in the last named country made it undesirable that the young musician should go there, and, after a sojourn of some months in Germany and Austria, he set out for Paris with a passport marked "passant par Paris à Londres."

Shortly after Chopin left Poland the insurrection of 1830 broke out. His journey to Italy was prevented by political disturbances, and, on reaching Paris, things there seem to have also been in ferment, for he writes to Titus Woyciechowski on December 25, 1831:

"MY DEAR TITUS— * * * The populace are enraged against the Government and would like to overthrow it, for the sake of putting an end to the misery abroad; but the latter are too much on their guard and the smallest crowd is dispersed by the mounted gendarmerie. You must know that I am living on the fourth floor, but in one of the boulevards in the best part of Paris. I have a balcony overlooking the street, and so have a good view right and left over the moving masses. General Ramorino has taken up his quarters exactly opposite in the Cité bergère.

"You know of course how the Germans everywhere received him; how in Strasburg the French dragged his carriage in triumph through the streets; in short, you know all about the enthusiasm of the populace for our General. Paris did not wish to be behind in this respect. * * * Nearly 1,000 enthusiasts paraded the streets with a tri-color banner to give Ramorino an ovation. Although he was at home, he would not appear in spite of the shouts of 'Vive les Polonais!' for fear of offending the Government. His adjutant came out and said that the General was unfortunately unable to receive them, and begged that they would come another day. But next morning he had gone to another lodging. A few days later an enormous mob gathered outside the Panthéon, marched across the Seine towards Ramorino's house like an avalanche, increasing in force as they proceeded, till they reached the Pont Neuf, where the mounted gendarmes, after several

charges, dispersed them. Although many were wounded a fresh crowd assembled on the boulevard under my windows for the purpose of joining those who came from the other side of the Seine. The police were powerless; the crowd grew larger and larger, until a division of infantry and a squadron of hussars arrived, when the commandant ordered the municipal guard and the troops to clear the streets and arrest the ringleaders. (This is their free nation!)

"The panic spread like lightning; the shops were closed; crowds congregated at the corners and the orderlies were hissed as they galloped about the streets. Every window was crammed with spectators, as on grand fête days with us, and the uproar lasted from 11 A. M. till 11 P. M. I thought once some mischief might have followed, but about midnight they struck up 'Allons, enfants de la patrie' and went home. I cannot describe to you the harsh cries of this excited and discontented mob. Everyone feared the émeute would begin next morning, but it did not."

The boulevard Chopin speaks of in the above letter was boulevard Poissonnière, and the house in which he lived on the fourth floor, No. 27.

Standing on the balcony, of which we give a sketch, one can imagine what Chopin's feelings were as he gazed on the surging, harsh-voiced throngs and listened to their cry of "Vive les Polonais!" shouted in honour of Ramorino, the Italian military adventurer, who had commanded a Polish regiment in the insurrection of 1830. The sentence in parenthesis in his letter ("This is their free nation!") bespeaks all the young Pole's hatred of intolerance—doubly bitter at this time by reason of the disastrous blow which had just then fallen on the liberty and rights of his beloved country.

Paris is fast changing, and the boulevard Poissonnière of to-day is surely different to that Chopin knew in the early thirties; but the house he lived in has remained the same. Alas! only up to the moment of writing, for heavy boarding now surrounds the lower part, and a very short period will see it renovated and modernized.

On the iron railing of the balcony the young composer was no doubt often to be found leaning, as he gazed into the streets below and watched the busy life of the boulevards, which he has described so vividly and well in his letters home.

In the same letter, of December 25, to his friend Titus Woyciechowski, he also writes:

"The Parisians are a strange people; towards evening you hear nothing but the names of new books, which consist of three or four pages of printed nonsense. The youngsters push their wares so well that in the end, whether you will or not, you are sure to lay out a sou or two. The following are specimens of the titles: 'L'art de faire des amours et de les conserver ensuite'; 'Les amours des prêtres'; 'L'Archevêque de Paris avec Madame la Duchesse de Berry,' and hundreds of like absurdities which are, however, often very wittily written."

In a letter still earlier he writes:

"In Paris you find everything. You can amuse yourself, weary yourself, laugh, weep, and, above all, do what you like without a soul taking any notice of you, because thousands are doing likewise. Everybody goes his own way."

The word "weep" in the above letter calls to mind the fact that doubtless about this time tears were not foreign to Chopin's eyes. He had left behind him in Warsaw an "Ideal" (as he calls her), Constantia Gladowska—and how dear this young singer (she was engaged at the Opéra and had been a fellow student of Chopin's at the Warsaw Conservatorium) was to him we have only to test by playing over one of the most beautiful love-poems ever inspired by a young man's fancy—the second movement of the F minor concerto. Of this Chopin himself writes:

"I have—perhaps to my misfortune—already found my ideal, whom I worship faithfully and sincerely. Six months have elapsed and I have not yet exchanged a syllable with her, of whom I dream every night. Whilst my thoughts were with her, I composed the adagio of my concerto, and early this

morning she inspired the waltz* which I send along with this letter."

With Chopin the course of true love did not run smoothly; his love proved false, and, whilst Chopin was making his way in Paris, she had the execrable taste to marry a Warsaw merchant.

That Chopin loved his false ideal dearly there can be no doubt. Constant and most endearing are the terms in which he writes about her to his intimate friends, Woyciechowski and Matuszynski. To the latter from Vienna he writes:

"To-day life and death are indifferent to me. Say nothing of this to my parents. Tell them I am in capital spirits; that I want for nothing, am enjoying myself gloriously and never feel lonely. Tell her the same if she laughs at me, but if she asks kindly after me, and seems anxious about me, whisper to her not to be uneasy, but say that I must ever feel lonely and unhappy away from her."

And in another letter the boyish sentence: "Oh. I should tear my hair out if I thought she forgot me."

Constantia, however, did forget him, and Chopin writes no more about her to his friends. All that remained to him of his early love was the beautiful second movement of his concerto, which Liszt tells us was one of the pieces of his own composition the composer was very fond of playing. Even although subsequent events prove conclusively that Chopin outgrew his early love and disappointment, yet, with a sensitive nature like his, we may safely surmise, from the fact that he loved to play this piece which Constantia inspired, that the memory of his lost love remained dear to him.

Owing to the insurrection in Poland, when Chopin came to Paris he found it full of refugees, and with many of these he shared from time to time his lodg-



ings on the boulevard Poissonnière. The French, especially in Paris, sympathized with the unfortunate Poles, and Chopin writes home how at one of the theatres the whole history of the Polish insurrection was given, and how "the people go like mad to see the fights and the national costumes." He comments on the fact that a Polish mazurka is advertised to be played between the acts, and we can judge by his letters that, although far from home,

*According to Niecks, op. 70, No. 3.

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the Polish element is decidedly surrounding him in Paris.

It did not take Chopin long to make friends in his new home. Nothing surprising if we consider that the young musician had already made a reputation for himself in Vienna, and had his portfolio stocked with beautiful compositions, amongst which the two concertos, E minor and F minor, with the Krakowiak and some exquisite mazurkas, were conspicuous. Very soon after his arrival we find him surrounded by men like Liszt, Hiller and Franchomme. These three, with Chopin, frequently dined together at one of the many restaurants on the boulevards, and when Mendelssohn was in Paris he often made one of the party. How brilliant and merry this party must have been we have only to learn by remembering Mendelssohn's social gifts and Chopin's talent for mimicry.

On one occasion Chopin, Liszt and Hiller were at a café on the boulevard des Italiens, and, seeing Kalkbrenner approaching them, they determined to have some fun at his expense. So they surrounded him and commenced talking in the noisiest manner to the utter discomfiture of the then renowned pianist, whose hobby it was to be considered the acme of all that was refined and aristocratic.

The Italian opera, of which at this time Rossini was director, Chopin seems to have enjoyed greatly, for he writes home enthusiastically:

"As to the opera I must say I have never heard such a fine performance as last week, when the 'Barbiere' was given with Lablache, Rubini and Malibran-Garcia. There was also an excellent rendering of 'Otello' with Rubini, Lablache, and Pasta; also 'L'Italiana in Algeri.' Paris has in this respect never offered so many attractions as now. You can have no idea of Lablache. They say that Pasta's voice has rather gone off, but I never in my life heard such heavenly singing as hers. Malibran's wonderful voice has a compass of three octaves, and she is in her style unique and fascinating. Rubini, a capital tenor, makes no end of roudades and often too many coloratures, but by his incessant recourse to the trill and tremolo he wins enormous applause. His mezza-voce is incomparable."

At the receptions given by Cherubini, then director of the Conservatoire, Chopin met all the notabilities of the time, as well as at the receptions of Zimmerman, the professor of piano-forte at the Conservatoire, and at Baillot's, the violinist, whose musicals Mendelssohn describes in his letters. Shortly after Chopin arrived in Paris he set about the arrangements of his first concert, which, after many delays, took place at the Salle Pleyel on February 25, 1832. At this concert Chopin played one of his concertos, which one, however, it is difficult to be sure of, as only conflicting testimony can be given, Chopin himself, in a letter home, writing that he intends playing the concerto in F minor, whilst Hiller, who attended the concert, says it was the E minor concerto which was down on the programme. It may perhaps have been that Chopin really intended playing the F minor concerto; but, hearing of Constantia's faithlessness, changed it later on for that in E minor; but of course this is only mere supposition. About this concert, however, only one thing is certain, and it is this, that although Chopin took his audience by storm, financially the concert was a failure.

At this time Chopin was forced to consider seri-

ously his plans for the future, and for a short time it seemed to him he must quit Paris. His purse was light and his concert had not helped to refill it. He was living in one of the best quarters of the city, had assisted many of his impoverished countrymen, and that his requirements were not modest we can gather from what he writes to Titus Woyciechowski: "I drive in my own carriage, but the coachman is hired."

Chopin liked to live as a gentleman, and when the wherewithal begins to fail him he grows melancholy and makes known his intentions to emigrate to America; nor can the entreaties of his friends and parents deter him from the project. But fate is strongest of all. A visit to the salon of the Rothschilds changes (so goes the story) his fortunes. His exquisite piano playing and his own personal

for Orchestra." He is now even composing variations on a theme of mine. Kalkbrenner improvises frequently on my mazurkas. Pupils of the Conservatoire, nay, even private pupils of Moscheles, Herz, and Kalkbrenner (consequently, clever artists) still take lessons from me, and regard me as the equal of Field. * * * To-day I have to give five lessons. You will imagine that I must soon have made a fortune; but the cabriolet and the white gloves eat the earnings almost up, and without these things people would deny my *bon ton*."

In 1833 Chopin was living at 5, rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, then one of the most aristocratic streets in Paris, now a street entirely occupied by business houses and shops of all kinds. All traces of the house, as Chopin must have known it, are now lost, and in the rooms where Liszt, Heine, Hiller, Franchomme, Mickiewicz, the Polish poet, and a host of other celebrities made merry, and where the composer passed some of the happiest hours of his life, busy clerks are now located, and commerce holds sway where art once reigned.

Enjoying good health and surrounded by friends, the time passed pleasantly for Chopin. In 1834 one of his dearest friends, Johan Matuszynski, arrived in Paris and took up his residence at 5, rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, to the great delight of the composer.

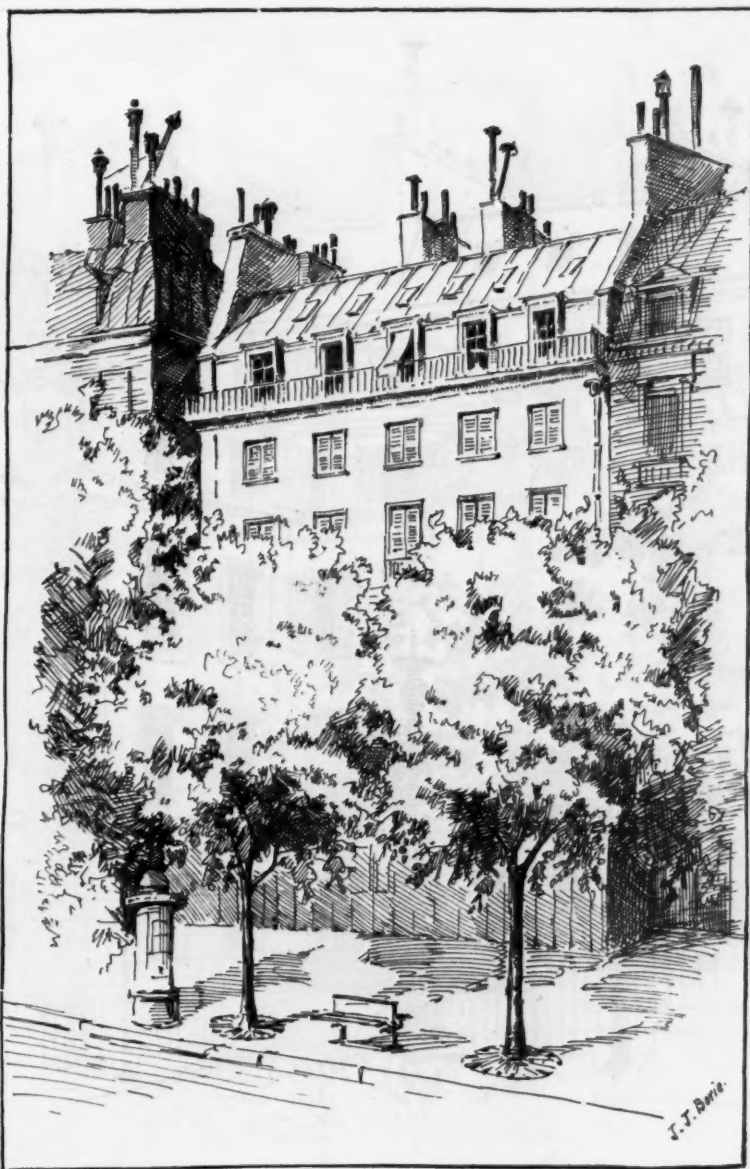
We get a glimpse of what Chopin was like at this time from a letter written by Matuszynski:

"The first thing I did was to call on Chopin. I cannot tell you how great our mutual happiness was on meeting again after a separation of five years. He has grown strong and tall; I hardly recognized him. Chopin is now the first pianist here; he gives a great many lessons, but none under 20 frs. He has composed much and his works are in great request."

Matuszynski might have added that Chopin himself was also in great request. At the soirées at the Austrian and English embassies, at those given by the Princess Adam Czartoryski in the famous Hôtel Lambert, and at a dozen other famous hotels of the *haut monde* of Paris too numerous to mention, the young Polish composer received the most flattering marks of attention and recognition. *Tout le beau monde* ran after him in fact; so much so that his friend Orłowski, writing to Poland, says: "Chopin is healthy and strong; he turns the heads of all the ladies, and the men are jealous of him. He is now the *mode*, and the fashionable world will soon be

wearing gloves *à la Chopin*." Success agreed with Chopin; he wrote composition after composition, one more beautiful than another, and in the, to him, fascinating surroundings of aristocratic salons his genius seemed to grow and expand. His marvellous improvisations were not only loved, but understood by the various personages of the Polish circle to which Princess Beauvan and the beautiful Countess Delphine Potocka belonged, and, amidst such homage and recognition as few artists of Chopin's calibre have enjoyed, the Polish composer at this time lived a life full of brightness and satisfaction that stands in happy relief against the tragic darkness of later years.

In 1837 Chopin first met Georges Sand, and this meeting, according to Liszt, took place in Chopin's apartment, in the rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. It seems that Liszt called one morning on Chopin and



BOULEVARD POISSONNIÈRE.

charm captivate the hearts of the guests at the Hôtel Rothschild, and in a short while he is surrounded by a bevy of aristocratic pupils, and can write in the first weeks of 1833 to a Polish friend as follows:

"I move in the highest society, among ambassadors, princes, and ministers, and I don't know how I got there, for I did not thrust myself forward. But for me this is at present an absolute necessity, for thence comes, as it were, good taste. You are at once credited with more talents, if you are heard at a soirée at the English or Austrian ambassador's. * * * Among the Paris artists I enjoy general esteem and friendship, although I have been here only a year. A proof of this is that men of great reputation dedicate their compositions to me, and do so even before I have paid them the same compliment—for instance, Pixis, his last 'Variations

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found him in high spirits over some compositions he had finished, which he was eager at the time to play to his friends. Liszt suggested that the same evening they should have a *soirée musicale*, and, Chopin agreeing, Liszt brought the Countess d'Agoult (mother of the present Mme. Cosima Wagner), and with her Georges Sand.

This meeting with Georges Sand Chopin had tried to avoid, while Georges Sand was long anxious for it to take place; but, in spite of Chopin's opposition, of course, as they were the mutual friends of Liszt, it was bound to come sooner or later. It is strange that Chopin should have had an instinctive shrinking from making the acquaintance of the woman who was later to make his life so bitter; but all through we see this same strange premonition of coming evil with the superstitious young Pole. When he writes that he has found his ideal, he also adds, "perhaps to my misfortune." On leaving Warsaw, he writes that he feels it is "forever," and in each case he was right.

Liszt has given us a charming pen-picture of what the marvellous *soirées intimes* were like *chez* Chopin:

"His apartment was only lighted by some wax candles grouped round one of Pleyel's pianos, which he particularly liked for their slightly veiled yet silvery sonorousness and easy touch, permitting him to elicit tones which one might think proceeded from one of those harmonicas of which romantic Germany has preserved the monopoly, and which were so ingeniously constructed by the ancient masters from the union of crystal and water.

"As the corners of the rooms were left in obscurity, all idea of limit was lost, so that there seemed no boundary save the darkness of space. Some tall piece of furniture with its white cover would reveal itself in the dim light; an indistinct form, raising itself like a spectre to listen to the sounds by which it had been evoked. The light concentrated round the piano, glided, wave-like, along the floor, mingling with the red flashes of the firelight. A solitary portrait, that of a pianist, a sympathetic friend and admirer, seemed invited to be the constant auditor of those sighing, murmuring, moaning tones which ebbed and flowed upon the instrument. By a strange accident the polished surface of the mirror reflected, so as to double for our eyes the beautiful oval with the silky curls, which has so often been copied, and of which countless engravings have been produced for the friends of the elegant composer."

Whether the meeting between Georges Sand and Chopin took place at rue Chaussée d'Antin or at the reception of some mutual friend, it is hard to decide; but, at all events, it is certain that, in the dimly lit

apartment with its waxed floors and piano, where Chopin loved to play to a select circle of his admirers, Georges Sand soon became a welcome and honoured guest.

Shortly after their first meeting, in a letter written from Nohant (Georges Sand's chateau) to her friend, the Countess d'Agoult, Georges Sand invites Chopin most cordially, along with his friends Grzymala and Mickiewicz, and that it is probable the former accepted we gather from a paragraph in a letter written to Wodzinski, wherein Chopin says:

"I may perhaps go to Georges Sand's for a few days."

In 1838 Chopin accompanied Georges Sand to Majorca; for his health, never very robust, begins to give way, and the doctors ordered a journey south.

him 500 frs. on account. Chopin then borrows 1,000 frs. from his friend Leo, a Paris banker, and during his stay at Majorca, which, by the way, proved most disastrous for his health, he works at the MS. and a few months later finishes it and sends it on to Paris.

In October, 1839, Chopin, who had spent the summer at Nohant, returned to Paris and took up his quarters at 5, rue Trouchet, situated just back of the Madeleine. He did not stay long here. Georges Sand tells us he found it too damp, but, be this as it may, he moves to 16, rue Pigalle a year later, and takes up his residence in the same house as Georges Sand.

As at rue Chaussée d'Antin, the houses in rue Trouchet and rue Pigalle are now so changed as to have lost all resemblance to those which Chopin

occupied. The mere framework is all that now remains. But the house to which Chopin removed in 1842 from rue Pigalle still wears pretty much the same aspect as when Chopin knew it. This house is situated in the Square d'Orléans. Georges Sand moved there at the same time as Chopin did, the house she occupied being No. 5 and Chopin's No. 3.

In the midst of an overcrowded neighbourhood, where poverty, work and unloveliness of architecture make together a singularly unattractive group, the quiet Cité d'Orléans, with its trees, fountains, silence and charm, comes as a welcome oasis of beauty. It is so unlike all that surrounds it and is so welcome amidst the ugliness of the crowded streets that encircle it that the soft babbling of the fountain, the sunlight and shade, the deep green of the trees and varied hues of the flowers seem ten times more beautiful than they would elsewhere. It was in this retired spot, now made romantic for us by reason of his stay, that Chopin lived during these years, having for neighbours Georges Sand, Mme. Marliani (wife of a Span-

ish author), Dantan, the sculptor; Viardot Garcia, and the Conservatoire professor, Zimmerman.

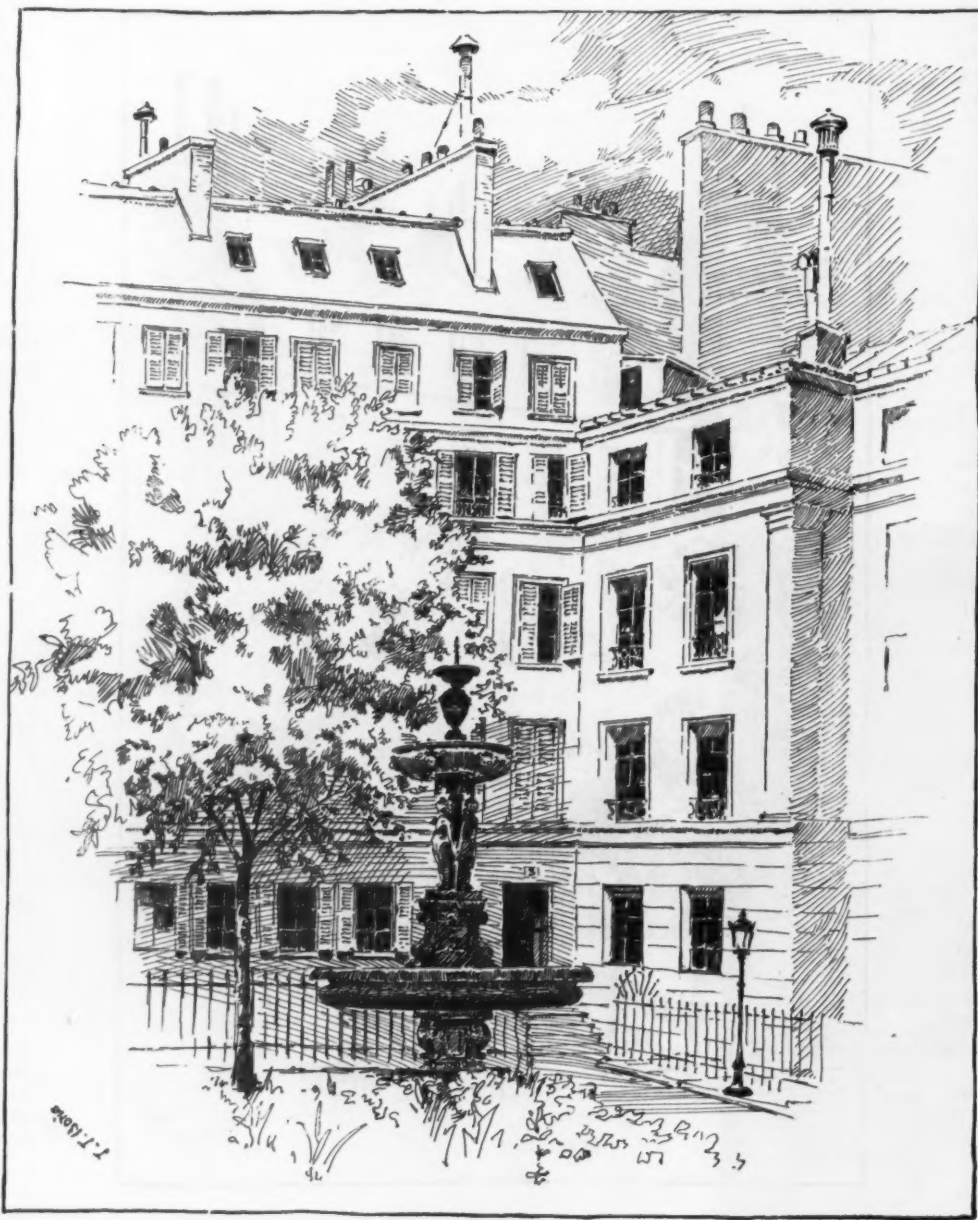
In Georges Sand's "Ma Vie" she writes as follows:

"We had only a large planted and sanded and always clean court to cross in order to meet; sometimes in her rooms [Mme. Marliani's], sometimes in mine, sometimes in Chopin's, when he was inclined to give us some music. We dined with her at common expense. It was a very good association, economical, like all associations, and enabled one to see society at Mme. Marliani's, my friends more privately in my apartments, and to take up work at the hour when it suited me to withdraw. Chopin rejoiced also at having a fine, isolated salon where he could go to compose or to dream. But he loved society,

As Georges Sand was also bound south for the health of her only son, Maurice, the two friends decided to join forces; but before Chopin can decide he seems to have had some difficulty in coming to an arrangement.

Like so many artists, Chopin seems to have lacked cleverness in money matters. The man-servant, the rooms in fashionable quarters, the carriage, white gloves, and the hundred and one luxuries the Polish tone-poet thought necessary to existence ate up his earnings quickly, and, when it came to the question of funds for the journey to Majorca, Chopin is in a strait.

Poor Chopin! He was at work at the time on the "Préludes," and he brings these to Camille Pleyel. Pleyel promises him 2,000 frs. for the MS. and gives



CHOPIN'S HOUSE, CITÉ D'ORLÉANS, NO. 3.

THE MUSICAL COURIER

and made little use of his sanctuary except to give lessons in."

The life led by Chopin and his friends in the Cité d'Orléans was very charming, and some of his most beautiful works were here composed—or, if not composed (for Chopin worked much in his yearly sojourn at Nohant), were here revised and made ready for publication amongst them were notably the exquisite "Berceuse" and the incomparable "Barcarolle."

At Mme. Marliani's there was generally a gathering of charming people each evening, and when in the humour Chopin would allow himself to be led to the piano, and would enthral his hearers by his exquisite playing. Sometimes in his own apartment he would give a little *musicale* for the hearing of some favourite pupil, and then the guests would drop in, and without a word take their places as Chopin liked—as far as possible from the pianoforte.

During the day-time Chopin occupied himself giving lessons, and constant relays of pupils would cross and recross the court. Sometimes single lessons, as Mikuli tells us, would last for hours at a stretch, and he writes: "Many a beautiful eye left the high altar of the Cité d'Orléans bedewed with tears."

As a master Chopin received adoration from his pupils, and till his death the Princess Marcelline Czartoryski and the Countess Delphine Potocka—one of the most beautiful women of her day—accorded him the warmest friendship. It is said too that Chopin ever had a predilection for his Polish pupils, finding that they were the best interpreters of his works, although the beautiful Mlle. O'Meara, whose Irish look Mme. Girardin describes as "that mixture of sadness and serenity, of profound tenderness and shy dignity," ran them closely in his favour.

Chopin had almost a passion for teaching, quite an extraordinary trait in the character of a man of his genius, and what would have been torture to others to him gave pleasure. In the salon of No. 3, Cité d'Orléans, surrounded by the household gods he loved, sitting at one pianoforte and with a pupil at the other, Chopin was happy. Flowers filled the air with perfume, and at intervals when the pupil failed him Chopin himself drew forth wondrous sounds and nuances with his velvet fingers and explained his idea; then, the lesson over, the composer in his chivalrous Polish fashion would always accompany the pupil to

the ante-room, where the man-servant was waiting.

In 1847 it is supposed the break with Georges Sand took place. She had grown tired of her gifted lover; he was over-sensitive, fanciful, too refined, in a word, for her coarse tastes, and the chest complaint which had begun seriously to trouble him in 1838 was rapidly becoming worse. When Georges Sand sought means it only meant a question of time—for she was sure to find them, and in a short while she did

to make fearful inroads. On the outbreak of the insurrection of 1848, eager to obliterate the home miseries he was then enduring, he accepted an invitation to visit England. In January 1849, he wrote from London to Grzymala: "To-day I am lying almost the whole day [Tuesday], but Thursday I shall leave the, to me, unbearable London. The night from Thursday to Friday I shall remain at Boulogne, and, I hope, go to bed on Friday night in the Place d'Orléans. To other ailments is now

added neuralgia.

Please see that the sheets and pillows are quite dry and cause fir-nuts to be bought. Madame Étienne is not to spare anything, so that I may warm myself when I arrive.

* * Tell Pleyel to send me a piano on Thursday; let it be closed and a bouquet of violets be bought, so that there may be a nice fragrance in the salon. I should like to find a little posy in my rooms and in my bedroom, where I in all probability shall lie down for a long time."

After his return home Chopin was too ill even to give lessons, and when the money he had made in England was gone he was without resources. At this time one of his pupils, a Scotch lady, Miss Stirling, came forward with a handsome gift—some say of 20,000 frs., others of 25,000 frs.—but, owing to the villainy of a portière, the poor composer was near being robbed of this—for the woman hid it for days behind a clock, and it is supposed that she knew it was money and, expecting Chopin to die daily, did not give it to him. Miss Stirling had generously placed the notes in an envelope without name or address and had them sent anonymously, so that it was only days later, seeing Chopin was still without money, that the non-arrival of the money was remarked. Fortunately the envelope with the notes intact was demanded and the packet given to the composer.

From the Cité d'Orléans Chopin re-

moved for six weeks to more summer-like quarters in the rue Chaillot, and finally in August, 1849, he removed to 12, Place Vendôme, where he died.

The closing months of Chopin's life were full of pain and sadness. Nothing remained to him but the affectionate care of a few warm friends. He was forced to pass hours in gloom and solitude; his voice began to fail him and by signs he tried to save himself even the exertion of speech. At last, in October, his friends saw that the hour of death was fast



find means to rid herself of a lover who no longer amused her. Georges Sand spent the winter of 1847 at Nohant and gave up her apartment in the Cité d'Orléans, where Chopin still continued to live, and the breach between them was complete.

Chopin suffered at this time as few men or geniuses have suffered. He gave lessons as before, but he ceased to compose. In February, 1848, he even gave a concert at the Salle Pleyel. His life was broken and the fatal disease he suffered from began

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approaching and the composer himself knew hope was useless. He told his physician so, and when the latter tried to raise his spirits and give him some hope, Chopin replied solemnly: "God shews man a rare favour when He reveals to him the moment of the approach of death; this grace He shews me. Do not disturb me."

Some days before his death Countess Delphine Potocka, hearing of his grievous illness, came to Paris,

church and Mozart's "Requiem" was given. During the ceremony Lefebure-Wely, then organist of the Madeleine, played two of Chopin's preludes, in E and B minor, Nos. 4 and 6, and witnesses of the ceremony have declared that the effect of these wailing, sorrow-laden tone-poems on the feelings of the thousands assembled was most impressive. All the suffering and mental agony the dead man had lived through seemed to tell of itself in the music, and,

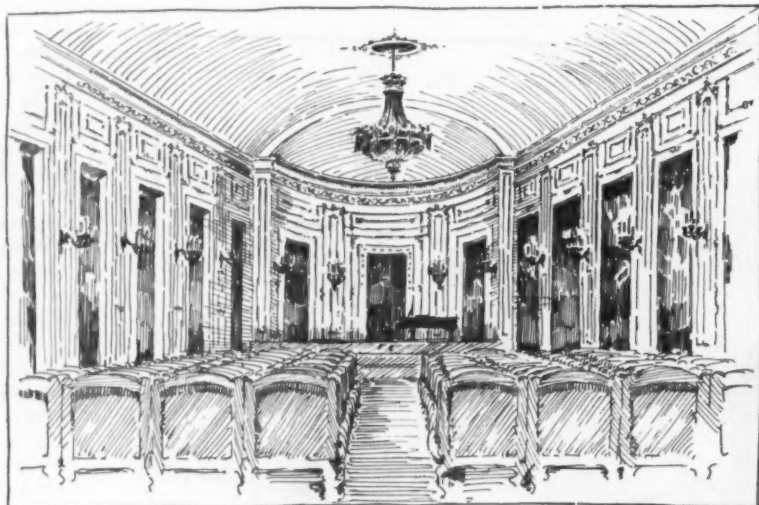
was left to take his last, long sleep, alone and undisturbed.

A year later a monument, consisting of a large square slab, one side of which has a medallion portrait of the composer, and above which sits a figure of a mourning muse, was unveiled over the composer's grave.

It is a retired and shady spot that is occupied by Chopin's grave. Entering by the large gate of the cemetery and passing on the left the tomb of Alfred de Musset with the willow tree he wished planted over him, and the graves of Abélard and Héloïse on the right, you turn down a shady path, and here you soon find Chopin's last resting place. It lies to the left on a gentle slope of ground and is shaded by trees.

After fifty years and more of test we know to-day that there is but one Chopin. In his own *genre* he stands unrivalled, the greatest pianoforte genius of the age. His is the poetry of romance, of sentiment, of chivalry, of refinement, and, in the delineation of love, with its caprice, its grace, its unquiet, its tenderness, and deep, heartfelt passion, he has never been equalled. Itself the very soul of poetry, Chopin's music gives us all that is best and loveliest in the sum of human emotions. There is not a chord in the sphere of feeling that his genius has not vibrated, not a tone in the gamut of love, despair, hope, fear, sadness, or joy he has not struck. Proud, bold, tender, he knew all moods and gave way to all moods. When others waited, he forged ahead, and on the eagle wings of his own poetic imaginings reached heights till then unknown, and sought emotions which the world at large will ever live in ignorance of.

That Paris had much to do in the moulding and perfecting of Chopin's genius there can be no doubt. He lived in a golden age. Men and women like Victor Hugo, Berlioz, Heine, Musset, Mickiewicz, Dumas, Ary Scheffer, Balzac, Delacroix, Lamartine, Daniel Stern, Georges Sand, Liszt, Bellini, Rossini, Cherubini, Thalberg, Meyerbeer, Paganini, and Mendelssohn, as well as a fascinating circle of most lovely, talented, and refined Polish aristocratic women, were around him at various times, if not always, during his stay in Paris. The life of the salon, there existing in truest perfection, suited him.



SALLE PLEYEL.

and, on seeing her by his bedside, Chopin, whose friendship for his beautiful pupil was deep and tender, said: "Therefore, then, has God delayed so long to call me to Him; He wished to vouchsafe me yet the pleasure of seeing you."

Chopin, who, despite his carelessness of the outward rules of the Church during the latter years of his life, remained in belief a true Catholic, received at the hands of the Abbé Jelowicki the Viaticum and Extreme Unction after a confession made while shedding torrents of tears, and shortly after the death struggle—which, according to the Abbé Jelowicki, lasted four days and nights—began.

During this time Countess Delphine Potocka, who possessed a wonderful voice, sang to him, and friend after friend came to take leave of the dying musician. Some of these were around his bedside on the evening of October 16, and gave the responses to the litanies read by the priest who attended him in his last moments. At daybreak on the 17th the soul of the composer passed away, and over his features, not yet cold in death, a look of ineffable beauty and purity appeared.

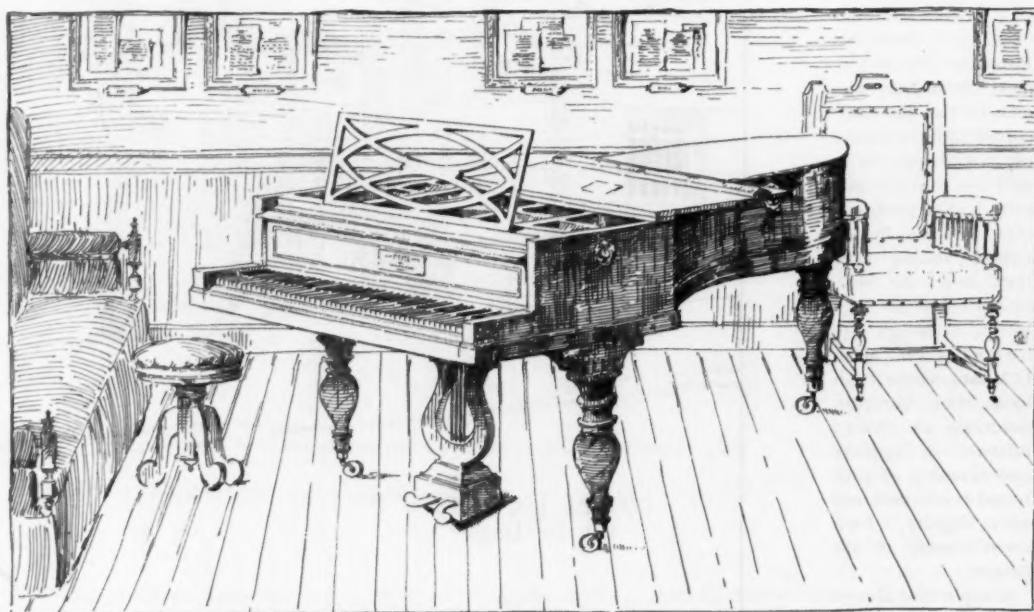
Dressed in a suit of evening clothes and surrounded by the flowers he loved, Chopin lay for some time at his residence in the Place Vendôme; then the coffin was laid in the vaults of the Madeleine and the funeral service took place there on Tuesday, October 30.

The Madeleine was imposingly draped in black, with the initials F. C. in silver placed outside over the portico. In the centre of the church a great catafalque was raised, and beneath it the coffin, surrounded by flowers, was placed. An enormous throng was present, the church being packed to the extreme, and at 12 o'clock precisely the service began. Whilst the coffin was slowly carried up the aisle Chopin's own funeral march, from the B minor sonata, was played by the orchestra of the Conservatoire.

Before dying, Chopin, it is said, had made arrangements for his funeral and had expressed a wish to have Mozart's "Requiem" performed. As it was not the custom to admit female singers to the Madeleine this was difficult to arrange, but finally the curé gave the desired permission, and Mmes. Viardot-Garcia and Castellan, with Lablache and Alexis Dupont, were placed at the extreme end of the

whilst the sunbeams glinted and played in the semi-darkness, a shiver went over the kneeling crowds.

After the ceremony the funeral cortège, consisting of two near relatives of the composer—his sister and brother-in-law—with the Princes Adam and Alexander Czartoryski, Delacroix, Franchomme, Meyerbeer, and Gutmann took its way beneath brilliant sunshine along the boulevards, passing Chopin's first home in Paris, No. 27, boulevard Poissonnière, to the



CHOPIN'S PIANO.

Cemetery of Père-la-Chaise. Many of Chopin's lady pupils, clad in deep mourning, followed the whole way on foot, a distance of three miles, and, when the grave was reached, the coffin was lowered in silence. Upon this was thrown the Polish earth given to Chopin when he last left Warsaw, and over the grave flowers in the greatest profusion were strewn.

When all was over, the twilight had already begun to fall, and beneath the shadow of the trees he who was not inaptly termed the "Ariel" of the pianoforte

He loved to have beautiful things and beautiful women about him. A few violets were a poem to him, and all the refinements of luxury and taste necessities for his happiness.

Away from Paris he never felt happy, nor could his own beloved country, deep as his patriotism for it was, ever have been to him what Paris was. Chopin knew this; knew that the one was his mother, the other was his love, and, as nature teaches, whilst the former had his devotion, the latter had himself.

Of the relics now existing of Chopin—many were destroyed in 1861 in Warsaw by the Russians—one of the most important is the grand pianoforte, of which, by the kind permission of M. George Pfeiffer, director of the Maison Pleyel Wolff, we are enabled to give a sketch. The pianoforte stands in the very artist room at Pleyel's which Chopin himself has often waited in before going on the platform of the Salle close by. It is the ordinary grand pianoforte of the day, a dark red colour, with handsome brass ornaments at the sides, and the tone and touch are still excellent. On the inside lid a brass tablet records the fact that Chopin composed on this pianoforte the "Préludes," "Nocturne in G minor," "Funeral March in B minor," "Études from la Méthode de Moscheles," "Mazurka in A minor," "Tarentelle," "Fantasia in F minor" and "Scherzo in B minor."

In the Church of the Holy Cross, at Warsaw, by his own desire, Chopin's heart is preserved, and there, in a marble niche, a bust of the composer has been erected.

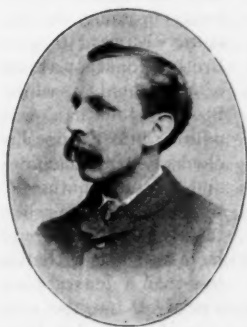
Next month a monument will be unveiled at Zelazowa-Wola, Chopin's birthplace, which has been erected by many grateful admirers to the memory of him whom we honour to-day as one of the greatest geniuses of the age.

ALEXANDER MCARTHUR.

The Gloucester Musical Festival;

or,

The Meeting of the Three Choirs.



C. LEE WILLIAMS.

Photo. by Abraham Thomas, Gloucester.

THIS festival can hardly be spoken of except in conjunction with those held at Worcester and Hereford, as there is so much in common to be said of these triennial gatherings. The old name, "The Meeting of the Three Choirs," is, I fear, gradually being lost sight of, which is a matter of regret, as it at once indicates the origin of these ancient and interesting musical solemnities. As far back as 1716 the members of the cathedral choirs of Gloucester, Worcester and Hereford used to meet annually at each of the cities in rotation and gave performances of secular and sacred music; but it was not till 1724 that Dr. Thos. Bisse, Chancellor of Hereford, made his famous proposal, which was unanimously agreed to, that there should be collections made for charitable purposes. At this time the members of the Three Choirs were assembled at Gloucester and a notice was promptly circulated in the city to the following effect:

September 10, 1724.—This is to give notice that a collection will be made at the Cathedral door after service for assisting the education and maintenance of the orphans of the poorer clergy belonging to the dioceses of Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, or of the members of the Three Choirs.

It is quite impossible in a short notice to trace the whole interesting history and development of the "Music Meeting" and its charitable objects—and here it may be said that it is a matter of profound regret that only during the very early years of this musical gathering the families of the lay members of the Three Choirs derived any benefit from the charity. The original and obvious intention of the founders of the "Music Meeting" in its earliest form was that the members should at all times and for all time participate in the benefits derived chiefly from their efforts. It is said that this participation was discontinued when the performance of the lay members "ceased to be gratuitous;" but no documents can be found to bear out such a statement.

It would take many pages to trace the growth and development of the "Music Meeting" at either of the three cities, but it is certain that from the earliest times loyal support has been given by the inhabitants to their triennial musical feast. Up to the year 1754 there appears to have been only one Steward, who engaged and defrayed the expenses of the

band, etc., and was responsible for losses. In 1752 we find the Steward issuing notices that "it is absolutely necessary to raise the price of tickets from half-a-crown to three shillings," and in 1754 the whole responsibility of the "Music Meeting" was transferred to two Stewards, and it is certain that more than once these enthusiastic gentlemen were called upon to pay the piper to the tune of £100 apiece! Later on we find six gentlemen acting as Stewards, and by degrees the list has become a lengthy and influential one, numbering in 1893 not less than 200 names.

The early programmes performed at the "Music Meeting" seem to have been of a simple character, containing anthems and selections rather than complete works. Such works as Purcell's "Te Deum," Boyce's anthems, and a large selection of Handel's works seemed to have monopolized the entire cathedral performances for some years; but by degrees more varied programmes made their appearance, and include in 1772 selections from Mozart, Haydn, Jomelli and Pergolesi's works, and at the secular concert the names of Gibbons, Lord Mornington, Debbe, Knyvette are found, with a short cantata called "Love's Revenge," by the celebrated Dr. Greene, and another, "The Shepherd's Lottery," by Dr. Boyce. From the first institution of the "Music Meeting" it appears that "dancing took place for the amusement of the company" after each secular concert, and in 1742 at Gloucester the Stewards "request that the ballroom shall not be opened till the concert is over." Also at Gloucester in 1736, and again in 1854, it was the custom to have the Gloucester races during the "Music Meeting," by way of attracting a larger influx of company, though it is by no means clear that racing men have much sympathy with oratorio; but it appears that the Stewards of the "Music Meeting" were also Stewards of the races! The dancing and the racing have been discontinued since 1793, so that the one hundred years soften down the shock to modern ideas on reading of such unusual proceedings.

Up to 1755 no mention is made in the advertisements of the names of any performers, vocal or instrumental; but from this date onwards we have fairly regular accounts of the principal performers. At the Worcester "Music Meeting" of this date we find Miss Turner, Mr. Beard, Mr. Wass, Mr. Baidon and Mr. Denham mentioned as being the first singers of the day, the band being led by Mr. Abraham Brown, who is described as having "a sprightly tone" on the violin. It was the custom of the Stewards to give a dinner to the performers on the day preceding the performances. At Gloucester in 1757 Handel's "Messiah" was given for the first time. The names of the performers are not given, but we are told that for this performance "no less than 3 trumpets, a pair of drums, 4 hautboys, 4 bassoons, 2 double basses, with violins, 'cellos, and chorus singers in 'proportion' were engaged. In 1760 we have some fresh names of "eminent singers," such as Frasi, Champnes, Rauzzini, Reinhold, all of whom seem to have distinguished themselves in operatic selections at the secular concerts; and again in 1763 we find that "a particularly full band" had been engaged for the "Music Meeting," consisting of 16 violins, 4 violas, 4 'cellos, 2 double basses, 4 hautboys, 4 bassoons, 2 clarinets, 2 French horns, 3 trumpets, and a pair of drums. At this "Music Meeting" it is stated that "dinners would be provided at the Bishop's Palace and at the Deanery for the ladies who visit Gloucester during the 'Music Meeting'"—and here it may be said that this excellent tendency to hospitality seems to have become hereditary, for to this day not only at the Palace and Deanery, but all the houses in the "Close" vie with each other in entertaining their friends and welcoming the artists who sing and play during the "Music Meeting;" so much so is this the case that an eminent singer was heard to exclaim at a recent "Music Meeting:" "Really this ought to be called 'The Happy Family Festival,' for you all seem so glad to see us again."

From 1770 to 1798 there seems to have been very slight alteration in the management of each succeeding meeting; in the latter year it appears that the responsibility of the Stewards had become so formidable from the heavy losses incurred by the increasing expenses of the "Music Meetings" that no gentleman could be found to undertake the office; but the Duke of Norfolk, then living at Holm Lacey, came

to the rescue of the time-honored institution and by his efforts the usual meeting was held at Hereford, the principal singers being Madame Mara, Madame Banti, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, Signor Morelli, and Mr. Dignum; the principal instrumental players being Messrs. Cramer, Ashley, Lindley, Bossi, and Dragonetti. From 1800 to 1832 it appears that one "Music Meeting" was very much like another, all the first singers and performers of the day being engaged and the programmes being formed of well-known oratorios and selections.

At Gloucester in 1835 the Cathedral performances were held in the nave instead of the choir, an important change for the better in every respect, as it gave the Stewards the opportunity of engaging a larger number of instrumentalists and of adding to the chorus. In 1847 Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was performed in the Cathedral for the first time and produced a very great impression on all who heard it, and this work has been included in the programme of every "Music Meeting" since that date. Again, in 1862, we find the "Times" newspaper speaking of the "Elijah," saying: "We believe that music sounds better in the nave of Gloucester Cathedral than in any other sacred building. In the nave, in the aisles, and even behind the orchestra in the magnificent choir, it can be heard to perfection; the tones of the voices and instruments, whether alone or in combination, are carried with equal truth to every corner of the edifice, and such reverberation as there is adds a peculiar solemnity to the general effect."

At the present time the "Music Meeting" has developed into a heavy week's work for all concerned. All the great singers of the day appear, and new works are commissioned by the Stewards, and brought out with every possible advantage. The chorus of 260 voices consists of the "Three Choirs" and picked members of the choral societies in the three cities and counties; a large modern orchestra is engaged, which completes an array of musical talent equal to any task that is set before them. The Cathedral organist is ex-officio conductor of the "Music Meeting" in his own cathedral, and he is always loyally supported by the Stewards and committee, who also look to him for a programme of music to be performed, subject to their approval and advice. During the "Music Meeting" the usual daily services in the Cathedral are sung by the combined three choirs, and these services may be now considered as the only relic of the original institution.

The oratorios are given at noon and at night in the Cathedral—and here it may be said that though neither of the cathedral cities can produce such magnificent choral effects as Leeds and Birmingham and other large towns, it is certain that the very solemn effect of the oratorios as given in the cathedrals and listened to in silence and meditation amongst beautiful architecture and noble surroundings amply compensates for the smaller scale on which the music at these ancient gatherings must of necessity be given. At Gloucester there is a closing service held in the nave on the Friday evening, when the orchestra, a chorus, and, if desired, some of the solo singers attend. This service is, of course, free to all who choose to attend it, and this privilege is taken advantage of to the fullest extent by those for whom it is intended.

Determined efforts have been made from time to time to wreck the "Music Meeting" and the lines on which it is held, but the murmurings of discontent are now very faint, and proceed only from those who hold extreme views on the subject of church music and ritual, and who prefer to hold aloof from the highest form of worship and musical art. The conditions of stewardship differ in the three cities, but the charity, viz., the "Fund for the Widows and Orphans of the Clergy in the three dioceses," benefits annually by a handsome sum, as the Stewards still have the privilege of bearing the losses of the "Music Meeting." One of the pleasant features of these triennial gatherings is that many friendships are made and renewed at the "Music Meeting," and they certainly now partake of the character of an extremely pleasant musical and social gathering. For nearly 200 years this ancient institution has gone quietly on, surviving many serious troubles, and there is no reason to doubt but that they will continue to hold their place and unique position for many years to come in the musical life of England.

C. LEE WILLIAMS, Mus. Bac., Oxon.

English Enterprise and English Art.

[INDORSED BY SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.]



SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.
Photo. by Kilpatrick, Belfast.

"**E**NGLISH Enterprise and English Art" admits of such wide possibilities that books without number might be still written on the subject, and in choosing so expansive a title the writer has been influenced by its peculiar suitability for one particular phase of art—a phase which may be termed a national characteristic. In no other country in the

world is there to be found the exact equivalent to these choral festivals periodically held in our leading provincial cities, and no other country in the world can boast of choral performances of greater beauty.

The provincial festival, with its receipts of many thousands of pounds sterling, is a tribute to our national enterprise, and its unrivalled chorus-singing is a distinct attribute of English art. To deal comprehensively with the various festivals is beyond the scope of this article, and, as there is a family likeness about them all, one must be given the preference, and to choose Leeds as a representative city is to follow the natural law of selection.

The superiority of its choir is acknowledged on all sides and its triennial festival has done almost as much to spread abroad the fame of Leeds as the humming hives of industry of which it is the centre. One other potent factor has persuaded the writer to select the West Riding in preference to its older rival of Birmingham, and that is, its musical affairs are controlled by a representative English musician, while the Midland capital prefers the services of a foreigner, albeit that foreigner is a Hungarian genius. The reproach which the latter city thus levels at English art can scarcely be gratifying to those who believe that for a celebration so essentially of the country there are native conductors capable of discharging the duties with success and honour. With not the least desire to place in unpleasant juxtaposition the merits of the respective festivals, can it be maintained with any show of reasonableness that Leeds, from an artistic standpoint, occupies a lower level than that of its cousin of Birmingham?

True, there were those on the Leeds Festival Committee of 1880 who expressed the gravest doubts as to the wisdom of exchanging a Costa for a Sullivan, and who urged those views with a persistence worthy of a more patriotic cause. Since then the Leeds festival has become indissolubly associated with the name of its present conductor, and granting the splendid material he has had to deal with, it will scarcely be erring on the side of excessive partiality to assert that the largely increased pecuniary results of the festivals since 1877, as well as their enhanced artistic values, are due to the zeal and ability which Sir Arthur Sullivan has brought to bear on his onerous task.

But first of all let it be shown how obstinate was the fight to give an English conductor the direction of an English artistic enterprise. It is an interesting item of musical history. The question of the appointment of a conductor for the festival of 1880 came before the Executive Committee in the first week of December, 1879. The two previous festivals had been conducted by Sir Michael Costa, but the great Neapolitan maestro had given evidences of an aristocratic disposition which was little to the liking of the sturdy Yorkshiremen, and it was also found that the narrow range of his musical sympathies prejudiced him against works which the Executive were most anxious to include in their programmes. It may be understood, therefore, that the relationship between conductor and committee was not always a perfect concord. But Sir Michael had his adherents, and his opponents were divided. There were those who plumped for Mr. Charles Hallé, and there were those who favoured the claims of Mr. Arthur Sullivan. The first decision was in favour of Mr. Hallé, who, however, was more enamoured of his Manchester band than was the Leeds Executive, and the

negotiations ultimately fell through. The next decision told in favour of Costa, who, with the knowledge that he had thus practically played second fiddle to another, peremptorily declined the offer, after which, with an unanimity that under the circumstances would have been highly justifying, the position was offered Mr. Sullivan, and thus it was the Englishman came into his birthright.

Sir Michael Costa was by no means an easy man to follow. He enjoyed a magnificent reputation and his position was second to none; he was a conductor of the Philharmonic Society's concerts at a time when little Sullivan had barely arrived at the dignity of "knickers;" he had accomplished the feat of transforming such of Wagner's operatic scores as came within his province into music, and he had expressed his conviction that the Choral Symphony was, with the exception of the *andante*, "an awful work, and a perfect infliction on principals and chorus."

Sullivan, on the other hand, although well known as a composer, had practically his spurs to win as a conductor, and therefore it is interesting to draw a comparison for the benefit of those who still pin their faith to the foreign maestro between the work accomplished by the "grand old" Neapolitan and his Anglo-Hibernian successor. But as the Leeds Festival has been taken as an illustration of English enterprise, it would be as well to touch lightly on its history as a whole.

The opening of the new Town Hall in 1858 by Her Majesty the Queen, was regarded as an auspicious occasion for the holding of a musical festival, and a committee was appointed to carry it into effect. Young institutions, like young children, cannot expect to escape infantile complaints, and the Leeds Festival Committee experienced its full share of troubles; but the signal success which attended their efforts fully rewarded them for all their labour and pains. To its artistic credit must be placed the production of Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen," while the balance sheet showed a profit of £2,000. And to the honour of the Committee be it said, Professor Sterndale Bennett was appointed conductor, although the claims of Sir Michael Costa were not wanting in strenuous supporters. But instead of an initial success paying the way for others to follow, a musical civil war broke out in Leeds and for sixteen years the festivals remained in abeyance. In 1874 they were renewed under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, since when they have continued in regular order, and in 1880 they came under the direction of Sir, or as he then was Mr. Arthur Sullivan; and whether or not it was owing to the presence of the English conductor there was a marked increase in the number of native works produced, while the receipts were increased by £1,402. Seven English composers were represented and among the classics was Costa's *bleu noir* the Choral Symphony, the performance of which, said the "Times" critic, was "unequalled by any previous rendering in England."

The most important of the new works was Sullivan's "Martyr of Antioch," which achieved a decided success. Still more important to Sullivan was the recognition of his claim to be considered a conductor in the higher sense of the word. Self-contained, quiet, decisive and without any trace of those exaggerated evolutions which were then more affected than they now are, he carried with him that subtle influence without which all conducting becomes mere beating of time, and orchestra and chorus alike were quick to acknowledge his control. There were no difficulties in the way of choosing a conductor.

For the next festival and on each subsequent occasion Sullivan's appointment has followed as a matter of course. The year 1883 saw another large increase in the attendance, and the receipts went up to £10,307, and each succeeding festival has seen a further increase in receipts and profit. The festival of 1886 was a memorable year for Leeds, inasmuch as it saw the initial production of the most successful cantata ever penned by an English composer. "The Golden Legend" is Sullivan's popular masterpiece, and its merits were recognized without demur. The same year saw two other compositions by native writers, and both Mackenzie's "Story of Sayid" and Stanford's "Revenge" added to their respective composer's reputation. Still more impressive was the performance of Bach's majestic Mass in B minor, a work calculated to tax to the utmost the conductor's resources, and the result achieved gave Sir Arthur

Sullivan an undeniable right to take a permanent place by the side of the greatest *chefs d'orchestre*.

At the next festival English art was represented by Dr. Hubert Parry, Mr. F. Corder, Professor Stanford and Dr. Creser, who each contributed a new work, while "The Golden Legend" was paid the unusual compliment of another performance. The 1892 festival was less prolific in new works, but the reorganization of the chorus, which at the two previous festivals had shown signs of deterioration produced truly remarkable results, and the opinion was unanimous that never before had such wonderful perfection been attained, both as to quantity and quality of tone. This desirable result was due to the inclusion in the choir of a number of picked voices from the more important centres in the West Riding and the institution of sectional rehearsals.

For the approaching festival it is the intention of Sir Arthur Sullivan to visit each of the five centres in turn and thus secure a desirable unanimity in the preliminary readings of the works selected for performance. This brief and imperfect record of what an English enterprise, directed by a representative of English art can effect carries with it a moral so obvious that to insist on it by vain repetition would be to insult the intelligence of the reader. Further comment is therefore superfluous.

B. W. FINDON.

American Singers in the Old World.



SIR JOSEPH BARNBY.
Photo. by Arthur Marx, Frankfurt.

AT the time the few great—even sensational—singers were slowly and laboriously crossing the Atlantic westward to give Brother Jonathan a taste of their quality, whilst Brother Jonathan was pouring into Europe his clocks, sewing machines and "wooden nutmegs" to give the Old World a taste of his, few would have anticipated that in less than a generation a

reflux would set in and singers of all but the very highest order would be making their exodus from the States to interest and delight the Old World. We received their almost perfect pianos of Steinway without surprise, for we had already accepted and acknowledged their inventive power and mechanical dexterity as an accomplished fact; but what were we to say on receipt of such "fine ware" as operatic and lyrical artistes fully armed to carry all before them?

Great singers are not made in a day. It is a slow and laborious process to scale the highest points in the art-world. But the States seem to have set about doing it in their ever-rapid and complete way, and with the usual amount of success. In many years past a stream, ever increasing in volume and in velocity, has set in, until now we have perhaps more American singers in constant occupation than of any other nationality, and so long as they at least retain their present high qualities we shall extend a cordial hand of welcome.

It is worthy of remark that the American article has its distinctive characteristics, the soprano voice being distinguished by a delicacy and refinement of quality betraying the nationality at once; equally is this the case with the contraltos, who possess a timbre which can be described only by borrowing a word not in ordinary use in this connection. There is a peculiar bloom upon the American contralto voices which differentiates them from the singers of any other race. So much for voice.

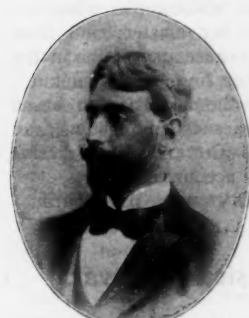
On the subject of their manner of singing, the principal and most valuable factor is the circumstance that most of them begin with a training in church music, which gives them a solidity of style scarcely to be found in other singers. With these advantages it is not to be wondered at that they are received on this side of the Atlantic with a welcome not due alone to their kinship with us, in spite of the fact that this very welcome is doubted by some of those who come and bid for our suffrages. I well remember a case in my own experience of a lady who wished me to hear her sing. After having given her my opinion as to her possible success, she said,

"But I'm told there's a great prejudice in England against American singers." I fell in with the joke and said with mock gravity: "I fear that it is only too true, as at my concert this evening only three out of the four principal singers are American, and indeed I have heard that seven out of eight only of those who are engaged at the English opera came from the States."

Whatever joke there may be in this lies in the fact that the lady, a member of the most humorous nation upon earth, took my remarks seriously.

JOSEPH BARNEY.

A Plea for Chauvinism.



SIDNEY R. THOMPSON.

Photo. by Brown, Barnes & Bell, London.

AMONG the many curious features in the English temperament none is so puzzling as the indisposition of the average Briton to believe in the worth of British music and British musical performances. British virtue and British vice stand in his estimation for the most desirable things of their kind. British books and even British pictures come to him with an undeniable appeal; but towards things that are concerned with music he presents an altered attitude. Even the youngest of us can hardly have forgotten the time when Miss Jones and Mr. Brown had to forswear their distinguished ancestry and call themselves Signorina Ionesca and Signor Bruno, before the frocks of the one or the languors of the other were thought fit for record by the critics of their day. These things have undergone some improvement no doubt; but I am convinced that any English composer could count on five fingers the friends who would pay half-a-guinea to hear his new opera. "Knew him at school," the others say, with the contemptuous air of one advancing an invincible argument. How should Jones, whose youth was overshadowed with the tragic acquaintance of Robinson (who is, *ex hypothesi*, a Philistine) ever write an opera worth hearing? And you can but echo feebly, how?

The syllogism is not exact, one admits, and I have sometimes thought that the beginning of the whole matter is a hitherto unsuspected modesty in the mind of the particular gentleman who, multiplied according to the latest census returns, makes up the British public. "I know I am not musical"—thus I conceive the melancholy gentleman to argue—"consequently no man of my blood can be musical;" deducing inevitably therefrom that all English music must be a hollow sham.

It is said, on apparently good authority, that until two or three years ago, Dr. Hubert Parry had never made so much as a £5 note out of his music; Dr. Stanford was once described to me by a provincial musician, who was moved with compassion for my ignorance, as the composer of "Father O'Flynn;" Dr. Mackenzie, I was assured by an equally condescending Boetian, was chiefly known to fame through "a cantata, called 'Columbus'"—so my informant conceived the style and title of the work which you will easily recognize; and Mr. Cowen, in many districts, goes down to rustic immortality through his complicity with the late Mrs. Hemans in the matter of "The Better Land."

These are depressing facts, and they hint at the existence of a malady which clamours for drastic remedies; preceded of course by a very thorough diagnosis. I cannot pretend to suggest the one or conduct the other, but it has occurred to me that I might be useful to speak, with whatever brevity is made needful, of a certain phase of the disease.

I refer to the position occupied in the popular estimation by the opera house whose destinies have for so long been in the hands of Sir Augustus Harris. Within the last two years, it is true, the public mind has awakened to some vague consciousness of the magnitude and the merits of this enterprise, and the season which has just been brought to a close has very properly been pronounced extraordinary in its design and achievement. But, this notwithstanding, there is a very large body of typical English people—chiefly tourists of the baser sort—who very industri-

ously circulate glowing reports of the immense superiority over Covent Garden of the operatic performances given at Paris, at Milan, and half a dozen other centres of musical activity. There, say these ingenuous Britons, opera flourishes in a way undreamed of here, and Sir Augustus Harris does not know even the rudiments of his business. My patriotic youth was blighted by these uncomfortable people, who were used to assure me that it was quite impossible for me to have any notion of the glories of a properly conducted opera house; and Sir Augustus Harris will, I am sure, regret to learn that for some years I regarded him with distrust and anger. Then fate or fortune shot me forth on various wanderings abroad, and Japhet never searched more expectantly for a father than I for the ideal opera house. It is the results of the experience so gained that I propose to set down here.

They can be summed up very briefly, for in the contrast I wish to draw I shall deal chiefly with the half-dozen first nights at which I have happened to assist during the last two years at various Continental theatres. Let us take first the Grand Opéra at Paris. Last year the only novelty produced was "La Valkyrie." I shall hardly be wrong in saying that six months were spent in rehearsing this, and though the *mise en scène* was admirable—unrivalled, as far as my experience goes, in any other place—the performance was scarcely second-rate. Van Dyck and Rose Caron were far below the artistes who sing the corresponding parts at Drury Lane; but the "Wotan" and "Hunding" of the caste were excellent. Still the whole performance was not of merit commensurate with the enormous pains that had been given to its preparation. This year Massenet's "Thais" has been produced, and Verdi's "Otello" is promised for the autumn. What the latter—which has already been in rehearsal for some time—may be I cannot tell; I hope for the best, since that wonderful manager, Gailhard, is back at his post again. "Thais" is a third-rate work, which gained little interest from its interpretation. In point of enterprise therefore, the Grand Opéra stands far behind Covent Garden.

Turn now to Italy. Operatic enterprise is to-day merely the result of the old feud between Ricordi and Sonzogno, the aim of the latter being to acquire the lease of as many theatres as he can, even if he cannot keep them open at a profit. Still, however commercial in its intention the scheme of either publisher may be, we have to admit the activity with which it is carried out. The question becomes therefore one of merit. Take the more important production last year, that of Verdi's "Falstaff." It was a great night of secular significance. I, for one, shall never forget the tense excitement in which we all passed those days. But the performance was in nearly all respects below the level we are accustomed to at Covent Garden. Even Maurel was very disappointing, and of the women engaged not one was worthy of the great occasion. A few months before I had been present at the production in Florence of Mascagni's "I Rantzau." Here, too, elaborate pains had been bestowed, with quite inadequate results. I have heard better singing at many of our own small theatres in a comic opera. Then, a little later, during a casual visit to Milan, I witnessed the first performance in Italy of Bizet's "Jolie Fille de Perth," and I am understating the badness of the production when I say that, had it taken place in any London theatre, it would have been hissed off the stage.

Over the production of Leoncavallo's "Medici" Sonzogno had been particularly lavish. Tamagno was engaged at enormous expense, and rumor was loud in its anticipations of the glories that were to be. The sequel was a performance of absolutely provincial dullness.

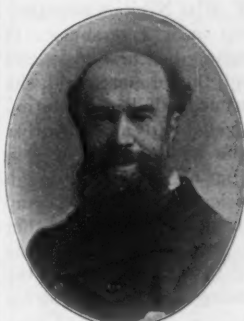
These, stated very crudely, but accurately withal, are the results of experiences from which I date a proper appreciation of the opportunities for enjoyment that are set before the opera-goer in London. Upon those who wish to include in one general condemnation all the manifestations of musical energy in England rests the burden of proof. Let them show us a single opera house elsewhere at which in a short season of ten weeks six novelties can be produced; while, side by side with the labour of such productions, the ordinary work of preparing a huge repertoire goes on unabated—to say nothing of bi-weekly performances of German opera in "another place." Let them name a theatre where a troupe of

artistes can be found such as Sir Augustus Harris assembles every year. The task will hardly be accomplished.

I hold no brief for Covent Garden, and I am concerned with the injustice perpetrated against it simply in so far as it indicates a direction of thought that is too obvious in some quarters. It is incalculably mischievous—this unwillingness to treat with generosity whatever work or enterprise has its genesis in England. By all means let a bad thing be declared bad; I plead only for a recognition of the fact that if our reproach among the so-called musical nations is to be taken away, we are to encourage with a readier generosity those who are endeavouring to win recognition for our native art.

SIDNEY R. THOMPSON.

The Present State of Vocal Music in the Church of England.



GEORGE C. MARTIN.

Photo. by Elliott & Fry, London.

THE choral rendering of Church music in this country can scarcely be said to be of a very high standard. It is true that cathedrals and many churches possess choirs of highly trained voices which are able to perform in a most excellent manner the music intrusted to them. In cathedrals, especially, good performances of that special branch of music which

we vaguely call "the old cathedral style" can always be heard, but, unfortunately, owing to agricultural depression and other reasons, some cathedrals have lost their revenues to an alarming extent, and what the future will bring forth it is difficult to say. In cases where the income is reduced the choir suffers from the want of a fund to enable the authorities to pension a chorister when his best days are past, and then it can be seen that the life-appointment system does not conduce toward the best results.

But, taken as a whole, the cathedrals have maintained a very high standard in the performance of music of the sanctuary. Though myself a devoted admirer of many of the great church composers from Purcell's time, down to, let us say, before the days of Attwood, yet I think that we have a duty to perform to the young writers of the present day. In some cathedrals of the most conservative class the only modern music in use is that written by the organist himself, if he happen to be a composer. This is obviously unfair, and manifestly inconsistent. Here at St. Paul's, during the past twenty years, an enormous quantity of music by present day composers has been bought and performed, and doubtless this has been the means of encouraging many a young musician of promise, who otherwise might have found it difficult to get his music printed and sung.

But below the cathedrals and those churches where a professional choir is maintained, or where the music is carefully attended to, the condition of things is altogether deplorable. It is not too much to say that frequently the music is interpreted in such a way as would not be suffered outside the walls of a church. The voices are badly produced, and consequently of bad quality, and often shockingly out of tune. In such cases, as a rule, far too much is attempted. It would be infinitely better to be content for a time with doing the simplest form of service possible, and devoting a large share of time and work to teaching the choir the ordinary rudiments of music, and, above all, to the proper training of the voices. We know that in many cases the choirmaster's salary is very inadequate, and therefore he can scarcely be expected to give very much time to his choir work; but of late years a great improvement has taken place in the status of the organist, and doubtless things will mend, but they *must* mend if the performance of music in churches is to be considered from an artistic point of view.

In this country the organist is usually choirmaster also, and there can be no doubt that he may have given an immense deal of time and labour to acquire a certain mastery over the technical difficulties of his instrument; but, as a rule, his playing is a good deal in advance of his knowledge of training a choir. At

present there is no recognized school of the art of choir training, and literature on the subject is scanty. So, unless a man has had the advantage of himself being trained in a good choir, or has been articulated to a good choirmaster, he has little opportunity of gaining any experience. What is really wanted is a school where pupils may see for themselves how voices should be trained. In any case the choirmaster obviously should take lessons in voice-production, and should be careful that these lessons should be the very best obtainable. He will not need to be told that two thoroughly good lessons are worth twenty mediocre ones.

GEORGE C. MARTIN,
Mus. Doc., Cantuar., F. C. O., Organist
St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

Louise Nikita.

PARIS, July 24.

IMADE Miss Nikita's acquaintanceship in St. Petersburg. It was during her first visit, and although then a mere child, she came to us with her reputation as a singer already made. At that time she had not yet sung in opera, but her progress through the musical centres of Germany had been triumphal. As her success, heralded through the press, grew more and more to be discussed in the musical world of St. Petersburg, Rubinstein, who for years was pessimistic as to the possibility of ever finding such singers as he had heard in his youth, grew interested, and long before Miss Nikita arrived in St. Petersburg she frequently formed the topic of conversation round Rubinstein's hospitable board over the cigarettes and coffee of an evening.

The result was her engagement by the Imperial Musical Society, of which Rubinstein was then director, to sing at the Symphony Concerts in St. Petersburg and Moscow.

By a strange coincidence the name Nikita, which the young singer had assumed for the stage as an abbreviation of her own surname, happens to be the diminutive of Nicholas, and, Nicholas being the name of the late Czar, Nikita is one of the commonest Christian names to be found in the Empire, and borne by all classes from the Grand Dukes to the moujiks. The Russians, therefore, were completely mystified as to how it was the young American singer should be called Nikita.

As the correspondent of THE MUSICAL COURIER, and also of one of the most important New York daily papers, I was supposed to know everything, and although at the time I was more bothered about the name myself than anyone—for I had to account for it—everyone flocked to me for an explanation.

I put them off as best I could for a time, but at last the aide-de-camp of the late Grand Duke Constantine, Gen. Alexander Kireeff, brother of the famous Mme. Novikoff, was too much for me. The very night of the concert he put the question point-blank to me across Rubinstein's dinner-table.

I was young enough then to believe my journalistic reputation was at stake if I confessed ignorance and I hastily ran over the possible reasons I could give. Robert Strakosch was then Nikita's impresario, and he had sent around various wild stories as to the kidnapping of the young singer by red Indians; besides this, every German paper called Miss Nikita the "Americanische Nachtigall," so it suddenly flashed across me that Strakosch had chosen the name as the Indian for nightingale in order to support his wild stories.

The question was put in Russian to me, so, for the benefit of the table, I replied as briefly as possible in Russian that Nikita was Indian for nightingale. The answer satisfied everyone, for no one was familiar with the redskin tongue, and caused a great deal of discussion that evening on the subject of philology.

We went to the concert, heard the wonderful young singer, were captivated *instantly* and some hundreds of us, after her first song was over, crowded into the artiste's room to be presented and pay our homage.

I felt very big and proud that night; here was a countrywoman of mine who was having it all her own way, and during some ten or fifteen minutes, whilst my *confrères* looked on in wild envy, Miss

Nikita bestowed her most fascinating smiles on me lavishly; in fact, she only turned her attention from me when Rubinstein came up, with his privilege of *grand maître*, to put his arms about her and kiss her, for, like the rest of us, he had lost his head. However, I kept my place by her side, when, to my horror, I heard Rubinstein say: "You know, Miss Nikita, your name in Russian is 'Solovey.' I hear Nikita is the Indian for nightingale, and 'solovey' is the Russian for nightingale."

"Nikita the Indian for nightingale!" said the fair young singer, with a puzzled expression. "Why, no. All that Indian story is pure rubbish, *cher maître*; Nikita is the diminutive of my own name, Nicholson."

"Not Indian—Alexander—"

Rubinstein turned to me with a loud laugh, affected wrath in his eyes, and throwing one of his massive hands on my shoulders sent me spinning in amongst the crowd.

That night Miss Nikita's success was such that she was engaged for other Symphony Concerts. She sang before the Emperor and Empress and made a triumphal tour through the provinces. The royal people presented her with jewels; so did hosts of their subjects. Rubinstein conducted twice when she sang, and she left Russia after signing various contracts to return the next season.

Since then Miss Nikita has sung every season in the land of the Tsar. She has sung in the Imperial and Italian operas of St. Petersburg, Moscow and Warsaw, and at every one of her concerts the one name, Nikita, on the programme fills the biggest concert halls in a few days and sends hundreds away disappointed.

Miss Nikita is now in Paris, and on the 15th of September next will make her début at the Opéra Comique. The contract was made a few weeks ago, and on hearing Miss Nikita's voice Carvalho was



LOUISE NIKITA.

anxious to engage her for three seasons, but the young prima donna had already signed a contract to sing at the Imperial Opera in Russia, so she therefore sings here for six weeks, goes on from here to Russia and returns to the Opéra Comique and Carvalho for the seasons of 1895 and 1896.

Her *répertoire* for Paris will include "Mignon," in which she will probably make her début; "Lakmé," "Fille du Régiment," "Manon," "Barbiere," "Traviata," "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," and "Nedda" in "I Pagliacci," which she is to create here should arrangements pending with Leoncavallo turn out satisfactorily.

Miss Nikita has taken up her residence here at 24, rue des Capucines in a big apartment overlooking the boulevard. She is looking well and happy, and her voice is more wonderful than ever.

Massenet and Ambroise Thomas have been paying her most flattering attention—in fact, there are

rumours of new operas for her—and conspicuous in her music room stands a big portrait of the latter, on which he has written:

À ma charmante Mignon, Nikita;
Souvenir affectueux.
AMBROISE THOMAS.
PARIS, June, '94.

Various members of Miss Nikita's family are with her, amongst others her younger brother, Robert, who also possesses a wonderful voice. This young man is studying hard under the method of the late Maurice Strakosch with M. Leroy, who completed Nikita's education on the death of her master; and Miss Nikita's brother bids fair to cause a sensation in the musical world as a tenor when he makes his début.

Undoubtedly the event of the next Parisian season will be Miss Nikita's appearance amongst us, and readers of THE MUSICAL COURIER will receive through me a full and early account.

ALEXANDER MCARTHUR.

The Cardiff Musical Festival.



NLY within the last few years has Cardiff acquired for itself a position in the English musical world. Its sudden and astonishing growth and the unique development of its resources have so far left little time for serious application to the arts. When, at the close of 1891,

a proposal was made to establish a triennial musical festival it was received with something of incredulity. There was no musical public and no strong choral society. A first-class orchestra had scarcely been heard. Taste was crude and ballad singing was the only form of the art which could count upon appreciation.

But Cardiff had one advantage; the movements which are set on foot within its boundaries are taken up with extraordinary vigour, and no venture is regarded as too ambitious for the enterprise of the Welsh metropolis. It may be claimed that no great festival has ever been undertaken at so short a notice or matured in so brief a time. The suggestion was first made in the "South Wales Echo" in September; the Executive Council, with Councillor Shackell as Chairman and Mr. W. A. Morgan as Honorary Secretary, was not elected until December.

There were no materials ready to hand; the chorus had yet to be discovered and a conductor found; the public had to be educated to a due conception of the importance and artistic value of the experiment. And yet in nine months exactly—September of 1892—the first Cardiff Triennial Festival was held with the utmost success and with the warmest approval of the leading critics, and it may be claimed that a position was at once secured for it amongst the chief musical undertakings in the kingdom.

Only those who have had practical experience of the vast and intricate work involved in the preliminary arrangements of a festival can realize how arduous and how dangerous the experiment was. Instead of a leisurely progress extending over three years, the Council had to seek the hasty maturity of a few months. The chorus was not selected and got into rehearsal until the middle of February, and it must be observed that to the majority of its members even the "Elijah" and "The Messiah" were new works. Two rehearsals a week meant severe discipline and the utmost loyalty, and it needed all the energy and zeal of the chorus-masters, Dr. Joseph Parry, Mr. T. E. Aylward and Mr. W. Scott, to develop the untried powers of their forces to a fitting standard.

The Council had the good fortune, however, of securing a conductor whose ability was equalled by his enthusiasm. It would be impossible to exaggerate the unflagging efforts of Sir Joseph Barnby or the magnetic influence which he exercised upon the chorus. He undertook no less than seventeen rehearsals himself out of a total of seventy, and spared no pains to carry out the ambitious policy of the Council. It was, of course, impossible in the time to secure new works, but this had the advantage of leaving open

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for selection the whole field of music and of permitting a programme which might claim more than ordinary interest.

The chief choral works selected were "The Messiah," the "Elijah," Dvorak's "Stabat Mater," Dr. Mackenzie's "Dream of Jubal," Sir Hubert Parry's "Blest Pair of Sirens," Berlioz's "Faust," Sullivan's "Golden Legend," the "Hymn of Praise," Dr. Stanford's "Revenge," and Dr. Joseph Parry's latest oratorio, "Saul of Tarsus." In addition the orchestra performed Beethoven's C minor symphony, symphonies by Schumann and Schubert, and compositions by Sullivan, Gounod, Mozart and Wagner. One of the peculiar features of the festival was that all the vocalists and instrumentalists were English. This arrangement was not made in a narrow spirit of parochial jealousy; but it was felt that so long as England had the resources for such an undertaking it was a gratuitous labour to seek for assistance outside its limits. The artistes included Madame Nordica, Miss Anna Williams, Miss Maggie Davie, Miss Hilda Wilson, Miss Eleanor Rees, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Watkin Mills and Mr. W. Ludwig. Mr. Alfred Burnett was principal violin of a band of eighty-four—a number proportioned to the size of the Park Hall.

In every way the performances—which lasted three and a half days—were successful. The chorus proved to be quite equal to its severe and unwonted task, and won the warm approval not only of the conductor, the public, and the critics, but also of Sir Arthur Sullivan, and Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, who came down to conduct their respective works. In view of the fact that it was wholly supplied by the town itself, with no reinforcements from without, it is interesting to quote the opinion of the "Athenæum" which might be regarded as a just summing up of the performances generally: "that the performance gave ample proof that Cardiff itself was able to furnish a body of singers ready, when under so skilled a conductor as Sir Joseph Barnby, to cope successfully with some of the most difficult modern works." It was not expected that the festival would be financially self-supporting. Apart from several impediments put in its way—sufficient to form the main part of an already published "history" of over 200 pages—the public were ignorant of the peculiar claims of a festival and did not begin to realize them until the week wore on. It is, however, satisfactory that the deficit was only £500, and that only a call of five shillings in the pound was made upon the guarantors.

After all, the main point of importance lies in the influence which such an enterprise exercises upon the fortunes of local music. There have been critics who complain that a festival is no more than a gigantic dissipation, which exhausts the resources of a town and leaves the appetite jaded and cloyed. Nothing could be farther from actual experience at Cardiff. A listless and apathetic public has been transformed into a public eager to hear and trained to discriminate. Wales has the reputation of being a musical country, and in many ways she deserves it. But so far she has had to rely upon natural gifts rather than upon an educated taste. The Eisteddfod does a great deal to stimulate musical culture, but it stops far short of perfection. The chief defect in Welsh music is lack of solid instruction and severe discipline. The orchestra is undeveloped and the chorus has little enterprise. What was needed was a practical exposition of the higher reaches of the art and the establishment of something like an ideal; and this the Cardiff festival has succeeded in doing. A single town cannot expect to exercise a marked influence over a whole country, but the example of a great town cannot be without effect, and at least it may claim to set a standard to those local leaders of music whose influence and authority are so potent in remote places.

In the town itself the festival has exercised a most profound influence. The Musical Society became at once one of the strongest choral bodies in the kingdom; its membership increased from 80 to 250 at a single leap. For the first time expensive orchestras were engaged and elaborate programmes arranged, and the Society has since been able, with honour to itself, to invite Sir Joseph Barnby, Dr. C. H. H. Parry and Mr. F. H. Cowen to conduct at excellent performances of their own works. Chamber music yielded a profit for the first time since the establishment of the concerts, and the Orchestral Society has

attained a stronger position than before. This is no spasmodic movement. The whole tone of music and artistic enterprise has been elevated ever since, and the number, the popularity and the success of concerts of every kind have been increased in a very marked degree.

The prospects of the second festival in 1895 are most assuring. Arrangements have been concluded or are progressing with Dr. Dvorak, Sir Joseph Barnby, and Dr. Stanford, for new works. The programme is not yet under authoritative discussion, but amongst its features the choral symphony, "St. Paul" and Gounod's "Messe Solennelle" may find a place. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York have consented to become Patrons; Lord Windsor is the President, and the Chairman of the General Council is Sir Morgan Morgan. Mr. H. W. Thompson is Chairman of the Executive Council; Mr. W. H. Sonley Johnstone, of the Musical Committee; and Mr. Arthur Lewis, of the Finance Committee. Mr. Walter Scott and Mr. E. W. Waite are joint Honorary Secretaries. The guarantee fund is over £2,500—or £500 above the total in 1892—and it is interesting to observe that, with the desire to secure a still better chorus, sight-reading classes have been established at which over 160 ladies and gentlemen are being trained. There is every prospect of the festival being not merely a financial success, but of attaining a considerably higher standard than it reached on the last occasion.

W. H. SONLEY JOHNSTONE.

A Liege Letter.

LIÈGE, July 23, 1894.



EARNING that the great American musical paper THE MUSICAL COURIER, would shortly publish a European edition, I am prompted to offer a few words concerning the musical features of Liège. Having been appointed one of the judges for the annual contests at the Royal Conservatory, and these contests having just terminated, it seems to me it might be interesting to your readers were I to acquaint them with some facts pertaining to this old and celebrated institution.

The beautiful town of Liège is full of interesting historical monuments, upon which I would be tempted to touch were my space not limited. I can, therefore, mention only one ancient musical feature, namely, the "Cramignon," which is formed by young men and maidens and children of all ages marching hand in hand in serpentine lines through the streets, singing in harmony ancient folk-songs. This is peculiar only to Liège, and doubtless cultivated the taste for singing in chorus, which is so remarkably illustrated in the extraordinary records of "The Legia" and "The Disciples of Grétry," two male vocal societies of 250 and 270 voices respectively. These two institutions have long ceased to count their victories.

To return to the Conservatory; this institution was founded in 1827, with Joseph Daussoigné (nephew of the celebrated Méhul) as director.

It was the first institution of this character established in Belgium—an honor due to the éclat and artistic reputation which the name of Grétry and other distinguished musicians had given to our city. The first concert of the Conservatory took place in 1828. Étienne Soubre succeeded Daussoigné in 1862, and in 1872 Jean Théodore Radoux (first grand prize of Rome) was officially installed Director. M. Radoux is the author of two operas, "The Béarnais" and "La Coupe enchantée," two poèmes lyriques, "Cain" and "Patria," for soli, chorus and orchestra; numerous songs and male choruses; a treatise on harmony and fugue, and several other compositions which have been played all over the world.

With such a great musician at the head of the Conservatory, combining at the same time splendid faculties for administration, you will perceive that the Conservatory is under the best possible guidance. M. Radoux is also the author of a highly interesting Mémoires de Vieuxtemps (the king of Belgian violinists), and has founded a Museum Grétry (in 1882).

Last year the Conservatory was honored by a visit from Ambroise Thomas, the celebrated composer and Director of the National Conservatory at Paris. A

concert was arranged, and his verdict upon the performances of the pupils was "Superbe!" The following letter and programme may prove interesting:

CONSERVATOIRE NATIONAL DE MUSIQUE,
ET
DE DÉCLAMATION,
CABINET DU DIRECTEUR.

PARIS, le 1er Mai.

MON CHER CONFRÈRE—Je vous remercie cordialement de votre aimable envoi. Avant de vous en accuser réception, j'ai voulu prendre connaissance de la très remarquable étude que vous avez consacrée à Henri Vieuxtemps.

Cette lecture m'a vivement intéressé, m'a ému, car j'ai eu l'heureuse fortune de connaître intimement votre illustre compatriote, et de devenir son ami! Dans ces pages éloquentes que vous avez écrites pour rendre hommage au grand artiste, on trouve des considérations élevées sur l'art qui vous font aussi grand honneur.

Je vous félicite, mon cher confrère, et vous prie d'agréer l'affectueuse expression de mes dévoués sentiments.

AMBROISE THOMAS.

CONSERVATOIRE ROYAL DE MUSIQUE DE LIÈGE

SAISON 1893-94.

—4^e AUDITION.—

Dimanche 28 Janvier, à 3 heures (1^{re} Année).

ŒUVRES ANCIENNES

PROGRAMME:

1. SYMPHONIE (no 4) inédite. Ch. Ph. Em. BACH
A. Allegro assai. B. Poco Andante. C. Presto.
(Les trois parties s'enchaînent.)
2. M. EUGÈNE HENFOTTE.
GRAND AIR DE FERNAND CORTEZ. SPONTINI
"O Patrie! Olieux pleins de charme."
3. M. FERNAND MAWET.
2^e CONCERTO pour orgue et orchestre. HANDEL
4. M. HENRI MATIVA.
ADAGIO en ut majeur pour flûte et orchestre. W. MOZART
5. Mlle. CÉLESTINE BACHELET, HÉLOÏSE
WEIMAR, VALENTINE WAWRÉE, ALFON-
SINE HANNOT, élèves de M. LOUIS
DONIS.
CONCERTO pour quatre pianos et instruments à cordes. J. S. BACH
A. Moderato. B. Largo.—C. Moderato.
6. Mlle. MARIE LIGNIÈRE.
GRAND AIR DE FIDELIO. L. VAN BEETHOVEN
"Infâme! quel noir dessein."
7. A. MENUET et GIGUE GRACIEUSE. A. M. GRÉTRY
(Solo de flûte: M. MATIVA.)

L'AUDITION SERA DIRIGÉE PAR M. JULES DEBEVE.

Very few people other than those initiated have an idea of the tests to which the pupils are put at this Conservatory. I take for example the "Concours" for violin. After a preliminary examination which admits them to the "Concours" (public), the pupil presents himself before the judges, and is required to play first a test-piece given to all (a concerto). This year the Concertino, of Spohr, was selected, also four studies taken from the classics and another piece which the student is permitted to choose; a test in sight-reading is also made. These are the requirements for the ordinary "Concours," and first and second prizes are given those pupils most successful. In the "Concours Supérieur" the student is obliged to have previously obtained a first prize for harmony and to be well posted in orchestration, as the judges will require him to transpose a given piece for several instruments, such as the B flat clarinet or horn in F, etc., etc. He will also be asked to explain in which keys the piano part will be played and the different keys the pianist must use in order to read the transposition. The répertoire of each contestant must be composed with five or six concertos, seven or eight pieces from the old classic masters, and as many pieces of virtuosity, the whole to be played from memory; any one of those selections can be chosen instantly by the judges.

A pupil who will have satisfactorily sustained the above test may already be considered a good musician and have at command a solid répertoire. For this "Concours" there are two prizes, a gold and a silver medal.

The leading characteristics of the violin school at Liège consist in developing the resources of the bow. All have a good staccato and the sautillé is clear and telling and at the same time they possess an excellent sostenuto. For those qualities we are indebted to De Bériot, Léonard, Vieuxtemps, etc. (all Belgians).

In concluding this little sketch I may be permitted to name a few celebrated artists which are the product of this Conservatory; namely, Henri Léonard, César Franck, Lambert Massart, Éverard, August Dupont, Jacques Dupuis, François Prume, Jehin Prume, Marsick, Thomson, Ysaye and

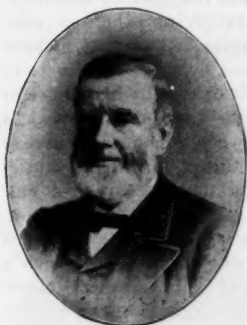
Yours most respectfully,
OVIDE MUSIN.

In spite of the law whereby human feelings revolt from the abstract, music addresses them successfully without personification.—James C. Moffat.



Marie Lavinia Bailey.

Norfolk and Norwich Festivals.



WILLIAM HEAVER.

Photo. by Albert F. Coe., Norwich.

ALTHOUGH Norwich is not devoid of other signs of musical life, the Norfolk and Norwich Triennial Musical Festival occupies the most prominent place, and these gatherings justly entitle the city to any notoriety it has obtained as a musical centre. Occupying as it did, and still does, the position of capital of East Anglia, and being sufficiently distant

from London to render journeys to the Metropolis difficult and expensive, it was a rendezvous of more importance, locally, half a century since than it occupies at the present day. For this reason it will be readily understood that in their earlier days the festivals were more important factors in provincial life than they have been latterly. To attract the patronage of the public and to sustain the reputation already gained the management have found it necessary to keep themselves abreast of the age by taking care that the programmes should contain illustrations of the latest developments of the divine art. The history of these musical gatherings has yet to be written, but the following brief details may prove interesting.

The earliest record the writer has been able to trace of any performance worthy to take rank as a festival was held on September 24-25-26, 1788, when "The Messiah," "Judas Maccabeus" and a sacred selection were done. This was followed by another series on September 8-9-10, 1790, called in the records of the time a "second grand musical festival," when "Judas" was given complete on the second morning and selections from Handel on the other mornings. Secular selections occupied the evenings and took place in the "New" Hall, Madame Mara being the principal vocalist. Twelve years elapsed before another similar performance took place, viz., October 4-5-6-7, 1802, when Mrs. Billington and Mr. Braham were the chief singers, and "The Creation" was heard for the first time in Norwich.

After an interval of seven years another venture occurred, in November, 1809, when "The Messiah" and "Samson" were the chief items, with evening concert in the theatre. Increased interest apparently led to more frequent performances, for the next was given in 1811. The programmes of these earlier festivals are very scarce, but through the kindness of a friend the writer has now one of 1811 before him, which shows that the first morning was occupied with extracts from "The Creation," "Saul," "Jephtha," "Judas Maccabeus," "Esther," "Israel in Egypt" and "The Redemption." "The Messiah" was given on the second morning and the third was devoted to compositions by Handel, Haydn, Graun, Pergolesi and Mozart, while the evening concerts consisted of overtures, airs and concerted pieces of a popular nature. Among the performers are found the names of Madame Catalani, Miss Booth, Mr. Bellamy and Mr. Braham. The band included Mr. Lindley, violoncello; Griesbach, oboe, and Schmidt, trumpet. It is amusing to read in a contemporary criticism of this festival that "Handel's popularity is ebbing away." What would be the opinion of the writer could he have seen the thousands at the Crystal Palace this summer? The success attending these performances led to another festival being undertaken on October 6-7-8, 1813, when "The Messiah" and "The Creation" again figured in the programme, and four evening concerts were given in St. Andrew's Hall.

In the October Sessions week of 1817 similar performances were given, when, in spite of the prophecy recorded above, "The Messiah" occupied a prominent position. It should be mentioned that all the foregoing sacred concerts took place in the Church of St. Peter Mancroft. Although much discussion had taken place in the meantime it was not till 1823 that the idea of having a triennial festival on a grand scale was adopted, and Mr. R. M. Bacon, Mr. Edward Taylor (afterwards Gresham Professor) and Mr. Athow were nominated a committee to superintend the musical department; but on Mr. Taylor's shoulders

fell most of the work, for in reply to inquiry from Mr. R. Fitch in 1847 as to his share in the management of the festival that gentleman replies: "When the Norwich festival was resolved on in 1823 I made the entire selection; I engaged every performer. I selected the entire band and I formed and trained the Choral Society. I have done the same for every subsequent festival (until the last) with the exception of having anything to do with the Choral Society or any of the country performers. Every oratorio brought out (and a new one was always brought out) was translated and prepared for performance by me. These were:

The Last Judgment,	Spohr.
The Crucifixion,	Spohr.
The Fall of Babylon,	Spohr.
The Deluge,	Schneider.
The Redemption,	Mozart.
The Death of Christ,	Graun.
The Christian's Prayer,	Spohr.

All these were performed for the first time at Norwich." The other two members of the committee must have had a very easy time!

With more or less success these triennial gatherings have gone on uninterruptedly since 1824, from that date till 1836 conducted by Sir George Smart; in 1839 and 1842 Professor E. Taylor was at the head of affairs; in 1845 Mr. (afterwards Sir Julius) Benedict was appointed conductor, a position he most creditably filled till 1878, when failing health compelled his resignation. Since that date Mr. Alberto Randegger has wielded the baton, except upon the production of new compositions, which have been numerous under his régime, when the composers have generally conducted their own works.

The festival of 1839 was made memorable by the production of "The Crucifixion"—better known as "Calvary"—Spohr being present to conduct. In spite of the opposition offered by some of the clergy to using such a sacred subject for musical illustration this work proved a great success, the reception of the talented composer being most enthusiastic. Spohr had not long returned to Cassel before Mr. Taylor forwarded him a libretto, "The Fall of Babylon," with the suggestion that he should set it to music for the festival of 1842. This was duly accomplished, but to the great disappointment of all concerned the Elector positively refused the necessary leave of absence, so that the work was produced without the advantage of the composer at the conductor's desk; nevertheless, the oratorio proved a great success.

The scene of these musical gatherings is St. Andrew's Hall, a noble structure, chiefly of the perpendicular style of architecture. It was erected early in the fifteenth century, originally as the nave of the church attached to the Convent of Dominican, or Black Friars, and, having been restored in 1863, is now a handsome and well-proportioned civic hall. When specially fitted for the festival performances, and filled with the élite of the county and city, it presents an imposing appearance.

At the festival of 1893 new blood was infused into the management, and it is admitted on all hands that the action of the present Secretary (Mr. F. Oddin Taylor) has quite justified the high expectations expressed as to his fitness for the office. Previously, with very few exceptions, the chorus has consisted of Norwich voices—not always selected with strict impartiality, perhaps, but last year the preliminary examination was more searching. Contingents were also drawn from the neighboring boroughs of Great Yarmouth and Lowestoft, with the result that more brightness was noticed in the sopranos, while the volume and quality of tone was generally improved. The band, with three or four exceptions, is brought from London, and this causes dissatisfaction in some quarters, for it is felt that local instrumentalists receive no encouragement from the festival authorities and consequently that branch of the art languishes. It is admitted that modern orchestral works teem with difficulties, but many ardent local amateurs would only be too glad to have the opportunity of grappling with them. With a lay body of voices to train the chorus-master is an important factor, and happily Norwich has experienced no lack of gentlemen capable to fill the post. As a proof of hereditary talent it may be mentioned that the present occupant of the position (Dr. Horace Hill) was preceded by his brother (Mr. J. F. Hill), and earlier their father (Mr. John Hill) was chorus-master for many years. However, the continuity in one family

has not been unbroken, for the names of Mr. Hy. Rudd and Mr. Jas. Harcourt appear between those of Mr. J. F. Hill and the present holder of the post.

Two prominent ideas were in the minds of the founders of the Norwich festivals. The primary one was to increase the love of music and to educate the inhabitants of East Anglia to appreciate the higher forms of musical art, while the secondary motive was to aid the funds of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital (other local charities have since been affiliated with the scheme) by pecuniary grants from the surplus profits—a combination of good intentions which still animates their successors; but the enormous fees paid to vocal stars in the present day have reduced the amount for division among the charities very considerably. The festival of 1824 yielded nearly £2,500 to the Hospital, but that amount has never been approached since—in fact, upon two other occasions the expenditure has exceeded the income.

It is very difficult to estimate the value of these triennial meetings as educational vehicles, because one cannot possibly know what would have been the condition of musical culture in the district without them; but, judging from the sparse attendance of the public whenever some ambitious individual ventures upon giving a concert of classical chamber music, with thoroughly competent interpreters, the taste for the higher branches of the art does not exist in Norwich to any appreciable extent. Ballad entertainments, with star vocalists, are much more attractive. In the earlier part of this notice the difficulties of locomotion fifty years since were mentioned as a reason why provincial life was more concentrated in, and attracted to its local centre, but now the ease and rapidity of getting to the Metropolis act in the contrary way, and enable country people to hear all the novelties so soon as they appear at a nominal cost.

Undoubtedly one good result arising from the establishment of these gatherings has been the opportunity given to composers for introducing new works to the public, an occasion not likely to have occurred in London, where the cost of producing an unknown composition of the magnitude of an oratorio would be more than any entrepreneur would risk. The achievements in this way can be judged from the following list of works that were heard for the first time at the Norwich festivals, in addition to those already mentioned:

Bexfield's Israel Restored.
Pierson's Jerusalem.
Molique's Abraham.
Benedict's Undine.
— Richard Cœur de Lion.
— St. Cecilia.
— St. Peter.
Silas' Joash.
Pierson's Hezekiah.
Dr. Hill's Song of Praise.
— Overture, "Yewbarrow."
Macfarren's Outward Bound.
Cowen's St. Ursula.
Barnett's Harvest Festival.
— Wishing Bell.
Thomas' Sun Worshippers.
Mackenzie's Rose of Sharon.
Stanford's Elegiac Ode.
Bottesini's Garden of Olivet.
Mancinelli's Isaiah.
Parry's L'Allegro.
German's Symphony in A Minor.
Paderewski's Polish Fantasia.
Gaul's Una.
Cowen's Water Lily.

Without guaranteeing the absolute completeness of this list it is certainly one of which the Norwich public may be justly proud.

To particularize the artistes who have appeared from time to time would be to occupy space unnecessarily and to quote names long "household words" in this country; suffice it to say that hardly an individual in the front rank of music, as either a vocalist or instrumentalist, has been absent from one or the other of the festivals. Mention should be made of Dr. Edward Bunnett, well-known wherever the English Church service is used, as the composer of "Bunnett in F," who fifty years since entered the orchestra as a singer, but who since 1871 has ably filled the position of organist to the festivals.

A notice of musical affairs in Norwich would be incomplete without reference to the Norwich Philharmonic Society, which celebrated its jubilee in 1891—an event seldom occurring in the life of such associations. It was founded in 1841 by the late Mr. Frank Noverre for "improving instrumental music

in the city by the practice of symphonies, overtures, etc." With the exception of a short interregnum the Society has gone on, giving two concerts annually, which are anticipated with pleasure by the members. The programmes consist of classical instrumental compositions, in accordance with the original intention of the founder. At the interim concerts undertaken by the Festival Committee to keep the chorus in practice this Society supplies the orchestral accompaniments. Dr. Horace Hill wields the bâton, and a son of the founder fills the post of leader. Another society doing good work is the Norwich "Gate House" Choir, which for twenty-three years has been devoting itself to the practice of madrigals, part songs and other cognate music, under the conductorship of Mr. Kingston Rudd, son of the gentleman already mentioned as festival chorus-master.

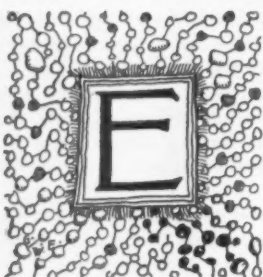
In concluding this slight sketch of music in Norwich it may be mentioned that a complete history of the festivals is now in preparation under the joint editorship of Messrs. W. E. Hansell and R. H. Legge; its appearance is looked forward to with interest by all Norwich people, and many outside their circle.

WILLIAM HEAVER.

STRAY THOUGHTS

ON

Modern Life and Modern Music.



H, Doctor, Doctor! Why what a mighty fuss you're making! Thus Mephistopheles to Faust as he roared because of his unrestful heart. Were he to take the trouble, might not the "spirit that denies"—poised between the spheres—utter the same true

taunt to the men and women of to-day? What a turmoil, what a babel, what a fuss! Shades of artists musical, poetical, philosophic; I pray ye, make no blunder!

'Tis not the noise of the last trump that ye hear; 'tis only the blare of a tin trumpet which tells all whom it may and may not concern, that a new man has arisen who can boil soap better than all the world beside!

The ring of the dollar, the clatter of machinery and the raucous tones of the showman make it next to impossible for any of us to be still and to think. "More light," cried some soul in the dark a while since; "more thought," cries another soul, very much in the dark to-day. Thinking seems to be certainly a lost art, and the poverty of machine-made stuff bears eloquent testimony to the fact that machines are fatal to individual effort, artistic enterprise, and a healthy development of brain-power.

This is what ails us then! We do not think. How can we? We breakfast in York, lunch and sing an opera in London, and sleep in Liverpool. Think in the train? We cannot. Carter and Beecham combine with our lives and render it impossible. Fuss, noise, chaos, not *κόσμος*, is the order of the day in the disorder all around. Would it were not so! The arts are coy maidens. They fear to venture forth, and music, of all the art-sisters the most sensitive and most ethereal, shrinks away into the gloom, for the lime-light and the noise fill her with a great amazement. Never since Tubal Cain made cymbals and Pan made pipes has there been a time when such confusion of thought obtained as we find now among the votaries at the shrine of music. One man regards it as a kind of police regulation, another as a school-board mistress, a third as a patent medicine, while a fourth would turn this the purest of all the art-sisters into a wanton, and bid her chaunt to the obligato accompaniment of a quart pot.

How few, comparatively, regard music as an art which demands thought, culture, self-abnegation, critical and scientific discrimination. Our tradesman, our skilled mechanic, our professional and medical man—all these take years to turn them out of the mill ready for work, and in the case of the last mentioned, "licensed to kill," as the irreverent allude to the calling of the family doctor. But our ordinary musical man thinks that odd moments are all that are required for the cultivation of this, the

subtlest of all the arts, and alas! how many there are who can be compared to those who have a "license to kill," and hesitate not to use their license.

The age we live in is not of a temper to foster high art. There is plenty of make-believe, abundance of long hair and eccentric dress. Cults abound! Very insincere this, for the most part, and very untrue! I cannot see that there is much strength, thought or faith in those who are hailed by some as kings anointed with fresh oil. Much monkeydom, as I have said, but very little of the *man* made after a Supreme pattern.

What then do we want?

We want you to recognize the fact that music is a something which has a higher mission than the beguiling of my lady the countess's ennui, in the hours between afternoon tea and dinner time. "My lord snores after dinner, let us accompany him with soft music; conversation flags, let us have a little music to stimulate it." Barbarian! Philistine!

We in England do not take music seriously enough. It is a pastime, or at best its function is to adorn a tale, to illustrate a dramatic situation (unsavoury enough in modern achievements), or to enable Edwin to make love to Angelina.

I for one begrudge not the aid of music for illustration, for the conveying of sentiment; nor do I hold at all cheaply the power which music has to deepen the impression that religion, poetry and the drama make upon the masses and classes. I acknowledge with deep gratitude the power of music in this direction. But my outcry is against those who say that this is the be-all and end-all of music; my outcry is against those who enslave a free woman. Independence and freedom of action are the heritage of the arts, no less than of mankind. By stopping short at the idea of illustration you cripple and enfeeble music, you degrade her from her high estate, loading her with galling and shameful fetters.

Art creates. Its province is creation—*firstly*. It lives *because* it creates. The painter who has imaginative, ideal power is the creative artist, not the slavish delineator of scenes, who, limn he never so wisely, can never thrill us with the joy we feel when a new creation greets us. One is a thoughtful seer of visions; the other is a mere house decorator. As with painting, so with music. Music is an art; its province is *creation*, first and before all things. And let no man fall into error! The subject matter of musical art is music. "Why of course," says my wise friend. This *does* seem a very truism; yet it is one we have need to insist upon. The subject matter of music is and ought to be music. The sensations—that part of us where Mr. Hyde dogs the footsteps of Dr. Jekyll—are not the best material for music to work upon.

My very strong idea is that the Great Being meant music for something better than to be an aid to the better understanding and appreciation of the illicit loves of a Sicilian Columbine and of an Italian military dandy. "Aye, but look at the situations, the power of the tragedy, the awakening of sensations and enthusiasm!" Quite true, the situations are strong, if somewhat unsavoury. But all this is not music!

What would you then?

First of all, music must be music, pure and simple; one must not confound it with religion, poetry, comedy or tragedy. I love the combination of these things with music, but there is much confusion of thought in consequence of this very combination, and I am by no means quite sure that the character of the music does not suffer because of the union, and because the story teller (*e. g.*) makes too much noise and fuss in the telling. That is a big subject, and may be left to a more convenient season.

Musical art then creates musical thought. There is such a thing as a *musical* thought. We are in no doubt whatsoever about the existence of *distinct thought* in other arts and sciences, dealing with the subject matter of those arts and sciences. Why then should we make an exception of music? Why forget that a musical artist, a music-maker or writer, has a distinct musical thought, made up primarily of sound and rhythm and the elemental properties of music—a thought dealing with the subject matter of the art or science of music? This musical thought is made up of a series of sounds or notes wrought into a phrase.

This is the musical artist's *idea*—a distinct, clear created entity, and it has an independent life of its

own, however ethereal its character may be. The life of this phrase is a musical life, and its continuation (so far as its presentation to others is concerned) depends upon certain unswerving musical laws. Much mischief is done by those who desire to say the composer meant this or that by his phrase or idea. To the composer the phrase is, so to speak, a *soundful thought*. To you, when you hear it, it may mean a thousand and one things, but to the music-maker it is nothing but a musical entity, a new created thing, vague and spiritual in its character. You say you want to ticket each phrase and say it means this or that, it represents such and such a thing. "Represents," indeed! It represents nothing! It simply is! And is not that enough?

This musical phrase or thought, treated by the music-maker's creative art, wrought upon by his scientific knowledge and imaginative cunning, becomes at last a veritable architectural structure, so to speak, which stands forth in all its glory a "new, created world," gladdening the hearts of men. And why? Because a symphony has been created, a string quartette has been given to the world, and musical art is the richer by one more treasure. A man has once more vindicated the truth of the saying that he was created in a glorious Image! God creates because He is God and of His own will. Man is likest God when he creates a formful, cosmic thing, which will exist of itself and which will delight, edify and be useful, and reproductive because it is itself and none other.

What the elemental properties of music are we all know, but alas! how often the elemental is taken to be synonymous with the unimportant. After all, there is safety in first principles. And to first principles the people must turn if they are to have the true and not the false presented to them. Loyalty to law and a critical examination of the properties of music are worth all the "high falutin'" in the world. And the people must see that they get the right thing.

Our condition, musically, reminds me somewhat of the state of England before the institution of the "Table Round." "Here and there a deed of prowess redressed a random wrong." There be knights errant amongst us; would that some great Arthur could collect all errands and make them Knights of his Round Table. The State must be our Arthur! Centralization is the thing and Governmental supervision. What if technical education were left to the tender mercies of the irresponsible amateur! We shall deserve the reproach of being unmusical until the masses treat music as a serious business, as an engine for the development of the brain-power of the people, as an art which enriches modern life by creation. Our people must come to the same conclusion as Ruskin and others have arrived at, viz., that *music is an essential element in the education of mankind*. It is so because it creates thought. Its alphabet is made up of crotchets and quavers, and its periods and accents of rests and pauses, but the thought created by these means is as distinct and as definite as the literary produce of the literary man. With the aid of thought and a reverent contemplation of the glories (always produced by reason if not in spite of law) of Bach and Beethoven, Händel and Haydn, Mendelssohn and Mozart, one may work wonders.

By close study of the methods of these creators we shall learn much and shall free ourselves from the baneful influence of those purveyors of musical dramas who are doing their utmost to vitiate the public palate. What monstrosities one has heard called by the name of music! The gush of the superlatively sentimental and the storm and stress of the man who over-emphasizes dramatic situations, sacrificing loveliness of form and beauty of phrase to mere sound and fury, *both* are fatal. Let us not mistake bluster for power, brutal violence for intensity, nor a licentious disregard for musical laws for a fine freedom of thought. Above all, let us have less fuss. Art-life is like the life of the lilies of the field, quiet in its growth. Docility (I speak throughout as a disciple), thoughtful consideration and reverence for the great masters will do much to counteract the effects of the methods of those who seem to forget that the central idea in music, as an art, is the conception and the bringing forth of musical thought, and the development of this into a musical structure, by the application of musical methods, and of scientific, artistic and æsthetic principles.

D. FFRANGCON-DAVIES.

THE LISZT MUSEUM IN WEIMAR.

BY ARTHUR M. ABELL.

(Drawings by Walter Roiland.)



LISZT'S RIGHT HAND.

AT the entrance to the long, delightful Belvedere-Allee, shaded with grand old linden trees, and just on the edge of Weimar's beautiful park, stands the house last occupied by Franz Liszt, known as "The Liszt Museum." It is a very modest-looking, small, two-story building; there is nothing palatial, nothing artistic even about the exterior; it was originally the dwelling house of the chief court-gardener; it was built and used for this purpose many years before Liszt came to Weimar, and the ground floor is, in fact, still occupied by the family of such an official. Visitors from abroad, on seeing it for the first time, wonder that the greatest pianist the world has ever seen should have lived in such a small, unpretentious house. But, be it ever so humble, this house has for lovers of the divine art a charm such as no king's palace possesses.

Liszt lived here by invitation of the Grand Duke Carl Alexander, one of the master's most intimate friends and one of the greatest patrons of art among the sovereigns of Europe. The Grand Duke furnished the rooms of the second floor, which Liszt occupied, well and tastefully, and did all in his power to make the place attractive and home-like. The apartments are indeed very pleasant, and the location of the house, so near the park, is charming, so that the great musician must have found it on the whole an agreeable and comfortable home—a home

especially attractive to a composer on account of its pretty and quiet surroundings.

On the front side of the house is a plain marble tablet bearing the inscription:

"HIER WOHNTE FRANZ LISZT."
1869—1886.

There is but one door to it and this is in the rear. A narrow winding stairway leads to Liszt's apartments, consisting of three rooms. The first room one enters is the main one, which served the master as study, music and general living room.

On entering it a feeling of awe and veneration comes over one. This, then, was the home of the immortal Liszt! An impressive silence reigns. Everything in the room is just as it was when the maestro was living; nothing has been changed, though one or two articles have been added to the objects of adornment. Here stands the grand piano which knew the master's magical touch so well; near it is the sofa on which he used to take his morning and afternoon naps. By the window, commanding a view of the park, stands the writing desk on which he wrote so many works that have entranced the world. These and many other objects in the room have a hallowed interest for musicians. Especially interesting is, of course, the grand piano, with its associations; the piano is in general so intimately connected with Liszt's name that this particular one has naturally a wonderful charm. Next to Liszt himself this was the chief object of interest at the famous forenoon soirées and afternoon classes. What interesting groups of pupils have gathered around it!—d'Albert, Stavenhagen, Siloti, Ansgore, Reisenauer—the names of them all would make a long list. Liszt's method of instruction was original. The choice of compositions was left entirely to the pupil; as he knew nearly the entire piano literature from memory it was a matter of indifference to him what was played. His suggestions and criticisms were always to the point and valuable—sometimes good humoured, sometimes sarcastic. A more patient listener never lived, but occasionally, when his good nature was too much imposed upon by mediocre performances he could not withhold a remark of scathing sarcasm. On the other hand, he always had for the deserving the warmest praise.

Liszt seldom practised during the latter part of his life, and his technique was nothing like what it was while he traveled as a virtuoso. Nevertheless his great wealth of experience and his genius made his instruction beyond compare. In alluding to his own knowledge and attainments Liszt was very modest, as the following letter, written a would-be pupil, shows:

Many thanks for your kind lines. I cannot undertake regular piano lessons, but I am continually hearing many pianists; among these are some whom I am glad to help with my slight knowledge of piano playing. If you care to show me your talent I promise you my attention and a friendly reception. Sincerely,

F. LISZT.



LISZT AT ELEVEN.

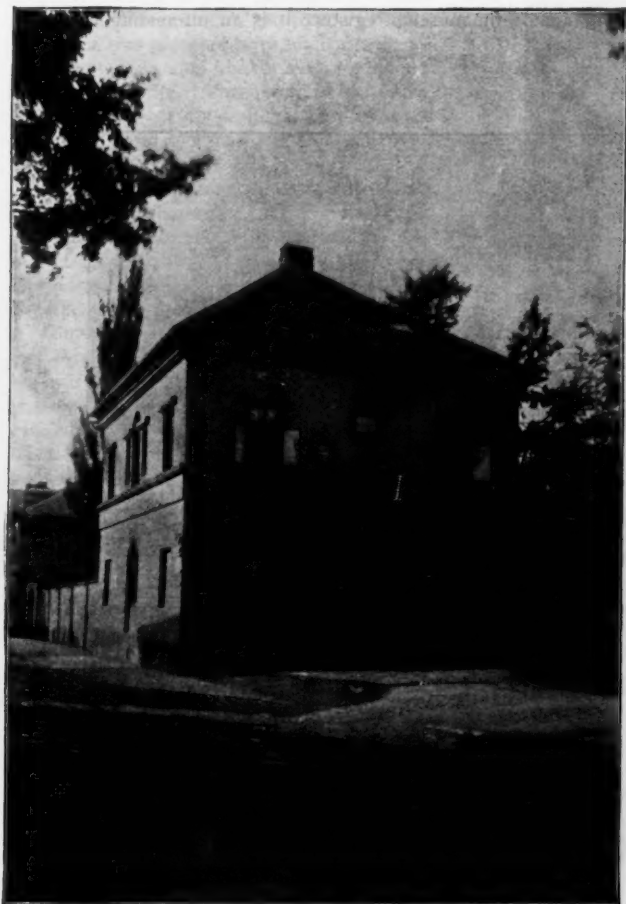
At the morning soirées held here new chamber music was played by quartets of Carl Halir and Kömpel. These great artists, of whom Liszt was very fond, were also often heard in solo. Arma Senkiah (Miss Harkness, formerly of New York) was also a favourite with the master.

The room also contains an upright piano, which stands near the entrance door. Near this hangs on the wall a large embroidered piece of work called the "Wartburg-Decke." In the centre of it, with a few bars from his oratorio, "The Legend of St. Elizabeth," written under it, is Liszt's portrait. Clustered around this are the chief scenes from this work. It is all embroidery and was made in Eisenach; it was the design and present of Fräulein L. Ramann, author of the best existing biography of Liszt. The maestro was greatly pleased with it, not so much on



LISZT AT FORTY-SEVEN.

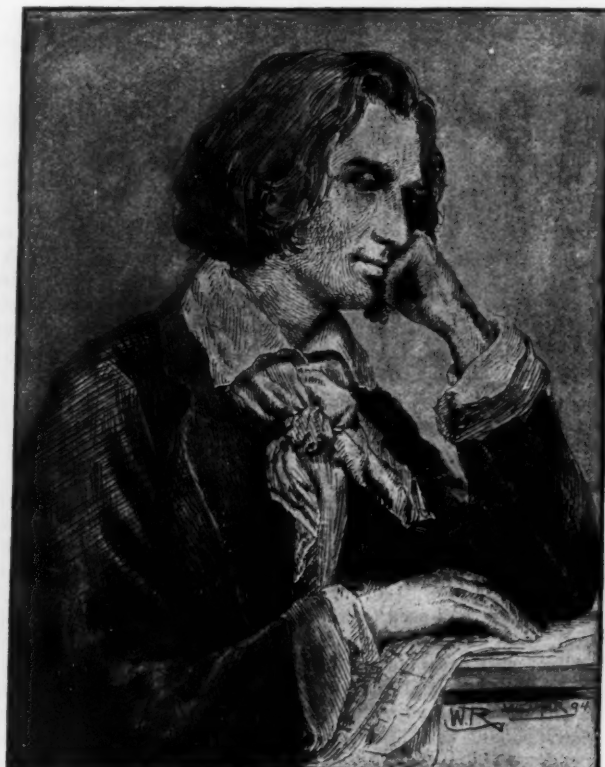
account of its intrinsic value or beauty as by the happy design and the associations it recalled. Behind the grand piano stands Liszt's bust; this and a glass case are the only objects that have been brought into the room since his death. This bust is the work of the sculptor A. Lehnert, of Leipsic. Liszt sat for it in June, 1886, but a few weeks before his death.



THE LISZT MUSEUM.



LISZT AT FORTY-TWO.



LISZT AT TWENTY-FIVE

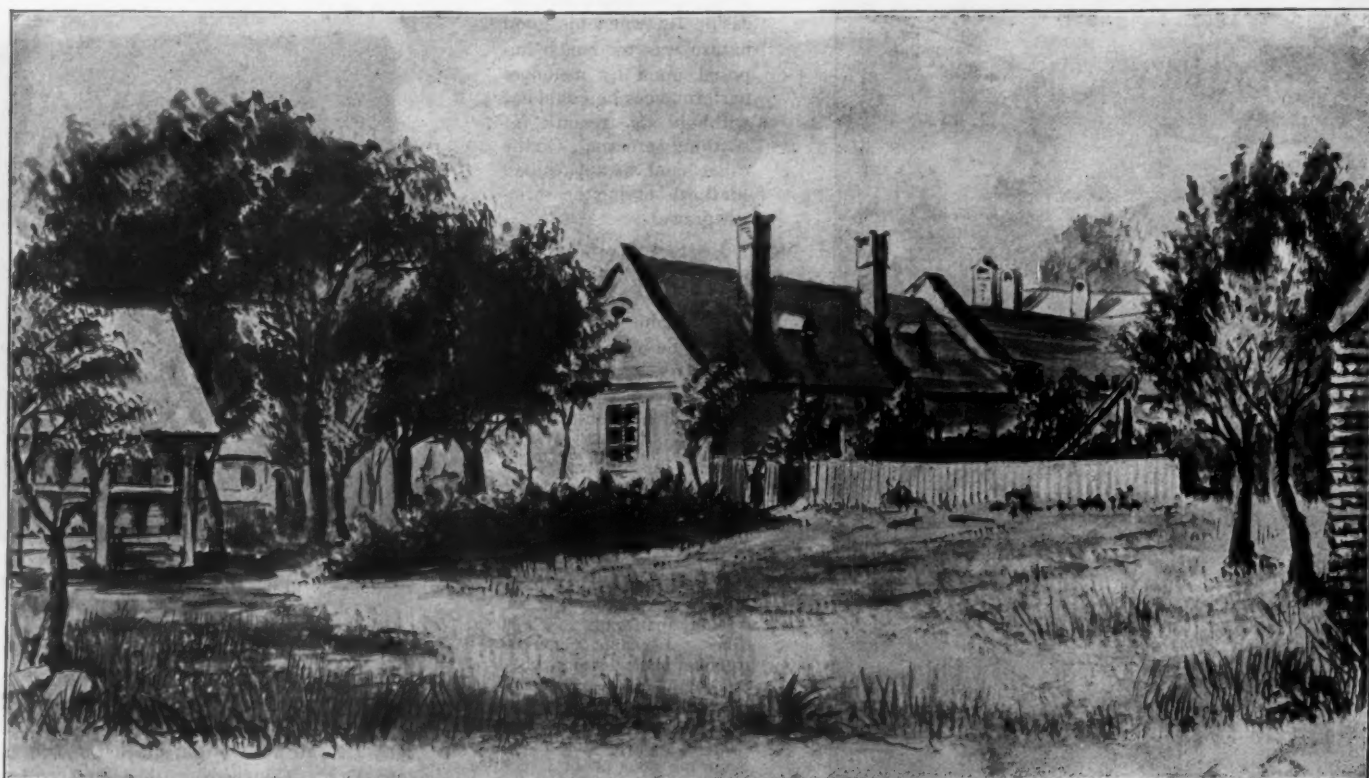
It was unveiled and presented to the museum May 22, 1887, in the presence of the Grand Duke and other important personages. On this occasion a number of pupils of the Weimar Conservatory sang, to Schubert's music, a poem by Peter Cornelius, Liszt's beloved friend, under the direction of Müller-Hartung. A dedication speech was made by Adolf Stern, and then Dr. Gill unveiled the bust to the strains of Liszt's "Ave Maria." The scene was very impressive.

A glass case, which stands on the grand piano, contains some very interesting documents, the most remarkable of which is the original manuscript of a

concerto for flute composed by Frederick the Great. This work, of great historical value, was presented to Liszt by the former Empréss Augusta, grandmother of the present German Emperor. Here lies also the letter written by the Grand Duke Carl Frederick in 1842 appointing Liszt conductor of the court opera at Weimar; also a letter and medal of thanks from the sufferers in the great Hamburg fire of 1842, and some diplomas of honour. At the time of the Hamburg calamity Liszt was giving concerts in St. Petersburg; on hearing the sad news he immediately sent 55,000 francs (the receipts of one concert) for the relief of the sufferers. This is one of innum-

able instances of the kind, illustrating Liszt's generosity and large-heartedness. He gave as he earned—on a grand scale. In truth, he was often reproached by his friends for giving so much and so indiscriminately. But he was too tender hearted to turn anyone away.

On the writing desk lies the manuscript of one of his works, the "Cantico di San Francesco," for baritone solo, with orchestra and male chorus. A photograph of Dr. Hans von Bülow, Liszt's son-in-law, and two massive polished elephant teeth adorn the desk. Here lies also the book in which visitors to the museum register; it is an interesting collection



LISZT'S BIRTHPLACE AT RAIDING, HUNGARY.

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of autographs from all parts of the world. During the last years of his life Liszt used to compose mostly early in the morning. He was a very early riser and a tremendous worker; by 4 A. M., and often as early as 3 A. M., he sat at his desk. Here he worked until 7 A. M.; then he attended chapel. In his religious observances and ceremonies he was very regular. After chapel he breakfasted and then slept for an hour on

The bed-room is small and contains few articles of interest. The little dumb practice-clavier, which Liszt used to take with him on his railway journeys during his virtuoso career; some music desks and a bookcase filled with music, together with the bed and a few pictures, make up the chief articles of furniture and adornment.

Now comes the most interesting room of all—the

the hearts of his hearers. But it was not by sovereigns and high royal personages alone that Liszt was thus honoured; he received gifts from all classes and conditions of people who had the good fortune to hear him and come in contact with him.

One glass case contains nine snuff boxes, eight of which are solid gold, inlaid with diamonds; on them are inscribed the initials of the former kings of Würtemberg and Hanover; Donna Maria II., Queen of Portugal; Carl Frederick, Grand Duke of Weimar, and the Princess Paulowna. One very costly one is from the Sultan of Turkey. This case contains also a number of gold, silver and ebony bâtons, one of which was presented Liszt by the Weimar Court Orchestra after the first public performance of "Lohengrin," which took place under his direction August 28, 1850. Wagner was at that time a fugitive. Another bâton is from Sophie, the present Grand Duchess of Weimar; it bears the inscription, *non multa, sed multum*. Here lies a huge block of solid gold intended for a paper-weight—probably the most valuable one in existence, for it weighs many pounds. This was a present from the Princess Wittgenstein, the woman who played an important part in Liszt's life during his first period in Weimar. There are several compartments to this case and one of them contains a large gold tobacco basket carried by four negroes. This, a present from Napoleon III., was prized very highly by Liszt; it was exhibited at the Paris Exposition in 1867 and attracted much attention. In another compartment are innumerable medals and seals with the likenesses of nearly all the famous musicians of the world on them. Three of these bear Mozart's profile; these, together with a costly bâton, were presented to Liszt by the City of Vienna as a token of thanks for his services in conducting the grand concert given in celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of Mozart's birth in January, 1856. On one large medal are the portraits of Weimar's four great poets, Goethe, Schiller, Wieland and Herder, and several generations of Grand Dukes. On another the double likeness of Beethoven and Liszt. Here lie also several watches; one of these was the gift of the Pope Pius IX., and on the case is seen the portrait of that worthy dignitary; another bears an engraving of the palace at Weimar. One most extraordinary looking timepiece was from the



THE MUSIC ROOM.

the sofa. He next attended to his correspondence, which was the plague of his life towards its end. Every post brought him stacks of letters, new music sent him for criticism, albums, photographs, etc. In 1881 he wrote a friend: "My dread and abhorrence of letters are unspeakable; if I were to answer all I receive I should be obliged to devote ten hours daily to my correspondence. My health, though not bad, will not allow this." Finally he requested the public, by announcements in various musical papers, not to send him scores, albums, etc. But this did little good; he was pestered with mail almost as much as before, and his forbearance ended only with his life. This room is heated in winter by one of those huge, curious, old-fashioned German stoves made of mail and painted white.

On a stand in one corner is a photograph of Dr. Gille and a small marble bust of the Countess Mukhanoff, both life-long friends of Liszt. Back of this stand hangs an excellent portrait of Beethoven. A round table is covered with papers and periodicals. On the walls are marble reliefs of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess. Over the door leading into the bed-room hangs an etching of the famous painting "Christ Before Pilate," by Munkacsy, Liszt's illustrious friend and countryman. Worthy of special notice is the bookcase standing near by; this contains the complete literary works of Liszt and Wagner; also Liszt's letters, arranged and published by La Mara, and other works of interest. On it stands a bronze model of the Wartburg. This was presented to Liszt in 1867 in remembrance of the eight hundredth anniversary of the building of the Wartburg, which was celebrated in August of that year. A grand occasion was this one—long to be remembered, for it celebrated not only the eight hundredth jubilee of that noble old castle, which played such an important part in mediæval history, and which is so dear to the heart of every true German, but it celebrated also the return of Franz Liszt to Germany and to his art after long years of absence in Rome. Here, too, was produced for the first time Liszt's great oratorio, "The Legend of St. Elizabeth," under his own direction, in the festive hall of the Wartburg.

museum-room proper. This was formerly used by Liszt as a dining-room, but since his death the Grand Duke has had it fitted up as it now is. Here are nearly all of the presents with which the great pianist was honoured, especially those received during his virtuoso career from 1832 to 1848, the most brilliant



LISZT IN HIS STUDY.

artistic career mortal ever had. What a wonderful and valuable collection this is! And these are presents received for the most part at the hands of emperors, kings, queens and princes. Here are from all the crowned heads of Europe beautiful and costly tokens of respect, admiration, gratitude, wonder, adoration—in truth of every passion which Liszt's incomparable playing and personality awakened in

Sultan. Rings and other articles of jewelry, set with all kinds of precious stones, and costly tokens and souvenirs of all sorts lie about in profusion. Most of them are tokens of respect and love from famous people with whom Liszt came in contact—many of whom had a great influence on his life, both for good and evil. Liszt's own powerful nature was very susceptible to the influence of other striking person-

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alities. Just as nature, in her grand and sombre moods, produced an overwhelming effect on him—as works composed during his stay in Switzerland show—so the genius and idiosyncrasies of remarkable and totally different individualities impressed him. He was weak, in that he almost invariably yielded to the spell of the great minds with which he came in touch.

He felt keenly the power of Heine, Paganini, Chopin, Berlioz, Georges Sand and the Countess d'Agoult. He was also greatly influenced by the leading spirits of the clerical profession and by the great philosophers of the day. At one time we find him ready and eager to give up his art and consecrate his life to religion, and at another time on the very borders of atheism. He was versatile, he was full of contradictions and inconsistencies, and yet what a grand and noble nature was his on the whole! He was morally weak and yet wonderfully strong, for he possessed the power to throw off the most enticing charm if, after giving up to it for a time, he found its influence baneful. Such was the case with his relations to the Countess d'Agoult. In Paris in 1834 Liszt fell completely under the sway of this bewitching and dangerous woman. For ten long years the sorceress knew how to keep him under her spell. But at last the time came when Liszt realized that he must part from her forever; it was necessary for the sake of his art and for his own sake—it was an act of self-preservation. The wily countess put forth her utmost exertions to keep him, but in vain; he left her and never returned. Had Liszt possessed less strength of character he would have been ruined long before he had attained the zenith of his power and fame, as was poor Chopin.

Many of these presents are very valuable; they have a worth that cannot be estimated by money. But the commercial value of one ring, set with twenty diamonds, is 25,000 francs; that of a tea-bell, 30,000 francs. The contents of either of these cases, if sold for their actual value, would yield a fortune. Such gifts prove what a tremendous amount of enthusiasm Liszt aroused and what an unheard-of following he had on his concert tours through Europe. No other virtuoso, except Paganini, was everywhere greeted with such wild enthusiasm as Liszt; his was a grand march of triumph; he carried everything before him. A glass cabinet in one corner of the room contains, among other things, a magnificent silver tea-set, some large gold vases and a beautiful gold and silver lyre, at the foot of which lies a book, with leaves of solid gold, on which are inscribed the titles of a number of Liszt's compositions. A similar cabinet in the opposite corner contains a fine collection of the characteristic weapons of different European countries; also a large number and assortment of pipes, conspicuous among which are the Turkish ones with their long stems. Some peculiar tables and stools of ebony, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, are presents from Persian and Arabian monarchs.

In a niche stands a marble bust of Queen Victoria, with the dedication: "Presented to Dr. Fr. Liszt by Queen Victoria in remembrance of his visit to Windsor, April 7, 1886." A cane-stand is full of beautiful and curious canes. From the Czar of Russia are two unique chandeliers, some elegant large vases and the model of a Russian wagon. The walls of the room are adorned by thirty-three portraits of Liszt in oil paintings, water colors, engravings, drawings, photographs and lithographs; a most interesting collection, representing the characteristic features of the

master at all ages from eleven to seventy-five. The oldest of these portraits dates from 1822, when Liszt was eleven years old. This was the year when he first played before Beethoven in Vienna. The great composer was so charmed by the little fellow's playing that he hugged and kissed him before the entire audience. Numerous busts and statuettes of the maestro adorn various niches and corners. The most remarkable of these is a marble bust by the Italian sculptor, Lorenzo Bartolini; this was made in Florence in 1838, when Liszt was concertizing in Italy. It is a beautiful work of art. Many busts, reliefs and portraits of other celebrities are also to be seen, notably a fine large oil painting of Hector Berlioz.

Very interesting are the death-masks of Liszt, Beethoven, Chopin and Weber, which lie in a case. A bureau is full of letters written to Liszt by famous people; they are so arranged that one can see the

youth. His mother was Liszt's bosom friend and his constant companion to the last.

The objects of interest are far too numerous to mention in detail, but I must not forget the grand piano which stands in the middle of the room. Around this cluster very dear memories and associations. It is the instrument which Liszt used at the "Altenburg," as the house is called in which he lived during the years he was conductor of the Weimar Court Opera and concerts, 1848-1861—for Liszt lived in Weimar at different times; thirty years of his life were spent in this little German city. He preferred Weimar as a place of residence to all cities, and he saw all Europe and the best of it. These years at the "Altenburg" were famous—the golden age of music in the "City of the Muses"—these were the times that won for Liszt the name "Weimar's Musical Goethe." Liszt attracted the great musicians of Europe just as Goethe had drawn the literary dignitaries to the little Athens-on-the-Ilm.

What music the walls of the old "Altenburg" must have heard! At the weekly soirées Liszt, the young Rubinstein, Tausig, Bülow, Raff, Bronsart and others took turns at the piano, while the violinists, Joachim, Laub, Singer, etc., were heard both in solo and quartet. Variety was given to the instrumental performances by the singing of artists of the first rank, and occasionally by declamations and recitations by men and women eminent on the stage and in the world of letters. Of such musicales is this piano a memento. A large glass case which rests on the piano contains a cast of Liszt's right hand; it is a beautiful hand, rather narrow, with unusually long, slender fingers. I have heard it stated here by people who knew Liszt well that he could stretch a fifth over the octave—an enormous interval; but his hand was, as it were, created for the piano, and its naturally great elasticity was much developed by practice.

In this case lie also a large number of the original manuscripts of Liszt's compositions—the best known ones—works which have been so bitterly criticized by opponents of the modern school. When Liszt sent his "Mephisto" waltz to Saint-Saëns he wrote him: "No one realizes better than I myself the incongruity between the good intentions and the actual results accomplished in my compositions; in spite of this I continue to write—not without exertion—from inner necessity and long habit. Striving for the ideal is not forbidden; attaining it always remains a question." Strong enough proof of Liszt's modesty and sincerity in regard to his own works. He has been often accused of insincerity. His works have been called bombastic, shallow, tricky, etc. Some of them are, to be sure; but what composer has not written more or less cheap

stuff? Many of Liszt's works are immortal, and they have been of inestimable service in directing the tendencies of the modern school.

Two more objects are well deserving of mention: A lock of Beethoven's hair in a small glass locket and a painting of Liszt's birthplace, at Raiding, a small village near Eisenstadt, Hungary. These are some of the treasures and mementos in the home of that wonderful Hungarian apparition, Franz Liszt. Visitors are shown about by Liszt's old housekeeper, who served him faithfully during all his stay in Weimar—through thirty years. A chat with her is very interesting; one learns many little things about the daily life of the master that are not recorded in biographies.

NOTE—Permission to copy the portraits of Liszt and other objects was obtained from His Royal Highness the Grand Duke, through the courtesy of Geheimrat Hofrath Dr. Gille, the director of the Liszt Museum.



LISZT AT THIRTY-FIVE.

signatures of Wagner, Berlioz, Heinrich Heine, Bülow, Tausig, Ole Bull, Wieniawski, Joachim, Schumann, Franz, Raff, Cornelius, Czerny and others famous in the realms of tones and letters.

At the time the monster bells of the great Strasbourg Cathedral were dedicated Liszt's "Excelsior," composed expressly for the occasion, was performed. This remarkable work made such a powerful impression on one of the hearers, the eleven year old son of the Princess von Meyendorff, that there came to him, like an inspiration, the thought of producing on canvas the awful, fantastic scene suggested by parts of the composition. He made a drawing and called it "The battle between the angels and demons in the tower of the Strasbourg Cathedral." This truly marvelous work for one so young hangs over the door leading into the living room. It is greatly to be deplored that this wonderful genius died in early

The Festivals of the Three Choirs.

THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL.



HUGH BLAIR.

Photo. by Maytum, London.

AMONG the various musical institutions of England the festivals of the Three Choirs hold an honoured position, not so much, perhaps, on account of the scale on which they are performed (for here they cannot compare with many other festivals which are held throughout the length and breadth of the land), or because they can boast an unbroken record of artistic triumphs; but because for a period not far short of two centuries they have stood a living power in the furtherance of musical progress in this country, and as champions of art have braved the battle often of adverse circumstances and the breeze of much shallow criticism and thoughtless stricture.

Tradition asserts that previous to the year 1724 occasional meetings of the members of the choirs of the three cathedrals of Worcester, Gloucester and Hereford took place for the purpose of performing on a grand scale the best of the then cathedral music, and tradition also says that a secondary object was the raising of funds for the relief of those members of the choirs who were in need or distress. Be that as it may, the fact seems established that from that date onward these musical meetings became an annual institution, together with the fact that the proceeds were now devoted to the widows and orphans of the clergy of the three dioceses, and this has continued so down to the present time.

With regard to the music performed it appears that oratorios were not at first admitted into the cathedrals, but were sung at the concerts which in the evenings took place in the respective public halls of the three cities, the cathedral programmes consisting of church service music, including Handel's and Purcell's setting of the "Te Deum" and "Jubilate," together with the anthems of the great church composers, many of them imperishable works of genius which are still treasured in the libraries of English collegiate churches.

Space will not permit us to trace the unbroken record of festivals, though we would gladly follow them from city to city; our task is to speak more particularly of the music meetings which have taken place in the quaint old city of Worcester, a city of the greatest interest to the student of history. Here the Romans had a fort, a link in an important line of defences; here is the site of many a battle fought by Britons, Romans, Saxons and Danes; and here, in later times, was fought the ever-memorable Battle of Worcester, which decided the fate of Charles II. and secured to Cromwell the government of England. Here stands the old Cathedral of St. Mary the Blessed Virgin, built by St. Wulstan and dating 1084. Rebuilt and added to from time to time, it underwent a complete restoration some twenty years since and is a noble building, of which the inhabitants are justly proud.

But perhaps Worcester has the greatest interest in the eyes of the musical world from the fact that here is held every three years, in regular rotation with Gloucester and Hereford, the festival familiarly spoken of as that of the Three Choirs, and an almost tragic interest also attaches to this particular city, as it was here that the destruction of this old musical institution was well nigh brought about shortly before the year 1875.

Now that the heat of controversy has subsided it will be easier briefly to describe the storm which then raged with all the fury and uncontrollability of a tropical tornado; like most storms, it did a vast amount of good in clearing the festival atmosphere of many abuses that sooner or later must, like the foul vapours in a mine, have shattered the institution. There can be no doubt that prior to this the religious aspect of these services had been practically lost sight of; people came simply and purely to hear an elaborate performance of some popular work, or perchance with the less worthy motive of seeing or hearing

some famous soloist; conversation was freely indulged in; during the interval a general promenade took place in the aisles, while amidst the general hubbub could be heard the popping of champagne bottles and the clatter of plates, refreshments being actually partaken of inside the sacred edifice, which was practically turned into nothing more or less than a concert hall. Add to this that the week was wound up by a grand ball and the picture is complete; strange to say, this last event was not held in the Cathedral.

Granted this state of things, what wonder is it that a body of influential and well meaning people should have felt the necessity of reform; nay, more, the marvel would seem that in the face of such abuses and acts of desecration anything short of total suppression could have been entertained. Such, however, does not appear to have been aimed at, but rather the substitution of cathedral services for the oratorio performances which, without prayers and suggestion of worship, had hitherto been in vogue.

It is greatly to be regretted that these would-be reformers should have proceeded in their laudable enterprise with a lamentable want of tact and in a manner which quickly roused the keenest resentment and violent opposition. The Cathedral body, the city and the county were divided against themselves, and the time-honoured festival consequently was in imminent danger of falling. So high did party feeling rise that no hesitation was shown in resorting to methods entirely at variance with the laws of good taste and common decency, in order that one party might show its contempt for the other. Pamphlets flew about, effigies blazed, and wax figures of unpopular dignitaries, inclosed in miniature coffins, were in great demand. When at last the reforming party in a certain sense carried the day, and in 1875 promoted a musical meeting after their own hearts, which has ever afterwards been known as the "mock festival," it was at once seen that popular opinion was not prepared to receive it with favour, the cab drivers tied crape on their whips as mourning for the old festival, unrestrained censure was general on all sides, and, as if nature itself had declared against it, rain fell incessantly during the week; in addition to this the musical arrangements were widely condemned, and altogether a most comprehensive failure was generally recognized.

The fallacy of the whole proceeding lay clearly in this, that no one appears to have thought for a moment that the oratorio itself could be looked upon as an act of worship, and it was not till the time came round for making preparations for the next meeting that this dawned upon the authorities; once grasped, however, here lay the solution of the whole difficulty, and from the first of the newly ordered festivals may be dated a series of successes which there seems every reason to hope will be continued in the future. Briefly, then, the present arrangement is as follows: A grand opening service on Sunday, the first day of the festival week, when Matins is performed by the full strength of orchestra and chorus, a festal "Te Deum" and anthem of an elaborate nature being always included; two oratorio performances on Tuesday and Thursday; one on Wednesday and Friday, and a secular concert in the public hall on Wednesday evening. Each of the Cathedral performances is preceded and followed by prayer and the congregation dismissed with the benediction. An orchestra is built at the west end of the nave for the chorus and orchestra, and the seats in the Cathedral being for this occasion placed sideways, the vast congregations are thus afforded ample opportunities of hearing and seeing. The proceeds arising from the sale of tickets is usually sufficient to meet the expenses of the festival; if there is any deficit it is met by the large body of gentlemen who act as Stewards, but if, on the other hand, the receipts are in excess of the expenditures the balance is handed over to swell the amount collected at the doors in aid of the Widows' and Orphan's Fund.

The post of conductor is, in accordance with time-honoured tradition, always held by the organist of the Cathedral. At the present this position is held by Mr. Hugh Blair. The orchestra is composed of all the leading professionals of the day, and the chorus is supposed to be supplied by the three cities of Worcester, Gloucester and Hereford; as a matter of fact, a large body of singers are imported from various towns in England in numbers sometimes ex-

ceeding the local contingent itself. This we must consider as serious, and let us not conclude without expressing an earnest hope that the authorities of the Worcester festival, who have in the past been foremost in the rank of reform, will not be content to stay their hand while such an inconsistency remains unrectified; let them remember that as promoters of these great musical celebrations they are laden with a grave responsibility; the festival is a mission to men in the cause of musical art; its aims should be essentially to teach and encourage the appreciation of its highest forms by affording to all opportunities of hearing the greatest inspirations of the divinely inspired masters of music adequately rendered; let them remember that theirs should be the aim of promoting the study and practice of music throughout their county, and that there is no such inducement to study as the prospect of an opportunity for putting to practical use principles laboriously learned.

Worcester prides itself on being styled "a musical city;" we must confess it is difficult to see how this title can be justified, if a population of over 50,000 souls can only provide between sixty and seventy singers towards a chorus numbering nearly 300 voices! It is not the lack of good voices; there are evidences of an abundant supply; it is not from any lack of interest among the inhabitants. Numbers would be willing to come forward if the chance were given them. No, it must be laid principally to the account of the old traditional methods of working these matters; methods which, acting on the query, "Can any good thing come out of Worcester?" may with little trouble get together an hired body of outsiders, but which deliberately ignore the fact that musical education has advanced in this land by leaps and bounds; that where twenty years ago was one fair chorus singer fifty can now be found, and which very unwillingly think of this at all for fear of the extra trouble which a change of procedure might bring about. Assuredly a radical reform is called for here; all that is needed is some carefully thought-out scheme for tapping the choral resources of the shire, which might be well done, let us suggest, by affiliating the musical societies of the various towns with the central society in Worcester. A selection from these choral bodies would, with the contingent from Gloucester and Hereford, more than meet the needs of the festival.

That this can be done is best proved by the fact that it has been done, for at the Gloucester festival of 1893 outside assistance was dispensed with, and the chorus entirely drawn from Gloucestershire, aided by the contingents from Worcester and Hereford.

Little else is required beyond this to render the Worcester festival not only free from reproach, but a brilliant example of all that such an institution should be. Much good work has been done, but we look forward with confidence to a long career of increased usefulness, of wider aims and of fearless progression.

HUGH BLAIR, Mus. Bac., Cantab.

Music in Wales.



W. H. SONLEY JOHNSTONE.

Photo. by Alfred Freke, Cardiff.

AN interesting movement has been for some years on foot in the Principality of Wales, having for its aim the revival of national life and the recognition of the peculiar genius of the Welsh people. It is, as might be expected, a little boisterous, a little audacious, a great deal dogmatic, and not disinclined, in the first thrills of conscious strength,

to a spirit of narrow self-assertion. But its leaders, by recognizing and claiming for themselves that broader intellectual life which passes over the boundaries of nations and has a single empire over the human mind, have done a great deal to broaden the somewhat narrow Celtic view of things and to hold out an ideal that is far less parochial and far more inspiring than that which has kept the Welsh people so shrinkingly aloof from their English neighbours. So long as Wales was poor and uneducated there was some reason why she should in miserly fashion

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gather unto herself her scattered fragments of strength and shrink from contact with the burly Saxon giant which would swallow her, traditions and all, at a gulp. But since she has become rich and energetic and educated it is more clearly recognized that a nation may unite herself with the world and yet not lose her individuality; that indeed her individuality finds its noblest expression when allied with cosmopolitan sympathy and breadth of view; and that there is no fear, if there be anything that is good in the character, history or genius of a people, that it will be lost from lack of jailing. Hence the Principality in every art and in every science is making extraordinary progress.

The young Wales party have had the courage to lay their hand even on that Ark of the Covenant—the National Eisteddfod. Reform is in the air. For centuries the hoary institution has, amidst all its good works, been flaunting mouldy trappings in the face of the Welsh people and scattering opiates in the air. Ancient traditions and dead customs, a language too antique for recognition, strange pedantries, mysterious ceremonials, quaint poetic forms and singularities of metre, have encumbered the national festival and misdirected its energies. The Eisteddfod was the natural expression of the intellectual life of the people in the fourteenth century; it is clear that its form and manner must change if it is to serve the needs of those in the nineteenth. Such a change is slowly coming, and once again, at the great gathering just concluded at Carnarvon, where for a second time a "Prince of Wales" presented himself to the assembled nation, it became clear that the most beneficent and drastic alterations will be made in the work and scope of the Eisteddfod.

In no direction will this new spirit prove more beneficial than in that of music. It is a singular fact that whilst no country has displayed more aptitude for music than Wales, there is none which has made so small an impression upon the history of the art. The fact is that the Principality suffers from the very excess of its gifts. Music may be said to be so general an instinct, to spring up so readily, to abound so luxuriantly, that there has never been any thought of cultivating it; and so, to pursue the image, overrun by the wild flower, the whole country has scarcely produced a single rare bloom. Singing is the natural gift of the Welshman; it is his amusement, his exercise, his thought, his toy. Every village has its choir, its male voice party. On pleasure bent, at a funeral, during the public meeting, in the train, at the pit-mouth, wherever the Welsh miners are gathered together, singing of a rare quality is never lacking. To crown all, the Eisteddfod is the national amusement of Wales, just as the race-course may be said to be that of England. Can anything be more striking or more inspiring than this vast assembly, where from ten to twenty thousand people will sit for days, closely following severe choral contests with discrimination and enthusiasm? It must be freely acknowledged, too, that the standard attained is wonderfully high. Purity of tone, richness of quality, and keen dramatic sense are always conspicuous; and half a dozen choirs, at least, from the coal valleys of a single county might be selected who would compete with any body of singers in Europe. The more clearly these facts are recognized, the more important does it become to seize upon, and educate, and submit to the severest criticism so conspicuous a faculty. With the ability to accomplish much Wales has so far accomplished little. She has been too satisfied with her natural abilities to give serious thought to their development. The Welshman would laugh to scorn the critic who denied that his country was musical. And yet in the most active centres oratorio is almost unknown; symphonies have never been performed; classical music is avoided; there is no effort at the culture of the musical sense, and the art, as such, is practically unstudied. Chiefly instrumental in confirming this unhappy stagnation has been the Eisteddfod, and it is not difficult to see how.

It is obvious that the danger of prize-giving lies in the temptation to unnatural competition, which seeks victory rather than improvement. The large sums set aside at the great Eisteddfod of Wales were intended to stimulate the study of choral singing throughout the towns and villages. But the excitement which surrounds the contest and the honour derived from success have excited a spirit of rivalry which has for some time hindered the proper develop-

ment of the art. Town is matched with town, and choir with choir. A year is allowed for the practice of the test pieces, and during this lengthy period the whole energy of choral singers is concentrated in the complete mastery of one or two numbers. There is little attempted at a strict training in reading at sight. It is not the educated voice that is required; it is the voice that is most effective in dramatic rendering. The conductor himself teaches his chorus the several parts, and it follows him slavishly and without ambition to stray beyond the narrow limits of the task that has been set. When the chorus of the Cardiff Musical Festival was formed it was expected by the critics that it would afford the world an opportunity of hearing the magnificent singing so rightly associated with Wales. But, unfortunately, it was impossible to draw upon the rich choral resources of the country. There was so little general knowledge of music that the strain of eight or nine unfamiliar works in the course of a single year would have been unbearable. It was, in short, absolutely impossible to accept as members men and women who would have to be entirely taught by ear. The result is that the true Welsh choirs can seldom be heard in a great work, and modern compositions are almost out of the question. It is true that the test pieces are mastered in a remarkably brilliant manner. But how is it possible for there to be progress when year by year the field of attainment is so painfully limited.

Dr. Mackenzie, at the Pontypridd Eisteddfod of last year, remarked on this striking fact, and gave some sound advice. He pointed out that music as practised in Wales had reached its term. To go farther was impossible; it was only "painting the lily and refining fine gold." He urged that there should be more serious study of the art and infinitely more enterprise. The applause with which the observations were received boded well for the concurrence of the huge audience he addressed. It is quite clear that the establishment of sight-reading classes in all the large centres of population would transform the whole scope of Welsh choral singing. Such an experiment has this year been made in Cardiff with the happiest results. But the Eisteddfod, without meaning it, stands much in the way. Until the present system is changed the effect must inevitably be to chain the rival choirs to an infinitesimal task quite out of proportion to the time consumed and the remarkable ability they possess. Mr. Francis Lloyd, one of the adjudicators at Carnarvon, has done excellent service by emphasizing these radical defects and by suggesting that the musical arrangements of the Eisteddfod should be under the control of a representative body of musical men, who should choose test pieces and determine the period for preparation, with a view to a steady progress from year to year. If some act of drastic reform were accomplished, Welsh choirs would stand unrivalled, or, at any rate, unsurpassed, in the whole world. At present choral singing is an end and not a means.

Whilst it is plain that by an annual contest in two pieces neither musical taste nor musical attainment can be fostered, it is to be as much regretted that neither orchestral playing nor composition receive anything like adequate encouragement. The prizes given in both cases cannot tempt competitors of merit nor inspire ambition. An orchestra cannot be expected to travel many miles and spend several days in a distant place for the dim chance of a sum of money which will not even cover the railway fares. At Pontypridd a prize of £50 was offered—one quite unusually large—and only a single orchestra entered. Of course, it is argued that such competitions do not excite enthusiasm. That is precisely the damage and the evil of the Eisteddfod. Under present conditions it has to be run as a paying concern. Prizes are given where there is prospect of most return, and the interests of music are subordinated to the satisfaction of a respectable surplus. Wales is lamentably deficient in orchestral playing. There are few really good professionals throughout the country; there is light call for them and less pay. The organ and the pianoforte usurp the province of the band, or weak, imperfect amateurs are permitted to amuse themselves to the detriment of the performance. When it is considered that only by a due appreciation of chamber music and symphony and other forms of orchestral playing can a really high standard of taste be established, this evil becomes the more grave and ominous.

It must also be observed that the pieces selected for pianoforte or instrument are not always appropriate. There is no definite policy nicely adjusting the character of the work to the age or aptitude of the competitor, or having an eye to the orderly process of development. The result is that the winning of a prize means no more, in these branches of art, than a conscientious exercise for many months of a possibly unworthy or unedifying composition. In criticisms such as these all Welsh musicians, and possibly most of the Welsh people, would concur. They are anxious for improvement. The difficulty is to devise a plan. So far, an Eisteddfod prize too often gives a false certificate of merit to a promising musician, who is misled into imagining that he has already attained to success. The reforms needed must take this form. Sight-reading classes should be established all over the country, choral competition should be more serviceable and more wisely arranged, larger prizes should be offered for instrumental performers and orchestras, greater encouragement should be given to composition, and a fund should be established to secure the higher training of all those who show distinct signs of promise. The great success of Welsh students at the great music schools of London clearly proves how beneficial such a step as this would prove.

Wales can never expect to distinguish herself in composition until the average musical taste is elevated. Original men do not spring up magically of themselves; they express in concentration what hundreds around them have been on the point of saying. Genius strikes its roots deep into the common soil and its growth depends mainly on the nurture it gets there. What is lacking in Wales is precisely this lively appreciation of music as an art and this activity of spirit which presses restlessly forward to a high attainment. Whatever merit there is in the work which Dr. Joseph Parry has been doing—and he stands unquestionably first amongst Welsh composers—becomes magnified when it is remembered that he has not been sustained and inspired by a keen musical appreciation on the part of the public. He has laboured long to found for his country a "school" like that of Poland or Hungary. It is a difficult task to accomplish when the master has to invent the language first! After all, it will not be so much for the excellence of his compositions that Dr. Parry will be remembered, as for the zealous and untiring efforts he has made to rouse his countrymen to a more studious application to the art and a more broad and sympathetic feeling for it. A few years ago he announced that he desired to create a national opera, "as Rubinstein had done in Russia." But who, by saying "Go to! let us create a national opera," can hope to do so? "Blodwen" was by far the most ambitious and the most successful work of any Welshman, but it lacked distinction simply because its composer aimed at the impossible. He sought to frame a lofty strain for a national voice that was not yet articulate. When the time comes that the Welsh spirit demands expression in a national opera, such an opera will not be lacking. But no one can forestall the slow processes of nature and produce a premature maturity! There is this danger, too, that in thinking too much about it, the accomplishment will be the more difficult. There is a lack of spontaneity and freshness in much of Welsh music because there is a feverish effort to do great things.

It is as if an author, to compensate for his want of style, were to indulge in frequent use of italics. There is a sense of strain, which produces unrest and feverish impatience. Effect is piled on effect to create an unreal feeling of strength, and artifice is called in too frequently when inspiration is lacking. It must not be said that there are not Welsh composers who write with ability; it is that they have no sense of proportion. Their ambition outruns their genius. It would have been much better for Dr. Parry, for instance, if he had not insisted on producing oratorios and operas to such an extent, and for Mr. David Jenkins if he did not regard a whole evening as essential for the due expression of his music. Elsewhere shorter works occupy the greatest minds and demand a closer attention to art and a useful concentration of dramatic energy. This is a mistake due to the best intentions. In time music in Wales will be less ambitious and more effective. It will be seen that the composer's duty is not to narrow down the art to the condition of his own nationality, but to carry into the broadest art of the world the peculiar accent of his own country. At present

it is not an accent that is heard, but a dialect. When the hard ground breaks up and the soil becomes more fertile, a noble growth may be expected. The place which Wales ought to secure in music, judging from her character and impulse, should be a very high one. In the meantime, dishonest or ignorant criticism can only retard the day. The Principality is apt to be impatient of comment; those who know her history will realize how natural is her shrinking from unsympathetic treatment. But, now that her genius is freeing itself from all that impeded its growth and is asserting itself manfully in the arts native to herself, it should welcome and demand a rough treatment suited to its increasing strength and to the high hopes entertained of it.

W. H. SONLEY JOHNSTONE.

Giüssbacher Answers La Mara.

SEHR GEEHRTE HERREN—Ein Zufall bringt mir die Nummern des MUSICAL COURIER vom Juli und September vergangenen Jahres erst jetzt vor Augen. Die darin veröffentlichten "Leipziger Briefe" des Herrn August Giüssbacher enthalten eine Reihe Behauptungen, die im Widerspruch mit den Thatsachen stehen. Daher erscheint eine kurze Berichtigung geboten, die ich Sie bitte, zu Ehren der Wahrheit wie im Interesse Ihrer Leser, in Ihrem geschätzten Blatt aufnehmen zu wollen.

Es ist *unwahr*, dass in Leipzig gegenwärtig nur eine einzige Concertsängerin von Ruf, nämlich Fräulein Polscher, existire. Zur Widerlegung dessen genügt ein Hinweis auf Frau Baumann, die als Bühnen- wie als Concertsängerin gleich Vorzügliches leistet; oder auf die vortreffliche Altistin Frau Metzler-Löwy.

Es ist *unwahr*, dass Leipzig nur einen hervorragenden Pianisten, nämlich Herrn Anton Förster, besitze, und dass das Directorium des hiesigen Conservatoriums diese alterthümliche Anstalt im Clavier- und Gesangfach herabkommen lasse, sodass daselbst kein Clavierlehrer von Rang mehr unterrichte. Noch immer und in aller Frische ist Carl Reinecke, der unübertroffene Mozart-Interpret, am Conservatorium als Lehrer thätig; noch immer gereicht seine Mitwirkung als Pianist hiesigen und auswärtigen Concerten zur Zierde.

Es ist *unwahr*, dass Leipzig und das Conservatorium gegenwärtig *keinen einzigen* guten Gesanglehrer mehr aufzuweisen habe, sodass man die kunstbeflissenen Amerikaner davor warnen müsse, hierher zu kommen und sich die Stimmen verderben zu lassen. Leipzig hat sich im Gegentheil des Besitzes einer Gesangsmeisterin allerersten Ranges in Auguste Götze zu rühmen, deren Weltrauf unter Anderem im vergangenen Jahre nach Verdienst damit anerkannt wurde, dass sie bei der Chicagoer Weltausstellung zur Vice-präsidentin der musikpädagogischen Abtheilung ernannt ward.

Es ist endlich *unwahr*, dass Auguste Götze nur ein sehr guter Lehrer gewesen, es jetzt aber nicht mehr sei, da sie sich mit anderen Dingen beschäftige und die Ausbildung ihrer Schüler Anderen überlasse. Zehn Monate des Jahres widmet sich Auguste Götze, wie früher in Dresden, so jetzt in Leipzig, mit eben so viel Hingebung als Erfolg *ausschliesslich* der Ausbildung junger Gesangstaleute, deren gegenwärtig nicht weniger als neun und vierzig ihren *persönlichen* Unterricht genießen. Welche Früchte derselbe trägt, davon zeugen die Namen Fanny Moran-Olden, Hermine Finck und unzählige andere. Genug Auguste Götze's Primadonnenschule erfreut sich heute wie jemals eines glänzenden Gedeihens. Mit gutem Recht schrieb das "Leipziger Tageblatt" vor kurzem bei Gelegenheit einer Götze'schen Musikalisch-dramatischen Soirée: "Wenn man heute allgemein über den Verfall der Gesangkunst Klagen hört, im Salon von Auguste Götze spürt man nichts davon—hier steht Gottlob die Gesangkunst in voller Blüthe."

LA MARA.

LEIPZIG, Lessingstrasse 4, 19 Juni, 1894.

[Translation.]

MUCH RESPECTED SIRs—An accident furnishes me with last July and August's numbers of THE MUSICAL COURIER. The Leipzig letters of Mr. August Giüssbacher published therein contain a number of assertions which stand in contrast to the facts. A short correction therefore seems appropriate, which in honour of the truth and in the interest of your readers I beg of you to insert in your esteemed paper.

It is *untrue* that at the present time there exists in Leipzig only *one single* concert singer of note, viz., Miss Polscher. In refutation it will suffice to call attention to Mrs. Baumann, who offers fine performances equally as operatic and concert singer; or the excellent contralto, Mrs. Metzler-Löwy.

It is *untrue* that Leipzig possesses only *one prominent* pianist, Mr. Anton Förster, and that the directors of the old renowned conservatory of this city allow the institute to run down in the vocal and pianistic field, and that no piano teacher of rank is now teaching there. Carl Reinecke, the unexcelled Mozart interpreter still teaches there with all freshness, and as a pianist his assistance is an ornament in Leipzig and out of town concerts.

It is *untrue* that Leipzig and the Conservatory have *not a single* good vocal teacher, so that the art students of America must be warned against coming here and having their voices ruined. On the contrary, Leipzig can pride itself upon possessing in Auguste Götze a mistress of song of the very first rank, whose world-wide reputation was fittingly recognized among other ways during the past year in that she was elected vice-president of the music teaching department at the Chicago World's Fair.

In conclusion it is *untrue* that Auguste Götze has only been a good teacher, but is so no longer, since she occupies herself with other things and leaves the cultivation of her pupils to others. During *ten months* of the year Auguste Götze applies herself, as formerly in Dresden, so now in Leipzig, with just as much devotion and success *exclusively* to the cultivation of young song talent, of whom at the present time no less than forty-nine enjoy her *personal* instruction. The names Fanny Moran-Olden, Hermine Finck and uncounted others testify to the results. Enough, the prima donna school of August Götze enjoys the same brilliant prosperity as ever. With perfect right the Leipzig "Tageblatt" recently said of the occasion of a Götze musical dramatic soirée: "Though one hears universally complaints about the decline of the art of singing, one does not perceive this in the salon of Auguste Götze—here, thank God! the art of song is in full bloom."

LA MARA.

LEIPZIG, July 20, 1894.



THROUGH the courtesy of the editors of THE MUSICAL COURIER the above was submitted to me for perusal and reply. To a logician an assertion that this attempt by La Mara is no refutation of my statements would be unnecessary.

Its own weakness is the strongest indorsement of what I have said. When La Mara writes that what I have said is untrue, it behoves her to prove her assertion. Merely her own opinion is no proof. La Mara is no oracle. And to deliberately accuse another of untruth without giving conclusive evidence of this untruth, aye, without even attempting to do so, is rude, even gross. Can she hope to make an impression upon an intelligent reader by mere sweeping denunciations?

A positive statement by a critic is universally taken as simply an expression of his own opinion. When I state that something is bad, that is *my* opinion. When La Mara states that this same something is good, that is *her* opinion. We now have merely a *difference of opinion*. But when La Mara writes that I have made untruthful statements she assumes a burden of proof. How lightly this responsibility was appreciated by her I shall endeavour to point out, by patiently taking her assertions in order and answering them.

I represented Miss Clara Polscher to be the only concert singer who would be a worthy representative of Leipzig last season. La Mara pronounces this an untruth, and cites Frau Baumann and Frau Metzler-Löwy in refutation. Suppose we compare these. Miss Polscher is in the prime of her artistic career. Last season she had engagements for some sixty concerts, including a tour in Norway. She recently refused an offer from one of the largest operas in Germany for 30,000 marks a year. For next season she already has most of her available time booked. Mr. Floersheim wrote of her: "This handsome young lady gave some new *Lieder* by Umlauf and Reinecke, as well as Liszt's 'Es muss ein Wunderbares sein,' Grieg's 'Hoffnung' and Harthan's 'Wiegenlied' and some encores, with exquisite taste, beautiful and well-trained soprano voice, and with flawless intonation and great clearness of pronunciation and enunciation. Altogether she is one of the most charming *Lieder* singers I have ever heard."

All this certainly proves that Miss Polscher could and did "worthily represent" Leipzig as a concert singer. Now let us take those that La Mara claims can also worthily represent Leipzig in the same field.

Frau Baumann! Mrs. Baumann is the coloratura singer at the Opera. In the first place, even were Mrs. Baumann a first-class singer, her engagement at the Opera would make it impossible for her to sing save at a very limited number of concerts, and thus a suggestion of her representing Leipzig in concert is out of the question. But Mrs. Baumann is no longer a first-class artist. She has long ago seen her best days, though she must once have been a fine artist. Her voice now gives distressing evidence of the ravages of age. As a rule, it now sounds metallic and weary; and in difficult passages difficulty of breathing very often causes gasping, which is, to say the least, unpleasant. Her runs, as a rule, no longer have uniformity and clearness. Her technique is no longer reliable, her voice is nearly gone. At times her former virtuosity asserts itself, and a few rôles (for instance, Leonora in "Trovatore") are, as I have mentioned in my letters, artistic performances. But these are rare exceptions.

This is the first artist quoted by La Mara.

La Mara might cite the great following that Mrs. Baumann has, and her favourable criticisms in the

local papers. Yes! In the great following of Mrs. Baumann, in her diplomacy lies her success. In some papers she *always* has favourable criticisms. Now, I do not mean to condemn all Leipzig papers, but in corroboration of the above I will give just one instance. The Leipzig "Tageblatt" is the largest paper here, one that is known throughout Germany and has considerable reputation for its musical column. I know and can prove that the editors of the "Tageblatt" expect their critics to *conform to the policy of the paper*, and they reserve for themselves the privilege of interpolating, partly eliminating, or altering criticisms over the signature of their critic. Mrs. Baumann never has unfavourable mention in the "Tageblatt," as the policy of that paper is that she must have good criticisms. This is only one instance of "criticism." At some future time a few more interesting illustrations may follow.

Mrs. Metzler-Löwy is also an opera singer, now retired. Her voice is much better preserved than Mrs. Baumann's, and her temperament is incomparably more artistic. At various times she has received favourable mention in my letters. Yet, though this lady accepts concert engagements, she receives them so seldom and, as a rule, so adjacent to Leipzig, that she certainly cannot be said to be a representative concert singer of Leipzig. Neither may she now be classed among the first singers of Germany.

But even if La Mara misunderstood my position and desired to mention singers who, though they have few or no concert engagements, *could* fill them creditably, why does she not mention Mrs. Doxat, the great dramatic singer? She should certainly be mentioned in preference to Mrs. Baumann and Mrs. Metzler-Löwy. Materna sings Wagner in concert, why should not Doxat? Does not this seem slightly personal?

La Mara writes: "It is untrue that Leipzig has only *one prominent* pianist." Why did not La Mara mention some other pianist or pianists? The season is now over; let La Mara cite such pianists and the number of times and places they have played. Such information is always most obligingly furnished. True, Reinecke still occasionally plays solo in Leipzig and other places. Not a word was ever said by me against Reinecke as a Mozart player; in fact I have repeatedly eulogized him as such. Nevertheless I can now emphasize the correctness of my remark of a year ago that Anton Foerster, the pupil of Professor Krause, was the only pianist who travelled extensively and could do credit as a virtuoso to Leipzig. Reinecke played at outside concerts occasionally, but decidedly not often enough to be classed with the travelling soloists of the day. Besides, Reinecke is *no* virtuoso, and he would be the last to claim it. He would prove to be very interesting in playing a few pieces, but it would be impossible for him to give a piano recital. It is probably many years since he has done so.

La Mara cites only Reinecke as a representative teacher of piano at the Conservatory. Could I ask a stronger indorsement of what I wrote? My own high opinion of Reinecke as a pedagogue I know of no better way to express than by quoting from my report upon the celebration of his fiftieth anniversary, last season: "It is to be regretted that another phase of his usefulness, perhaps the greatest, could not also bear testimony with these—that of teacher. Hundreds of grateful disciples, many themselves now grey, accredit their success or fame to his guidance."

But with all my veneration for Reinecke I must still assert and maintain that, notwithstanding his presence at the Conservatory, it is not a fit place for a student to go who aspires to virtuosity. Can La Mara mention a pianist of note who has gone from Reinecke's class within the last five years? Could the technical foundation be had at the Conservatory, Reinecke could still give great musical assistance to students; but it cannot, and at the present time Reinecke, above all, is the last to apply himself to laying a foundation for technique, even had that ever been his stronghold. Since La Mara attempts no defence of the other teachers, the piano question is easily disposed of.

But now comes the climax of La Mara's letter—Auguste Götze. Here for once, for reasons probably best known to herself, she becomes exhaustive. Again, as in the piano department, according to her the singing rests upon the shoulders of one—Miss Götze. (Another very forcible, though involuntary,

indorsement of my statements in regard to singing.) Now, my position in regard to Miss Götze has been that the class instruction at the Conservatory under her is a farce; that "those who can obtain personal (*i.e.*, private) instruction from Miss Götze may be congratulated." The best proof of my first assertion is that since she has been at the Conservatory in the capacity of teacher not one pupil has gone forth from the *class lessons* who has amounted to anything. Another good way to judge a teacher is by the satisfaction she gives to her pupils. Who is quicker to grasp a teacher's worth than pupils, as a rule? Yet it is generally known, through her pupils, that, because of irregularity and indifference, Miss Götze's class lessons have given almost general dissatisfaction. Only recently a number of pupils petitioned in a body to the directors that, since they could not obtain satisfactory instruction in Miss Götze's class, they be transferred to another. This little episode has some interesting causes and effects, to specify which would consume too much space for *this* letter. Class pupils are constantly leaving her, and complaints are always floating in the air. If La Mara or Miss Götze desire, I can furnish quite a number of instances of these, and incidents which show Miss Götze's utter lack of interest in class pupils. Of course I would give them merely as they come from pupils, and for what they are worth. To me the most conclusive fact is that, as mentioned before, not one of her class pupils can sing.

What object La Mara could have had in mentioning the names of Moran-Olden and Hermine Finck I cannot understand. If she wished to prove what Miss Götze *has been*, why did she not also mention Miss Polscher, who likewise is a pupil of Götze, and give her credit for all she has learned? These, however, are past deeds. Many years have rolled by since Moran-Olden was a pupil of Götze. And how can La Mara mention these names as *against* my argument, when I have distinctly written that "Miss Götze *has been* a great teacher?" Wherein lies the point? Miss Finck's singing has been highly commended in my letters. Miss Finck is the last of the Götze pupils who have amounted to anything. *And she had exclusively private lessons.* But though Miss Finck has been under professional engagement for several years, at a recent "pupils' recital" of Miss Götze she took part as a pupil. According to competent authorities, she sang superbly, but was the *only* one whose singing was artistic. Of course some of the local papers were unusually lavish in their praise of all the pupils. In the same vein those papers praised the operatic performances by Conservatory pupils recently, and praise the commencement efforts of most Conservatory pupils. Who ever hears of them again after they leave Leipsic? Yet some of these immature singers have criticisms that read better than most that Mrs. Doxat and Mr. Demuth receive. The latter artists have not the influence; the Conservatory has.

The "uncounted others" suggested by La Mara I will discuss as soon as they are counted.

The best point that La Mara might have made, since she feels called upon to defend the Conservatory and Miss Götze, is that most other cities in Germany have at the present time no better facilities for studying singing than Leipsic. Of all the laments that my articles have caused this justification for coming to Leipsic to study is the most plausible. But I have simply described *Leipsic* as it is musically; I merely wished to give students facts about Leipsic. Others can analyse or investigate other cities if they wish. As repeatedly asserted in my letters, Leipsic has many desirable features for music students. According to a letter from d'Albert, written this month, which I saw last week, Professor Martin Krause is "incomparably the greatest piano pedagogue of the present time." The violin, 'cello and most orchestral instrument departments, as well as the theory department, at the Conservatory are excellent. The advantages for hearing good music, especially orchestral music, are very superior.

As asserted before, the Conservatory has many friends, and an attempt to expose some of its weaknesses would give them an excellent opportunity for showing their good-will. In her letter La Mara gives an emotional rather than a logical display of her friendship.

Nevertheless it still remains for someone to give plausible evidence that the Leipsic Conservatory at

the present day affords advantages that will make it possible for students to obtain in singing and piano the technical foundation and artistic finish necessary to be termed first-class artists.

AUGUST GOSSBACHER.

Development of Music from the Time of Purcell.



JOHN NORTHCOTT.
Photo by W. Schuth, London

Henry Purcell, who descended from a musical family, and, devoted to the art from his boyhood, was occupied as a leader of men long before death removed him at the age of 37. His master, Dr. Blow, resigned the appointment as organist of Westminster Abbey in favour of the talented pupil, then 22, whom he was destined to outlive, and such of the public as were interested in music were not slow to indorse the opinion held by one so qualified to speak on the subject. For a while it thus seemed as though Purcell would be a favourite of Fortune. Undoubtedly his instrumental pieces, his anthems and other compositions for the church, his opera, "Dido and Æneas" (words by Nahum Tate), and his music to accompany dramas, including "The Tempest" and "King Arthur," exercised an abiding influence upon the taste of the nation. His productions commanded respect, and in the combination of breadth, felicity of expression, and constructive ingenuity were, taken as a whole, far in advance of any works by which they had been preceded.

Though Purcell left no immediate successor among his own countrymen, a Saxon musician arrived fifteen years later, who, thanks to courtly patronage, soon attracted attention and attained the first place among the composers of his age. Henry Purcell died in 1695, and in 1711 George Frederick Handel—then under 30—presented in England his opera "Rinaldo." In the interval the love of music had spread through every class of the community. There was at least one of Handel's contemporaries, Johann Sebastian Bach, who in some respects was quite his equal, but the means of becoming acquainted with foreign art were then virtually restricted to the aristocracy, and the majority of these knew only by hearsay what was being done elsewhere. Having the field for a while to himself, Handel was not the kind of person to let advantages slip. By this the world considerably gained. When his enemies—being a successful man, he naturally had many—thought they had crushed him, they were astonished to see him reappear in another place stronger than ever.

Just prior to his finally giving up writing operas, Handel took to oratorios—the class of work with which he has retained undiminished fame for a hundred and fifty years. Outside his own land Bach, at that time, was scarcely known—indeed, it is considerably less than half a century since the Leipsic Cantor's exceptional powers began to be appreciated beyond the European continent.

Oratorios did almost as much for music in general as for Handel in particular. Devoid of the sentimental extravagancies of antiquated opera—a far more stilted thing than is known to the admirers of the lyric drama of to-day—it stimulated devotional feeling whilst awakening a mild interest in certain personages figuring in Holy Writ. Appealing to the nobler emotions, it was found capable of great variety—a matter that did not escape the notice of Handel when he labelled "Messiah" a "sacred oratorio."

Another composer who left an indelible mark upon the age was Thomas Augustine Arne, who lived until 1778—nineteen years after Handel—and by the soundness of his style won deserved favour. He was original, sturdy, yet refined, and richly endowed

with the priceless gift of melody, upon which he was not chary in drawing. Dr. Arne was British to the backbone. He showed it in everything he wrote. If with others of his epoch he cannot be said to have filled the great void occasioned by the demise of Handel and of Bach, he did nothing calculated to retard the art. Choral music, accompanied and unaccompanied, had made enormous strides since the beginning of the century, but the higher form of instrumentation had remained almost at a standstill. Taking Handel as an example, the thirty years between "Acis and Galatea" and "Jephtha" exhibited no advance. The time, however, was at hand when comparatively simple orchestral methods were to be set aside for solid, picturesque and glowingly descriptive workmanship, effectually realizing all the demands of imagination.

Haydn, the father of instrumental music as distinct from mere accompaniment, came. What he did was carried several steps beyond by that all-round genius Mozart, and then—the ground being prepared for the development of its fullest resources—appeared Beethoven, a strange, wayward, reflective being, whose mission it was to supply what was needed to make the instruments worthy the voice. As a matter of fact he effected more than this—for his later years were so unconventional and profound that it was long ere they were completely understood. The colossal Mass in D, the Choral Symphony and some of the chamber music were as sealed books until successive hearing made their beauties manifest.

Unknown and often nearly starving, laboured Franz Peter Schubert. He was producing countless treasures for future generations, but the world paid little heed, and allowed him, at the age of 31, to die as he had lived—in neglect. He also contributed to the advancement of instrumental music, although it was by the host of fugitive songs he poured forth that his name first became familiar.

But during the first half of the present century, the works of no composer were more successful in popularizing music than those of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Very different were his surroundings to those of the hapless Schubert. He belonged to a wealthy and cultivated race, his musical proclivities were assiduously fostered, and a welcome awaited him everywhere. The Philharmonic Society of London, received him with open arms, and he was not ungrateful. His first oratorio, "St. Paul," was greeted with enthusiasm when he brought it to England, so, too, was his "Lobgesang," whilst, as a special compliment to the country he had so often visited, he composed "Elijah"—the only oratorio that has been near rivalling "Messiah" in public favour—for the Birmingham Festival of 1846. Until recent years the fame of Mendelssohn completely overshadowed Robert Schumann, but the enterprise of Mr. August Manns at the Crystal Palace has at length had the effect of bringing his more important works into the concert room, where they are deservedly esteemed. For Berlioz a like kindly office has been performed by Mr. Manns.

The progress of opera between the period of Handel and the entry of Richard Wagner upon the scene was steady though slow. Important reforms were wrought by Gluck, whose "Orfeo ed Euridice" has acquired a new lease of life, and by Mozart with "La Nozze di Figaro," "Don Giovanni" and "Die Zauberflöte." Cimarosa, Cherubini and Rossini left opera pretty much as they found it, whilst Donizetti and Bellini simply gave free vent to their fount of melody. Weber, Meyerbeer, Gounod and the still industrious Verdi—whose powers have increased instead of declined with old age—proved stronger men, but the operatic revolutionist of the nineteenth century has been Wagner, of whose numerous disciples not one has hitherto shown himself worthy to wear the Bayreuth master's mantle. To what extent Wagner's principles will endure remains to be seen. In the years to come there are certain to be other developments for good or for evil; up to the present time there is no cause to regret the course dictated by earnestness and the belief that possibilities are not exhausted.

For ages the most neglected of the arts, Music, may now proudly raise her head. She is no longer regarded as inferior to the best of her sisters, and cannot complain of being regarded with coldness in any quarter she may elect to visit.

JOHN NORTHCOTT,
London Daily Chronicle.

MUSICAL PROGRESS.

And What Is Going On Over in Paris.



ELL, the Olympian atelier is house-cleaning. The artistic mentality is busy scrubbing, polishing, painting and, alas! some of it varnishing in the various seaports and country coolnesses of La Belle France. The larders are being replenished with stores of unique dishes with which to regale the palates of Parisians, domestic and foreign, the coming season. Negotiations are pending between caterers, chefs, butlers, waiters and scullery-maids of the artistic repast, and repairs and furnishings of all sorts are going on to be in keeping with the magnificent repast.

On June 17, while Match-Box and Dolma-Baghtché were tossing fortunes from their gilded hoofs on the Long-champs course, trunks stood strapped and shawl straps buckled in the halls of Parisian noblesse, for that day, the pivot of the year, is the end of the pleasure season. At the dropping of the flags a mad rush is made for the depots before the first fang of ennui shall have time to fasten in the excitement-fed breast. Before twenty-four hours the town was bereft of its titles. The artiste, the commerçant and the voyageur remained.

Returning from the course that day in the élite stream was an elegant turnout and its occupant, which divided attention with that of President Carnot himself, the graceful landau in dark blue, with stern lackeys and prancing horses on whose glossy backs the glistening harness shone.

The occupant was a dainty figure clad entirely in the shaded gentian blues which La Mode seemed to have created for her especial benefit, with bright, blonde hair, violet eyes, pale, regular features, a sweet mouth set a trifle on one side, a tiny foot in patent leather peeping from beneath the blue hem, and a pretty arm supporting the parasol stem in the most approved fashion.

It was the reigning queen of song—the Lillian Russell of Paris—Sibyl Sanderson.

When, three weeks later, the same dainty, patent leather touched the train-step bound for Switzerland, artistic migration set in. Two weeks later the town was given over to—"insects and busy people."

The first surprise about Sibyl Sanderson is that she is not nearly so large or tall as she looks on the stage or in photographs. Stage surroundings, dress and her perfect proportions have doubtless much to do with this. Every line is a curve, and her expression is *enfantin*.

She has the same satisfactory fitness of clothing and form that is one of Lillian Russell's chief charms, the same color of complexion, the same self-contained, conscious unconsciousness of being observed and the same surprise of bright intelligence in a pretty woman. Even the few



JULES MASSENET.

sentences in a drawing-room show a mind active, not forceful certainly, but not weak. Whatever she may be on intimate acquaintance, she certainly can be all that is charming in manner. Costumer, teacher, photographer adore her. But these are not trial places for a pretty woman.

Massenet says that at first sight he had no idea she would ever become the diva she is. Indeed, fresh from the vivid and robust talents of Mlle. de Reské, for whom he had been writing, he scarcely noticed her when she first sang for him. "She grows on one" is a common verdict. Her voice then was fine and slender, too small for the general wear of the Paris opera houses, but so beautifully placed that to those not bound to Wagnerian declamation it is ex-

quisite. The best musicians appreciate the artistic manner in which she passes from rôle to rôle, spoiling none and excelling in many.

In opera parlance, she is an exotic, or an extra not belonging to the troupe proper of the house; that is, not engaged by the year. Melba was another case of the same kind.

Her home here is a stone's-throw from that of Paderewski, but the stone would have to cross high buildings, trees and grass plats, for she lives on rue Malakoff, he on avenue Victor Hugo, Place Victor Hugo the key to both. The neighbourhood is one of the most *recherché* in Paris. Her mother and two sisters are with her. They occupy the entire house—la maison particulière. The sisters are petite, quiet and lady-like, very proud of their sister and willing to talk about her. The mother, a genuine American mother, regards her daughter's success as perfectly natural. She is a kind and sensible woman, devoted to her home and children.

The house stands close to the street, giving scarcely room to stand inside the little gate before the door is opened. The sensation of the house is of quiet and perfume. Every room, hall and closet is permeated by delicate odors.

A lonesome enough house it was the day of flight. Everything wrapped—candelabras, pictures, bric-à-brac, piano, all muffled, banded, strapped and folded. Nothing but a few gorgeous vases and lamps that, like great men who by their greatness reject care, stood uncovered. The chairs looked like so many demure little bridesmaids in their snow-white coverings, and the elegant wall decorations were all blinded under dark green cloth. Music had all disappeared. A copy of Gounod's "Redemption" and a volume of Grieg alone escaped. The windows of the house are in tiny panes, a band of red glass bordering them. A gong and a telephone in the hall make communication easy, and the most perfect order rules the household.



AUGUSTA HOLMES.

Every colour of the rainbow went into the big trunks ranged inside the front door, the materials chiefly silk and crêpe. How carefully and beautifully folded by trained hands! Beads trembled, silk rustled, buckles jarred and ribbons screamed, but tissue wrappings whispered about them all "and the doors were shut."

In addition to "Thais" and "Roméo et Juliette," it is expected that Miss Sanderson will sing in "Hamlet" the coming season.

Other singers engaged at the Opéra are Caron, Bosman, Carrère, Berthet, Heglon, Deschamps, Vaguet-Chrétien, Saléza, Vaguet, Alvarez, Renaud, Dupeyron, Noté, Bartel, Delmas, Fournets, Greisse, Chambon, Dubrille.

"Otello," by Verdi, will be sung by Caron, Heglon, Saléza, Maurel, Vaguet, Greisse. "Aïda" will follow with new decorations, the old having been destroyed in the storehouse fire last winter. Bréval and Alvarez will be the prominent singers.

A woman composer, Augusta Holmés, will have the triumph of representation of her last work, "Montagne Noire," in the Opéra in January possibly. It will be mounted by Mangen, and Bréval and Heglon will be in the cast. "Hamlet" will have entirely new decorations and will be followed by "Tristan and Isolde," studies by Paul Vidal, sung by Bréval, Van Dyck and Renaud. "Adere et de Rodday," a ballet, music by Wormser, composer of "l'Enfant Prodigue," will come next and then "La Navarraise," with Calvé and Alvarez.

The season of 1896 will open with a work by Paul Vidal, entitled "Gauthier d'Aquitaine," from a poem by Emile Bergeret ("Caliban") and Camille de Saint-Croix. "Tannhäuser" will follow, and then an opera



EDOUARD GRIEG.

by Lenepveu. The Opéra Comique will open with "Evangeline," poem after Longfellow, by Louis de Grammont, author of "Esclarmonde" and "Roland," music by Xavier Leroux, the author of "Cléopâtre," after Sardou. Then follows "La Cantinière," poem by Henri Cain, author of "Navarraise," music by Benjamin Godard, composer of "Jocelyn," &c.

"Guernika," a lyric drama, by P. Gailhard and Gheusi, music by Paul Vidal, will follow, and then by Th. Dubois, "Xavière," an opera in three acts, taken from the romance of F. Fabre by L. Gallet.

The childish and fascinating Nikita has been engaged for the Opéra Comique, and Delna will reign queen.

Nikita's real name is Louise Nicholson, the pretty pseudonym meaning "victory," being given her by Strakosch, whose protégée she was. She is an American from Washington, D. C., and is just twenty-one. Her mother is here with her. Report has it that she is engaged to a Mr. Stanhope, a journalist. Report also says that she was once engaged to a prince. But what does Report know about such things, anyway?

One of the most interesting freaks of musical fate in Paris of recent years is that which has laid fame and fortune at the feet of the village maiden, Mlle. Delna, who, daughter of an innkeeper in the historic town of Mendon, has in two years gone straight to the very first rank of interesting lyric artists. It is not true that Delna served her father's customers. The father of a petted beauty would not be apt to employ her as a domestic, but certainly the guests were frequently regaled by her delicious natural voice and her imitative mimicry.

When a star shines it is only a question of time when some astronomer sweeps it with his glass. Among the visitors to the inn was a Parisian musician, who interested a teacher in her behalf. She began serious study with Mme. Laborde, who in turn became the interested student of a girl who, awkward, gauche and uncharming in a room, became almost electrical in the personation of a rôle with little or no suggestion.

Added to this rare dramatic instinct was a voice of phenomenal profundity, with a high soprano range, well placed naturally, with infinite possibilities of colour and susceptible of refinement. A typical cigarette-photograph soubrette, Delna is attractive in a new way. Her conversation, like her nature and voice, is "various"—capable of nice expression or of dropping into a patois le plus patois. Her manners are free and easy, and she does not hold herself to strict observance in minor details. Gay as a lark, she is good-hearted and thoughtless. She has a good memory and is only eighteen.

She sang her first test duo for Laborde—"Les Dragons de Villars"—with M. Paul Seguy. She sang at Alboni's funeral, and she it was who was singing at the grand soirée given by the Countess Greffülhe in honor of Casimir-Périer when word was brought of the assassination of President Carnot. Besides "Falstaff," her greatest triumph, she has made successes in Berlioz's "Troyens" and Massenet's "Werther."

Rose Caron also rose from the ranks. She was Rose Meunier when she entered the Conservatoire in 1875. Her husband was a piano accompanist; they are separated, I believe. She made her début in Brussels, where she created "Sigurd," with triumph. When this was given in Paris she was chosen to sing in it, and passed from one success to another in "La Juive," "Faust," "Les Huguenots," "Henry VIII." Verdi considered her the only Desdemona for his "Otello." She created Godard's "Jocelyn" in Brussels. She left the Opéra for vacation in July. Fournet, too,



BENJAMIN GODARD.



THEODORE DUBOIS.

THE MUSICAL COURIER

came to Paris a poor young countryman, difficult of speech and so full of faith that the depressing succession of discouragements failed to daunt him. For want of a "place to lay his head" he slept in the omnibuses and ate nothing while listening to indifference and refusals. He is now married, rich, and recently, in memory of his early struggles, gave a concert specially to start the establishment of a home for young musicians in Paris. He is a most remarkable collaborateur and makes an excellent Mephistopheles.

Saléza was a list shoemaker in Mid France when "the voices" told him to go to Paris. Entering the Conservatoire he, too, suivait la filière (walked the treadmill). Winning first prize, he was engaged in the Opéra Comique in "Roi d'Ys." Making no success he went to Nice, which was equally depressing. Convinced that career was not for him, he was about to give up when a friend took him to Reyer, who was looking for a tenor for "Salammbô." Not enthusiastic, he gave the singer the part to please his friend Seguin.



PAUL SEGUY.

Here he first showed the wonderful temperament and other qualities which have since made him famous. He created the rôle of Matho and is a first-class Romeo.

Delmas people speak of as having "luck." He is Conservatoire taught.

Three young women are making their first successes in Paris with promise of bright futures: Mlles. Pregi, Blanc and Wynn. Mlle. Wynn is a pupil of Crosti, of the Conservatoire, and Mlle. Pregi, of Mme. Colonne. The latter is an Italian, a good musician, reading at sight with correct interpretation the most subtle compositions. Her Marguerite in the "Damnation de Faust" is a revelation. She is small, has superb eyes, and looks prettier when singing than at any other time.

Paris is a perfect nest of

Distinguished Patrons and Amateurs of Music.

The Comte de Chambrun, for example, is very, very rich; also a very old man, who adores good music and knows when he hears it. His home here is the magnificent hotel particulier built by the Prince de Conde. Adjoining is an ancient chapel built in imitation of Saint Chapelle, founded by Saint Louis. Amongst its elegant appointments is a fine Cavallé-Coll organ.

Here four concerts a year are usually given, Guilmant being the chosen organist; Colonne's Orchestra, with chosen members of the Opéra, and a picked chorus making the musical treat complete. Caron, Conneau and Delmas have sung through the past season. Five cantatas of Bach were given; also Händel's "Saul," for the first time heard in France, having been expressly translated for the purpose by Bouchor. The finale of the first act of "Parsifal,"

with its three choruses, was one of the most ambitious efforts. None but most valued friends are invited to the treat.

The musicians are all handsomely paid, and treated like lords besides, a splendid repast being served them with all the state and ceremony of nobility on the best marked silver of the house, with choice wines, attentive waiters, etc.

He also sometimes gives charming presents in token of his appreciation. Mme. Guilmant has a most exquisite bangle ring of pearl and diamond given as a token of his appreciation of her husband's genius.

The Count lives entirely alone as to family, with twenty servants. An abbé to offer service in the chapel is one of the household, but it is remarked that they never ride out together. His wife was a most enthusiastic musician, and his devotion to music and holding of musical séances is partly a souvenir of her memory. He sympathizes very strongly with all musical progress. He left Paris for

the seashore in June, taking a pianist with him. He returns in October.

The Duchesse de Pomar has excellent representations given at her home. The last was the tragedy of Sâr Peladan, "Babylone," given with Opéra orchestra, and with Lara, Hattier, Daumerie, Fleury, Bell, Rauz, Reine, Salingue, Letellier, Leplat, Tourmente and Adrien Ray as interpreters. Over 500 invitations were sent out.

Madame Adam had Wagnerian representations last season given by means of fantouches! The Countess Greffülhe is an enthusiastic patron of musical artists and of music of the so-called "worldly school." The Marquis Panebeuf affects composers. At a recent grand dinner given Massenet, Reyer and Richpin were present.

One of the prettiest receptions given lately was that by M. Jean-François Raffaëlli in honor of Grieg, where the latter's compositions were played and sung, the distinguished Swedish composer himself playing many. The quaint home of Dr. Blondel is the scene of many charming soirées where musical artists are to be found, amongst them his favoured friend Bruneau; also Paladilhe and Michel Carré, author of "l'Enfant Prodigue," "Petit Savoyard," etc. Mme. Block, a sculptor and littérateur, and the founder of the journal "Paris Provence," gives encouragement to music also. The Baroness Rothschild, in common with all her remarkable family, is rarely talented herself, and a strong support of all that is good in music. An enthusiastic friend of Widor, she frequently attends his musicals.

The Princess de Polignac, who was Miss Wineretta Singer, heiress of the immense American sewing machine wealth, is one of the most earnest organ students in Paris. She has an exquisite music room in her home, avenue Henri-Martin, with a lovely white and gold organ, on which she does really sincere work, her teacher being M. Gigout, organist of St. Augustin's. The latter plays much at her musicals, given regularly during the season. She is a tall, handsome blonde.

Her husband, the Prince Edouard de Polignac, is not only an amateur, but a musical savant. He entered the Conservatoire through pure love of music, and was a pupil of Reber. When the Baron Haussmann, Préfet of Paris, opened a competition for music with choruses M. de Polignac won prizes on the three subjects chosen over Massenet, Delibes and Bizet. As the music was all anonymous there was not the slightest chance for intrigue, and the



CH. M. WIDOR.

young composer's talent was established beyond question. The following year he again won the prize, and later the gold medal offered by the Composers' Society.

But that which has caused most noise in the musical world is the establishment of a new order of scale which he has employed successfully, but with live discussion, in "Echos de l'Orient Judaique," and afterwards in his "Danse du Serpent" and other works. Musical critics were scandalized by the innovation, but the musicians finally accepted it by reason of the consistency of the theory. He plays his strange compositions only for charity and private entertainment, expressing himself as wholly satisfied with that which he has done.

The Baron F. de la Tombelle, Vicomte Vincent d'Indy and the Marquis d'Harcourt are three young noblemen who have become shining musical lights in Paris by reason of talent of high order, infinite labour and the strict following of the artistic routine which musical tradition has prescribed for her votaries. Much has been won by each, nothing by favour.

The name of D'Indy is known through Europe and

America by his composition, which is adored in Paris. De la Tombelle, too, is in the first rank as composer, besides being an amateur organist of rare distinction. M. d'Harcourt rearranged the Music Salle which bears his name, where concerts of the first order are regularly given, of which he is himself frequently chef d'orchestre.

Interesting Musicians Living in Paris

are legion. Scarcely a dozen are in the city during the summer months.

Perhaps no man has done more towards the misapprehension of French character by foreign countries than Audran. While much that has truly represented the solidity, strength and sincerity of French temperament, and especially French artistic temperament, has remained within the city walls. "Mascotte," with its air of illusion, skirt and opera bouffe, has frou-frou'd through the universe, leaving its wake of "thoroughly French" behind it. It is what is said most often, not what is most true, that makes public opinion, and so we associate Paris and "Mascotte" inseparably.

Coming honestly by his peculiar musical genius through his father, who was a famous tenor of the Opéra Comique, born in Marseilles, he first came to the surface with "Chercheuse d'Esprit." It was a success from the first, and he is noted as being a man without failures. "Grand Mogul," "Miss Helyett," "Cigale," "Noces d'Olivette" and "Fauroni" are amongst his other works. "The Mascotte" has been his greatest triumph financially. "Gilette de Narbonne" is considered his best artistic success.

He lives here in his own nice home, thanks to "Mascotte," is rich and happy, about fifty years old, small and brown to look at, easy of speech, frank and pleasant to hear, cordial, honest and charming to know. Though gay, his temperament is extremely sensitive to shock of adverse opinion—also naturally to its rewards.

His wife is a pretty woman. He has two daughters married, one to the head of a piano house, I believe, and a son who has been taking piano lessons of M. Tetocart, the maitre de chapelle of St. Vincent de Paul, but who gives no evidence of his father's endowment. The home is on the artistic rue Guillaume Tell.

His confrère, Lecocq, is considered much more typically French, and also of a much higher standard in his peculiar genre of composition. Audran's work has never been admitted to the Opéra Comique, for example, while Lecocq's "Plutus" has been played there with triumph. Indeed his work is held to be much more of the Opéra Comique than Gaité or Folies-Dramatiques order. "La Fille de Mme. Angot," "La Petite Marie," "Le Petit Duc," "Girofle-Girofla" and "Tan Do Nuit" are his best known operettas, and they are French of that kind.

Unlike Audran he is very stout, though short, is quite bald, wears glasses over small blinking eyes, is quite shaved and walks lame, one leg being shorter than the other. He has a wife, but no children, and is at present at Anvers. He was once an organist in Paris.

Bruneau, "the latest," looks only about thirty-six, and is a large man with severe, rather sad expression, a pointed beard and short hair. He is inflexible and stern in opinion, but well liked by his friends. His father was rich, and he is supposed to be very well off. Gallet is the medium between his spiritual and Zola's material inspirations. He has been back and forth between here and London and his country home all summer.

Chabrier, poor soul, is deeply afflicted by a severe spinal trouble, which is causing deep anxiety amongst his friends. He has taken more activity upon his



EUGENE GIGOUT.



PRINCE EDOUARD DE POLIGNAC.



ERNEST REYER.

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system than it has been able to bear, and so—Engaged in the ministère, loving music with a passion, he worked alone towards his development and succeeded artistically. His originality and sincerity are appreciated. He is possibly fifty years old, and is married. His research in the creation of "Gwendoline" for grand opera was something remarkable. "Le Roi Malgre lui," "L'Etoile," "Une Education Manquée," and a scène lyrique, "La Salamite," are amongst his works. He is at present at Mambrolle, near Tours.

Messager is in some sense "élégant"—handsome, large moustache, a ladies' man, divorced. His friends regard him as "the coming man," and he probably does not dispute them. "La Fauvette du Temple," "Le Bourgeois de Calais," "La Béarnaise" are amongst his works. "Mirette" is his latest. Most of the lyrics in the English text were reset by Messager himself. His "Madame Chrysanthème" was written from a poem by Pierre Loti.

Benjamin Godard is a célébrité, living with his mother and sister on boulevard de Clichy. His sister is a violin artist, and, what is more rare in France, a woman of slightly advanced thought and its expression. She does not disdain the tailor-made jacket, strong boot, long step and short hair affected by some of her sisters across the channel.

Paul Vidal is one of the handsomest, most talented and most genial men in Paris. His name is to be found in every corner where there is a musical interest. And here you cannot push yourself into interests; you must be invited to join them, so it is all the more wonderful how his efficiency goes around.

Native of Toulouse, after taking the Prix de Rome he was made second chef de chant of the opera. There he trains, coaches, accompanies—three easy words to write or to read. He is professor in the Conservatoire besides, and a member of the competitive jury by virtue of his right as composer. How in the face of it all he manages to write operas and ballets that are not only good in the eyes of his friends but of money making managers is a mystery. This he does.

Yet he is never too busy to shake a hand in congratulation, to give words of advice and sympathy, to give information, to hear grievances and settle difficulties. He gives a whole day of each week to the reception of those who may need him. He never looks at his watch. If anyone looks at the clock he says, "Never mind!" Full of sympathy as of talent, Paul Vidal is bound to have a fine position in Paris one of these days.

Saint-Saëns hates cold, loves heat and generally spends his summers in Paris, while his winters are passed in Algeria or Canary Isles. He is this week at 6 rue Marbeuf (a few doors from where Hope Temple stays when in Paris), but this is no sign where he will be next week.

He has just finished an incomplete work by Guiraud; also a "Caprice Arab," which is attractive without being wonderful; and he had the grace to write a composition, "Thème Varié," expressly for the Concours of the Conservatoire this season. He has also written a concerto for Hollman, the violoncellist.

It is a fine thing to enjoy such an appreciation as Saint-Saëns does in Paris, aside from the record of his talents. From composer to organ blower, you never hear but what is good of him—his integrity, justice, high standard, amiability, courtesy and manliness. The death of his mother, a most remarkable woman, who bore a great part in the making of his career, has been the grief of his life. He it was who played the funeral service of President Carnot at the

Cathedral of Notre Dame. Saint-Saëns made his début here in the Salle Pleyel at ten years, his mother having planned everything for him, and his teacher, Stamaty, appeared with him. His success was astonishing, and his portrait—the first public one—appeared in one of the leading journals next day, to his great astonishment.

Lenepveu, the composer, is also a teacher of composition in the Conservatoire, and was predecessor of Chapius as teacher of harmony to women. Colossal in size, he is a grand, strong man, with big blonde Viking beard. He comes from Rouen. His "Valeda" has been played at the Opéra Comique, and last year his "Requiem" was played in the Rouen Cathedral, where there is a splendid organ and a fine stage for chorus and orchestra.

Hasselmans, the harpist of Paris and professor of harp in the Conservatoire, has extremely fine, clear complexion, which, with his white hair combed straight back and large, white moustache, give him an impressive appearance. His son, a handsome, dark lad, is giving promise of high musical endowment. He is in the Conservatoire.

Reyer has the head of a retired officer. Delsart, the violoncello professor, is a Belgian and no relative of the French actor. He is a great friend of Sarasate. Henri Duvernoy is spoken of for the decoration of Legion of Honor, in recognition of his modest and eminent service to music for forty-one years. He is professor of solfège and harmony in the Conservatoire. The list of his distinguished pupils is a long and proud one. He has written no end of musical educational works, and many good compositions besides. Many men of less merit have had the ruban rouge before him.

Massenet longs to go to America, but does not see how he can. He is completely taken by the spirit, enterprise and style of THE MUSICAL COURIER, by the warm spirit in which his works have been received, by the powerful musical advancement of the young nation and by the spirit of Americans he has met here. He is studying English and writing "Griselidis" from a work by Silvestre and De Moraud.

A most prolific writer, he is never without at least three new creations in his portfolio. He spent the season in London, where he took his wife, who is very delicate. He has one married daughter. The home is on rue du Général-Toy. His thoughts on musical composition may soon be read in the New York MUSICAL COURIER.

Joseph Hollman's latest thought is that Paris is a nice, quiet, well-behaved place; that much of its prestige for wickedness is due to fiction and operetta, which depend on exaggeration for effect; also to foreigners, who, thinking it is the place to misbehave in, bring their wickedness with them.

Hollman lives alone here in exquisite apartments, near the Salle Pleyel quarter, where he seldom is. His chum, Raoul Pugno, the pianist-organist, has apartments in the same quarter, and the two are much together. Hollman has played with all the pianists of the world, including Rubinstein and Paderewski, but says he enjoys playing with Pugno better than any of them. They have played twenty years together. Hollman ran over from London specially to attend the violoncello concours in the Conservatoire.

Paderewski is another musical bird of passage who would be more in Paris if he could. The Victor Hugo neighbourhood loves him, watches his movements with pride and looks for his short and sudden return home with pleasure.

It is not so much to his merit that he is a piano genius; he was born so, but it certainly is that he is invariably kind, gentle and thoughtful with the poor-

est persons, and that he remains the same as before his great world petting.

When home he never fails to visit a little stationery shop in the neighborhood, where he makes a point of getting paper, pens, cards, etc., and at the same time to have little chats with the owner and his wife who are both musicians. The husband, indeed, is an artist as well, and has a trick of making the most dainty devices on little parchment cards, which can be used in writing short notes, etc. The great pianist hastened to order a quantity of these, expressing the greatest pleasure in their artistic beauty, to the intense delight of the couple, who have named the cards "The Paderewski Cards," and have now quite a trade in them.

His son, about eleven years, a confirmed invalid, is wheeled about in a little carriage under the beautiful Paris trees. The boy is extremely intelligent, with a passion for languages, and speaking three or four well already. His books go with him always.

Arthur Coquard is just closing an opera in four acts left unfinished by Edouard Lalo, "La Jacquerie." The greatest difficulty he found in the task was becoming imbued with the spirit of the play and welding that with the spirit of the composer, for whom he always had a great admiration. Coquard's own works are "La mere d'un jour," "L'Epée du Roi," which had success in the Opéra Comique; "Christophe Colomb," "Chant des Epées," etc. His work on "Music in France" has been crowned by the Academy. In addition to his musical work he is engaged in the administrative department of the Institution for Jeunes Aveugles.

Calvé's name, by the way, is on the subscription list of this institution; so is that of Mme. Laborde. Alexandre Siloti, the young Russian pianist, lives here also, his home being almost across the way from that of Chabrier, on a lovely avenue, just back of Hollman's home. He spent the summer months in the country.

In October of '93 he played here in the Colonne concerts with a success that was yet not a triumph. He played Balakireff's "Islami" and a prelude, op. 25, of Glazounoff. On the programme were Bizet, Borodine, Cui, Franck, Delibes, Glinka, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Berlioz and Tchaikowsky.

He is a pupil of Tchaikowsky; is about thirty, tall, large, a dark blonde, with heavy moustache. In bearing he is very modest and simple. Two young composers here are Edouard Messa, from Rheims, and Bemberg, of Buenos Ayres, rich and talented.

Nutter, the librettist, who has done so much in the way of translating Wagnerian plays into French, is librarian of the Opera Library, where all sorts of books relating to music, costumes, traditions, etc., are to be found.

An intimate friend of Richard Wagner, he is the representant of Wagner music in France. Before it was popular here he had the foresight to see that it would one day be so. He now makes big profit on his insight, for he receives his share of every representation with the composer, according to the law of "Droit d'Auteur." His real name is Louis Etienne Truinet, the last name being turned into Nutter as pseudonym.

Amongst his translations are "Tannhäuser," "Oberon," "Preciosa," "The Magic Flute," "Macbeth," "Rienzi," "Crispino," "Gretna Green," "Graziosa." Imagine what a master of language he must be! He is an archaeologist, in point of view musical. His book, "Le Nouvel Opera," a description of the new building, is an extremely valuable work. He has written music as well.

Women Composers in Paris.

Speaking of the part that woman has played in musical progress, Samuel Rousseau says, sagely:



AUDRAN.



ERNEST GUIRAUD.



RAOUL PUGNO.



HENRI DUVERNOY.



CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS.



EDOUARD LALO.

THE MUSICAL COURIER

"There is no saying what may come with possibility and opportunity. There is a wide difference to-day between a French business woman and a Sultan's favourite."

Augusta Holmés (Hol-mez) is Irish, but has lived almost all of her life in Paris. Possibly a more highly endowed woman does not exist within the walls. A beautiful singer, artistic pianiste, writer of excellent poetry and lo! a recognized musical composer! What would you? And a beauty, moreover, with wonderful blue eyes, reddish hair, beautiful form and the most expressive smile that ever woman had. What endowment for one human being!

A pupil of Saint-Saëns and César Franck, she has plunged into the profoundest difficulties, and won respect and admiration. "Irlande," "Les Argonautes," "Pologne," "Ludus pro Patria," "L'Andante Pastoral" and overture to "Hero and Leander" are prominent works. Her "Ode Triomphale" had an immense success in the Palais de l'Industrie in 1889.

She is Officer of Public Instruction here. She has made quantities of money, but has lost it all. And now, to crown her successes, her last and most ambitious work is to be given in the Opéra in January—"Montagne Noire."

The Countess de Graudral is the writer of "Mazzeppa," which has had some success; also of some good Masses and

many smaller works. She, too, is a pupil of Saint-Saëns. The Count de Graudral is dead. Her daughter is the Baroness de Marochetti, wife of the Italian Minister to Russia, living in St. Petersburg. Mme. de Graudral is at present at her château at Vaux, writing an opera in five acts. She was a pupil of Chopin when five years old. She has sung much and well.

Chaminade, a pupil of Godard, the writer of sweet French ballads, "Madrigal," "Chanson Slave," "Anneau d'Argent," etc., wears short hair, brown, has quiet eyes, a sweet expression and plays the piano with the firmness and force of a man. She has recently written a "Pardon Breton" on a sort of religious fête observed by the Bretons.

The first woman who electrified the conservative Conservatoire spirit by carrying off the first prize in fugue and composition was Mme. Renaud-Maury. It was an encroachment in those days, when this domain was supposed to belong exclusively to the male sex. That it was no "accident" has been proved by the subsequent production of quantities of instrumental, vocal and orchestral composition. Her "Fantasie Symphonique" has been crowned by the Society of Composers, and her "Scène Lyrique" and "Jeanne d'Arc" are much played.

M. Maury was sous chef of the Garde Republicaine Band, and in '72 visited America with that company. Mme. M. treasures a pretty bâton given him by American musicians as a souvenir of his trip. Bazin and César Franck were her teachers. She lives in a pretty apartment near Notre Dame de Lorette, and was one of the last to leave town. Hope Temple is studying opera construction with Messager; and there is a Guy d'Hardelot (Mrs. Rhodes) here also who writes prettily, a young, pretty woman—English, I believe.



LEO DELIBES.

Up six flights, a long, narrow staircase, a low door, and such a barking of small-voiced spaniels that the gentle "Donnez-vous la peine d'entrer" is quite lost in the mêlée. A tiny, thin, bare little room, like a paper box, looking out on a wealth of Parisian beauty and verdure. A flat little piano, a few trembling chairs, the muffy little dogs, quiet and wondering, a plain board table laden with manuscript music.

A tiny, old lady, just like a child in her slight dress, bowed almost double, her face like an outline sketch, with well-like eyes, the sparse locks lying in a little flat bang across the white forehead, small, well-bred fingers nervously fumbling a slender pencil and the voice of a lady at prayer.

Seventy-seven years old, the intimate friend of Rossini, putting the last touches to an opéra comique, "Wilinlock!"

A countess, and well-known pianiste of her time, a fate-wave carried her to a niche of rock and did not return. An inmate of the Rossini Home, where individual pianos are forbidden, she has this little workshop outside, where she can "go on with her work!" Fragile and dream-like, seated at the piano, she is a young woman; memory and talent lending a resurrected expression to the body, while the hands move through the harmonies of "William Tell" with a force of life-flood that makes one—forget.



EDMOND MISSA.

The Rossini Home.

Buried in the noble trees of rue Mirabeau, a few steps away, is the place at the foundation of which Mme. Albani fell in love with Paris through the enthusiastic appreciation of herself, voiced by the Préfet of the city at that time.

An exquisite spot, it seems the very repose of inspiration. There are about fifty musicians, men and women, there. It is for French and Italians. The age of entry is sixty years.

The salon is the gem of the Home, being beautifully furnished and filled with Rossini souvenirs. There are eight portraits of the Master, all of the most exquisite types of colour, workmanship and setting. One in circular frame, of Saxe china, the names of his works in tiny leaves surrounding. It stands on the solid brown



LOUIS DIEMER.

escritoire on which he wrote most of his works. Then there is a little cabinet containing pen-knife, pencils, miniatures, watch and various souvenirs. A splendid bust is surrounded by a gold crown of immense size, and one of green is on an opposite wall. The house in Busarot, with its Ouida-colouring and narrow street-way; "The Annunciation," in enamel, framed in gold, and bûnit; a bust in wax of the Princess Colonna, his patroness; his own piano, his academic costume and many other treasures, beautiful as they are rare, are here collected. There is also a beautiful library of 1,350 volumes. The whole place is perfumed by the surrounding flowers and shrubs, all cared for as in a hot-house by French love of beauty for beauty's sake.

As to Paris Organists.

Never in the history of the Conservatoire was there such an overwhelming success at a Concours as that which crowned Widor's organ class in mid-July. Members of juries for twenty years have never seen anything like it for high standard, infallible execution and equality of power amongst the competitors.

It was one of the most important sessions of the season, the jury being composed of MM. Th. Dubois, Guilmant, Gigout, Pugno, Tissot, Daller, Bernard and Salomé. There were two first prizes, won by Vierende and Libert; a unanimous second prize, by M. Galand, and a premier accessit, by M. Quef. Vierende is quite blind, learning all by memory. Libert is a young man of great talent and engaging personality.

Widor's last composition is a quintet, of which he is justly proud. It was given at one of his recent musicales, played by the best artists, Philipp at the piano. In the company were many distinguished people, amongst them Mr. Allain Eustis, brother of

the United States Ambassador, his wife and daughter, Mme. Trelat, Mlle. Molénos and Arthur Pouing, thoroughly artistic in velvet jacket and curls.

Several songs were sung by Miss Eustis, who is a most beautiful girl as well as an artist, and two Bach chorals, which are Widor's Nine, were played by his pupil Vierende. Widor is taking needed rest with relatives in the country.

In early July Guilmant was called to inaugurate a splendid new Cavaillé-Coll in historic Dunkerque for a week. His home life in Meudon is a continual fête; he needs no vacation in his well ordered and happy life.

This being the season of influx of foreign pupils, the organist-composer has had time for little writing, except such as goes into the little motif-carnet. The first thing with which he intends to treat his leisure moments is to be a composition for Mr. Clarence Eddy, of Chicago, of whom he always speaks in warm and earnest tones. During Mr. Carl's stay in Paris a Guilmant dinner was given in his honour, the whole family being present. There are two married daughters, one in her teens at home; a son, an excellent artist and charming fellow; a son-in-law, a brother-in-law, who lives in Meudon; a sister-in-law, living out of Paris; Mme. Guilmant's mother, two darling grandchildren and a mite of snow-white wool in the shape of a dog, "who" is admitted wherever people are and is as well behaved as anybody.

Th. Dubois is enjoying his honours as a new Academician with the same dignified simplicity that brought the country lad to Paris to study a few years ago. He did not realize that the first time he would be called upon to wear his green trimmed coat would be in the sad event of the funeral of the President of the Republic.

Thoughts as to the "new responsibility" may soon be found in the New York MUSICAL COURIER.

M. Dubois has a wife who is a very pretty woman and a fine amateur musician, and one son. His opera, "Xavière," which is to be given at the Opéra Comique this season, is still being pruned and polished. He leaves town in September, when George Mac Masters substitutes for him at La Madeleine.

In August Mr. Mac Masters plays for Pierné at St. Clotilde. He is busy with his own church at Argenteuil, and is writing something of which we are to hear later.

Pierné, the composer of "Yzeul," is busy orchestrating a comédie lyrique in three acts from a subject by Armand Silvestre, which the director of the Opéra Comique, M. Carvalho, has ordered for the coming season. He passed the summer months in a retired corner of Bretagne, not far from St. Nazaire, his customary stopping place, where he enjoyed the supreme tranquillity necessary to completion of the work.

As soon as that work is finished he commences an arrangement of "Yzeul" for the Colonne concerts; then he finishes an incomplete drame lyrique, "Vendée," an episode of the Revolution.

Raoul Pugno is collaborating on opéra ballet with Alphonse Daudet, whom he finds "extremely charming," but who is in very poor health at present. The subject is "Les Etoiles." In November a pantomime of his, "Les deux Drapeaux" (by Amic), extremely dramatic, representing the strife between the tri-color and the white, will be given, Felicia Mallet creating the rôle. M. Pugno made a great success in London as pianist and organist combined, and is planning a trip to America.

"Felicitations" are out to M. Eugène Gigout, of St. Augustin, on the advent of twins into his household—garçon et fille, in a sense his grandchildren, in reality grand nephew and niece. M. Leon Boell-



E. M. DELABORDE.



GEORGES MATHIAS

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mann, organist of St. Vincent de Paul, is Gigout's adopted son. The latter adopted as his wife the daughter of M. Lefèvre, the director of the Niedermeyer School, where he was student and Gigout professor. Gigout in turn having no children adopted the bride as his daughter, and all live together at 63bis rue Jouffroy, nearly opposite Mme. Marchesi, and not far from Gounod's home. Mrs. Boellmann is the young and gracious matron of the establishment, which has already been made interesting by a dear little French maid of two years with large dark eyes and curls, who takes her part in conversation at grandpa's real big dinner table by allowing her elders to pursue it undisturbed. She also romps grandpa's curls into Paderewskian aureoleage as he sits on the floor half buried in elephants, jack-in-the-boxes and small dolls during the playhour which follows. Bartizon par Chailly en Bière is the poetic name of the retreat where the happy family have been passing the summer.

Emile Bernard, organist, composer—one of the best—pianist and savant musician, will shake his head and begin to talk of Louis Quinze draperies if you begin to touch on his work. Timid as a child before art, all that he does is but "study." Sarasate, Joachim and Rémy rave over his work just the same. His last work is a beautiful trio for piano, violin and violoncello.

There is no place so reposeful to Cavallé-Coll and Mustel as the ateliers, where they can continue their researches towards perfection. They stay where they are year in and year out. The world to them is thought and invention, with progress a little ahead.

The Pianists.

M. Isidore Philipp is the one who more than any other, by his finished touch and spiritual interpretation, has helped introduce Widor's piano compositions to France and England. Ami intime of the symphonist he understands his spirit thoroughly, and the two have made frequent trips to London together.

M. Philipp has just crowned his successful efforts by marriage with a young, beautiful Creole from South France, who was his pupil. Rarely intelligent, intuitive, social, graceful, good, young and very rich, Mme. Philipp is as near perfection as one comes on this earth. They have established themselves in a suite of apartments not far from the Opéra. The young pianist has just completed a work on piano teaching for which Saint-Saëns has written the preface.

Mr. Henri Falcke is still at Engelberg, Switzerland, whither he is coaxed each year by a good piano, a large dining room, like a concert hall, and the meeting with two or three congenial spirits, who together inaugurate a nice little series of musicales.

Last season a concert given for a charitable cause brought over 1,000 francs.

Hanz Huber is the Swiss musician, living at Basle. He writes chamber music, sonatas, choruses for mixed voices, and is specially happy in choruses for men's voices.

M. Diemer, the Conservatoire pianist, is rich and married; Delaborde, with a prodigious memory; Risler, just commenced; Mathias, Gaveau-Sabatier and Breitner, with Riera, gone to America, are amongst the other leaders of piano art. Possibly four of them, with Pugno, could become famous to-morrow were it not that renown is a combination of travel, advertisement, worldly wisdom and talent, of which the French artist possesses only one.

Faure is considered the best baritone of the day. He is about sixty and has one son, who is a painter. He recently sang at President Carnot's funeral, at

the funeral of Mme. Alboni, and again at the wedding of the niece of Ambroise Thomas, all within a few days of each other.

M. Paul Seguy, a Frenchman of magnificent voice, handsome presence and varied personality, is to be Faure's successor in Paris. He is busy on a work for the voice which will be exhaustive and helpful. He lives on rue de Berri, and has been in and out of town all summer.

An Interesting Wedding

was that of Mlle. Alice Montigny, niece of M. Ambroise Thomas, with M. Lafont, a well-known sculptor, nephew of Count Lafont, the vice-admiral.

The ceremony took place in the ancient church of St. Eugène, whose grey walls almost touch those of the Conservatoire, where Raoul Pugno was and M. Lepacher is organist. Saint-Saëns played at the entrance of the wedding procession, and Pugno at the sortie. Both were improvisations. Faure sang the Niedermeyer "Pater Noster" and an "O Salutaris." M. Taffanel, director of the Society of Concerts of the Conservatoire, also of the Opéra orchestra, played a Bach aria on the flute. Rémy and Delsart played fragments from "Mignon" on violin and 'cello. Rémy played a solo from Saint-Saëns' "Deluge," and the pupils of Delsart's class played in unison an air from Bach. Many notabilities of Church and State and of the artistic world were present.

M. Thomas lives at Argenteuil, a short distance from Paris, where he has property. He also owns some property at the seashore.

M. Rety is the executive of the Conservatoire.

Prominent Vocal Teachers

in Paris at present are Mmes. Marchesi, De la Grange, Viardot, Artôt Padilla, MM. Sbriglia, Delle Sedie, Bouhy and Bertin. All are more or less affected by Americans.

Marchesi and Delle Sedie have schools and teach by means of classes. The others instruct individually, with supplemental matinée and ensemble work. La Grange is obliged to stay in town all summer by reason of the demands of pupils who are here.

Bouhy is at Spa, where I believe he has a class. Sbriglia taught the De

Reszkés and Sibyl Sanderson. Artôt Padilla, generous, faithful and true, teaches in a hotel not far from Marchesi, and where Melba makes her home when in the city. Mme. Viardot has magnificent apartments on the boulevard St. Germain, overlooking the Seine, the Place de la Concorde, Palais de l'Industrie, and close by the Chamber of Deputies, where the bomb was thrown. Bertin coaches pupils of all teachers for stage work in a house on rue des Martyrs, opposite Paul Vidal's, and has frequent rehearsals at Salle Pleyel.

Marchesi has two comfortable rewards of her work, prestige and money, and, I fancy, also the lasting gratitude of many famous singers. Pupils like her very much. She does not permit talk about money. Terms are understood and moneys are laid in envelopes where they will be seen and taken care of. A pupil recently estimated that she must make over \$35,000 a year. In one class alone she gives twenty-four lessons a week. Her season is closing with some forty-eight pupils. She has been off to Brussels on a commission examining voices for something, but I do not know what for.

Amongst the

American Students in Paris This Summer

are Mrs. Georgia Lee Cunningham, of St. Louis, soprano soloist of the Baptist church of which Mr. E. M. Bowman was organist when in the West, studying for concert and oratorio with Marchesi here with Miss Wade, a wealthy young lady, also of

St. Louis, who studies music for pleasure, plays the organ and is studying with Guilman because she could not resist it, being in the city; Mrs. Herbert Pugh (Frances Graham, of California), married and living here studying with Bertin; Miss Adele Baldwin, the New York contralto, here only for a short time to look up new things; Mr. Carl, of New York; Mr. G. Waring Stebbins, of Brooklyn; Mr. Loud, of Boston; Mr. Howard Nason and Miss MacLean, studying for the summer with Guilman. Mr. Zenier, of Wisconsin, is studying with Widor. Mr. Carl goes to Switzerland later.

Miss O'Neil, of the "Black Hussar" (now married), was here and began vocal work from the very beginning; also Mrs. Robella, of Cincinnati, her husband a pupil of Sbriglia; Miss Mayer, studying with Bouhy, gone to London; Miss Alice Breen, of the Brick Church, New York, at Spa; Miss Willie Sandmeyer, with Marchesi, traveling now; Miss Adams, studying for grand opera; Miss Taffe, in the Conservatoire; Miss Emma Cornelius, of Philadelphia, with Sbriglia; Miss Fanning, of Minneapolis; Miss Turner, of Jersey City, and Miss Effie Putnam, of Michigan, studying harp with Verdalle.

Mrs. Baldwin left Paris in July for Belgium, to sail for America on August 25. While here she studied diction with Leon Jancey of Théâtre de l'Odéon, who has done more for American pronunciation of French in song than any other man in Paris. Young, handsome and agreeable, as well as having a genius for making people speak correctly in the shortest possible time, M. Jancey is the favourite with foreign students.

Miss Isabel Dodd, of Boston, is at rue Marbeuf, and studying with Mme. Vaucorbevoie; Mr. Butler, who is Mr. Carl's tenor, is getting hints from Sbriglia. The tenor W. G. Howland is studying for grand opera and composing. Victor Harris, Purdon Robinson and Albert Morris Bagby shed their light on the capital for a few short days.

Miss Florence Gage, of Memphis, Tenn., and later of Chicago, a bright, beautiful girl with a glorious voice, studied with Mme. Lurig, a pupil of Marchesi, and also with De La Grange, and has sung several times in Paris. Member of the Amateur Musical Club, of Chicago, she sang in Trinity Church there. In Memphis, Tenn., she was a brilliant star in the musical world, representing both art and culture. She is here with her mother.

A Miss Thomas is to take the prominent rôle in Coquard's "La Jacquerie." She has taken lessons of almost everybody and sings in concert. Alga Paraffi is studying with Sbriglia; Miss Della Rogers has returned from St. Petersburg, where she made a successful début in "Carmen."

Mrs. Louise Gerard Thies is here with her friend, Mrs. C. Karman Smith, who is also her pupil. They are staying at 52bis boulevard Haussmann, where Faure also has his home. They stay till quite late in the season and are studying French industriously meanwhile.

Mrs. Thies sang successfully before a select company in Salle Flaxland. Many French and Americans were present and both seemed equally enthusiastic. She was assisted by Mrs. Hendricks, an American lady living here, who was a piano pupil of Mason, New York, and Mlle. Tonnot, a French girl. She has also sung several times at Count Kissler's, and Paris papers speak beautifully of her voice. Mme. Moreau was a Chicago girl. Travelling for pleasure with her mother a few years ago, she met M. Georges Moreau, a French civil engineer, a man of great taste, culture and some wealth, on board the French steamer bound for Paris. Charmed by her intelligence and her musical attainments as pianist,



CHARLES GOUNOD.



CHARLES LAMOREUX.



EDOUARD COLONNE.



PAUL TAFFANEL.



BERTRAND.

THE MUSICAL COURIER

as well as her beauty, he continued the acquaintance to marriage, and they live charmingly here in the Victor Hugo quarter, where she continues her piano studies under the care of M. Bretnier.

The Gounod Family

are out at St. Cloud, where they own property, their city home being here in the Malesherbes quarter, near that of Sara Bernhardt. Mme. Gounod is very large and by no means tall. The daughter is married to the Marquis de la Ssers; the son is painting. Three religious works have been published since Gounod's death—"Adorati," "Salve Maria" and "Ave Maria;" also a melody. His first two works, signed l'Abbe Ch. Gounod, were "Offices de la Semaine, Sainte" and "Messe brève et Salut," published by Richault.



M. A. MARMONTEL.

Paris is like a section of an Ouida novel—anyway in summer. The most romantic spot in the whole of it is the Auteuil district. Three curves through shaded streets and, like the head of a serpent in a garden, the gate of a small cemetery. In it are the tombs of three musicians—Zimmermann, Gavarni and Gounod. The latter is in every sense a "narrow house." The long, narrow door bears the sign of the cross on its iron front, a laurel branch wreathes the word "Domine" above; couronnes, one "à notre cher grand père" drape the grey stone. Inside flambeaux and flowers, the Crucifixion in stained glass and the stone cradle. Directly across the little black walk is Zimmermann's tomb, a square box—not a house—a huge vase, a medallion portrait in bronze, and the words, "Esprit," "bonté," "talent."

Publishing Houses.

Richault, Leduc, Durand, Grus, Heugel, Lemoine, Enoch Choudens are a few of the leading houses which have helped to spread French musical inspiration through the world.

The present head of the Richault house is Léon Richault, a large-hearted, cultured, cosmopolitan musician, an artist and excellent business man. Speaking English well, with a great sympathy for the States, he is one of the best friends of Americans in Paris. The business record of musical work of the house is an historic monument. Organ work is a feature of the publications.

The head of the house of Leduc is the widow of Alphonse Leduc, a handsome society woman, a thorough musician, who depends on her own judgment in the purchase of manuscript, and keeps a close eye on the management of affairs while managing also an elegant home on rue Scribe. She has four children, all endowed. Her daughter is a beauty. She is herself daughter of Ravina, the composer.



JULES DANBE.

Recent Advance Movements.

The latest musical movement, of which Guilmant is the head, is an organized plan to make popular the chant Gregorien, and that class of classic work. The edition of Dom Pothier, a Benedictine monk, is considered standard authority, and will be drawn upon. Vincent d'Indy, Ch. Bordes, and the savant Bourgault-Ducoudray, will be associated with Guilmant in the work.

Then there is another movement, led by Marsick, the violin artiste, and M. Worms, a philanthropic music-lover, to establish free concerts in all the different mairies (town halls) of the city, to encourage the love of the really good in music of the Beethoven-Schumann order by the working classes. One concert has already been given with most satisfactory results. The "Kreutzer Sonata" was played to breathless attention in a concert of an hour and a half, and Chopin and Field were evidently enjoyed.

The Chanteurs of St. Gervais continue their concerts, giving the Bach, Palestrina and de Lassus vocal and orchestral work, and prospects are most hopeful for the coming season.

M. Bourgault-Ducoudray is the great oral educator in Paris. His lectures on the "History of Music" at the Conservatoire, of which he is professor, are a great power for advancement. People imagine him an archaeologist because he is a delver after treasure, but he in truth only digs deep to throw light on the modern thought, of which he is an apostle, and to discover colour for modern structure.

He believes in the chant populaire as a spontaneous impulse, and thereby a powerful motive in giving colour to more scientific composition. In proof of this the marked success of the portion of "Thamara," a recent opera in which he introduces the danse orientale. He also believes in the Russian school of music. He has two children—a son in the Polytechnic School, a daughter in a convent. His home is in rue Molitor. He passed the summer at Verneuil sur Seine. He is arranging the publication of a new work by Grus.

Notes By the Way.

Jean Jaques Mathias, the violinist, recently won the prize offered by "Paris-Provence" with his composition, "Au Rossignol," after Lamartine. In recognition of this victory he has been named Membre Academie Hainaut, and this week received his medaille d'honneur.

Colonne has been at Aix-les-Bains, where he every summer gives a series of classic concerts similar to those given in the city during the winter. It is a great resort for Americans and English. He has a married daughter who sings well, a boy of fifteen and a baby one year old. His wife is a singer and teacher.



MME. M. ROGER-MICLOS.

Léon Reynier had his Stradivarius given him by Napoleon III. He was an intimate friend of Vieuxtemps and De Beriot, father of De Beriot, now piano professor in the Conservatoire.

Francis Thomé wrote the music of "La Passion," which had such a success at the Nouveau

Théâtre this season. Boumfois arranged the tableaux, his own son being the Christ. The peculiarity of the theme and its arrangement, no less than the exquisite music, attracted the unusual audience. Casimir-Perier, the Duchess Montesquien, the Marquis de Brou, Marquis St. Paul, Clartie and Mailhac have been amongst the visitors. Music comes before the curtain is raised. The orchestra is hidden.

M. Thomé plays organ and piano. He wrote music for the "Romeo et Juliette" at the Odéon; also of "Barbe Bluetie," created by Felicia Mallet. He is an ardent worshipper of Napoleon, a cast of whose face, taken in death, lies on his desk. He summers at Parc St. Maur. Titocart, maître de chapelle of St. Vincent de Paul, is a pupil of Franck and Guiraud.

Ch. Lamoureux, the eminent chef d'orchestra, who has made the public familiar with the "Passion, according to St. Matthew," la Messe "Judas Macabeus," etc., and also the Wagnerian music, has a charming home on rue Bella. He has one married daughter.

There are over 27,000 volumes in the Conservatoire Library. The latest are the published works of Tschaikowsky. The oldest, a manuscript, is of "Don Juan," the paper and printing of which would shame the manufacture of later days. Weckerlin, a Belgian and a good composer, is librarian.

Bertrand, director of the Opéra, is gay, good-hearted and frank. Carvalho, of the Opéra Comique, is difficile. Mme. Carvalho is professor du chant. She created "Marguerite," "La Reine Topaze," etc., here. Marie Sasse created "L'Africaine." Ragneau, of the Opéra Comique, is a friend of Gertrude Grissold, the American singer. He is an adorable tenor and sings at St. Roch. His wife is extremely pretty and engaging.

Quinzard edits for Paladilhe. Guilmant, unlike the French generally, speaks with the falling in-

flexion. He would open a letter to put in a forgotten accent, so careful is he in detail.

Judic at the Alcazar and Yvette Guilbert at the Ambassadeurs are the "two of a kind" of that order. The latter has been summering in Switzerland.

Henri Herz, Doehler, Mathias, Th. Ritter, Diemer, Prudent, Marmontel, Planté, Saint-Saëns, Tissot and Delaborde were made pianists by the Conservatoire.

Mme. Melba will sing "Mannon" at the Opéra Comique. M. Carvalho, director, and M. Jules Daube, chef d'orchestre, of the Opéra Comique, have been honoured by the King of Italy for the excellent manner in which "Falstaff" was produced in Paris. The daughter of the latter is soon to be married.

The receipts of the Opéra for the month of June were 220,965 frs. for thirteen performances, or 16,997 frs. each, of which 90,944 were for "Romeo et Juliette," 28,555 for "Faust," 37,888 for "Valkyrie," 13,541 for "Djelma," 15,273 for "Sigurd," 18,142 for "Lohengrin."

The No. 13 in Music in Paris.

The Opéra gave thirteen representations last month. There are thirteen pedals on the Marie Antoinette organ in the Chapel of St. Sulpice, thirteen steps leading to the door of St. Augustin. A bust on M. Gigout's table is of Pope Leo XIII. Thirteen is the number of the homes of Lippacher, Miss Wynn, Cavallé-Coll and of Dr. Thurber, pastor of the American church. Mr. Seker, organist of the other American church, was born on the 13th and lives in No. 13, and 13, rue de Mail is the Salle Erard.

Late Notes of Interest.

An equestrian statue of Lafayette has been placed in the garden of the Lafayette Home for American Musical Students in Paris by Dr. Thomas Evans,



DEBIT D'UNE DENT D'ELEPHANT.

the philanthropic originator of that excellent institution. The Home is at the corner of rue de la Pompe and Bois de Boulogne, and overlooks the garden of the château from which Eugenie took flight from France under Dr. Evans' protection at the time of the overthrow of the Napoleon dynasty.

There are some twenty-five students in the Home, coming from all States of the Union, working with

the different teachers, and finding there care, protection and agreeable association at little cost. For news of the girls and details of the working of the institution see later New York MUSICAL COURIER.

Mme. de la Grange in speaking of Alboni's generous legacy to Paris does not hesitate to express the sentiment that people should be just before being generous. A country is one's family, she says, and however one may feel towards another a certain duty is owed to it. Alboni was an Italian. Italy is pitifully poor. Paris is rich and flourishing. Patti and the Count Casa Miranda, husband of Christine Nilsson, were at Alboni's funeral.

Richpin tells how in the early days he yielded up the precious 300 frs. which he had made "by the sweat of his brow" to give a representation in Paris. He rented a hall, organized a troupe of talented friends and mounted three pieces, "Le Duel aux Lanternes," "La Ronde de Nuit" and "L'Étoile," playing himself in all three. It was a success, a triumph indeed; yet, when the fun was over, he found himself, as before, giving lessons at 30 sous an hour and carrying his "Chanson des Gueux" from editor to editor without being able to stir their lethargy towards the "inconnu."

François Godebsky, the composer, is engaged to Mlle. Berthe Duchesne. Mlle. Berthet and Mlle. Bourgeois, de l'Opéra, have made genuine successes. M. Vaguet and Mlle. Alba Chrétien, de l'Opéra, have decided to sing the duo of life together. M. Sonzogno is to revive the Théâtre Italien. In May and June, 1895, at Porte-Saint-Martin "Cavalleria Rusticana," "I Pagliacci," "L'Amico Fritz," etc., will be given. Artistes are fussing as to whether or not the orchestra shall be hidden in the new Opéra Comique. MM. Marty and Syme, the former French, the latter English, are two wholly blind musicians, organists and composers of recognized standing in Paris. Of Mme. Viardot's children one daughter, Marion Viardot, is wife of M. Duvernoy; the other of Chamerot, a publisher. Paul Viardot is a violinist. The Emperor of Russia has conferred the Cross of Commander of Sainte Anne upon MM. Massenet, E. Pailleron and Eugène Bertrand.

At the examinations of L'École Beethoven the jury was composed of MM. Guilmant, Pfeiffer, Délioux, René and Paul Viardot. Mme. Renée Richard, de l'Opéra, is to open a school of song in her home, rue de Prouy, in October. Meilhac and Halévy are collaborating. Paderewski has given 2,000 frs. toward the erection of a monument to Chopin in Cologne.

News of the Conservatoire and Other News from Paris.

This has been the season of artistic strife in Paris; not strife as of war, but of effort; not hand against hand, but soul and brain against brain and soul—the season of competitive examinations in all the music schools.

In the Conservatoire, as all mediocre and inferior talent has been sifted by difficulty of admission and previous tests, the competition is not between varied degrees of proficiency, but between equals. None but the endowed, the enduring, the artiste reaches the crucial test. It requires connoisseurs of perfection to weigh the shades and tints of execution in the balance, and award what may, indeed, be considered a reward of merit, as neither favour, time nor money can buy it—*le premier prix*.

The jurors are artistes and professors of ripe experience and unquestioned integrity. The examinations commenced June 27 and closed July 30. The ages were between twelve and thirty years. The largest class had thirty-eight pupils (outside the solfège classes).

Being a member of the jury is fraught with more honour than pleasure, especially during the long, hot summer days, and with the noticeable lack of ventilation that mars all French educational séances the year round. Adorably thoughtful in other points of living order, the Parisians seem to have a horror of a *courant d'air* that makes all roofed places almost insufferable to those accustomed to breathe.

M. Ambroise Thomas, the Director-President of all the juries, has had no easy time. Guilmant, besides Conservatoire duty, has been on almost every other school and lycée in the city. M. Joseph Hollman came from London expressly to fill his place as member of the jury on violoncello. The artistic treat

is not so great, remembering that the same composition is played by all members playing the same instrument. Solfège, harmony, organ, fugue and preparatory classes are private. To all the other classes the public are admitted by ticket.

Unusual interest this year centred about the Widor organ class, one of the best examinations ever known in the Conservatoire; the class in harp, which was also of high grade of excellence, and for which a most ravishing composition had been specially written by Francis Thomé; also the piano class for men for which Saint-Saëns had written a noble choral theme, thoroughly classic and at the same time testing thème varié, Widor for the same class having written the test for sight-reading. In all the classes pupils are required to read artistically at first sight.

Five students competed for the Grand Prix de Rome. The examination took place the last thing before the closing of the Académie at the time of national mourning. The preliminary hearing was held at the Conservatoire, the final at L'Institut. The composition was the cantate of "Daphné," words by Charles Rafalli. The jury were: MM. Thomas, Paladilhe, Dubois, Saint-Saëns, Massenet, Rey, Bourgault-Ducoudray, Godard and Widor.

The first grand prix was won by M. Rabaud, pupil of Massenet and son of M. Rabaud, violoncello professor at the Conservatoire; second grand prix by M. Lethorey, pupil of Th. Dubois, and M. Mouquet, pupil of Dubois, received honourable mention. Young Rabaud was not destined for a musical career by his parents, who opposed it till they saw that all opposition was futile before the musical force. In three years he has finished the various courses, adding to all a temperament and intelligence wholly individual.

The members of the jury for solfège for singers were: MM. Thomas, Lenepveu, Barthe, Canoby, Gastinel, de la Nux, Rousseau, Salomé and Weckerlin. There were fourteen boys and twenty-six girls. First prizes were given to Mlles. Dreux and Tasso, pupils of Vidal; Favier, pupil of Maugin; no second and many third prizes between pupils of Danhauser, Villaret, Vidal and Mastio.

Solfège for Instrumentalists.—First prizes, MM. de Lausnay Saulier; Mlles. Delattre, Cadey, Deparis, Girard, Guyonnet, Percheron. Over one hundred took part in the examination which comprised musical dictation, theory, reading at sight. The jury were MM. Thomas, Canoby, Barthe, Sieg, Maugin, de la Nux, Salomé and Vidal.

Preparatory Class Violin.—First prizes, Mlle. Adolphy, pupil of Hayat; Mlle. Dellerba, pupil of Desjardins. Second prizes, M. Domergue and Mlle. Bernheim, pupils of Desjardins; MM. Taure-Brac and Chazot-Hayat. Third medal, M. Lesquin, (unanimous), Desjardins. Lenepveu, Marsick, Lefort, Nadaud, Gastinel, Garcin and Madier de Montjau were on the jury. The First Concerto of Rode was played.

Preparatory Class Piano, Women.—First prizes, Mlles. Holub, Vergonnet, Weiss, Epstein, Herth, Percheron. Second prizes, Mlles. Guyon, Cahen, Demarne, Lehman, Debré, Léon. Third prizes, Mlles. Boucherit, Schliederman, Dumont, Trouillebert au Farant. MM. Thomas, Bernard, Delaborde Duvernoy, Fissot, Mathias, Dubois and Pierné on the jury. The test composition was the Sixth Concerto of Henri Herz.

Preparatory Class Piano, Men.—First prize, M. Bernard. Second prize, M. Ferti, Third prize, M. Dubail. Jury: MM. Thomas, Dubois Diemer, de Bériot, Duvernoy and Isidor Philipp. The Second Concerto of Field was the composition played.

Harmony, Women.—Prizes, Mlles. Chapart, Causade and Arger, pupils of M. Chapuis; Mlle. Campazna, pupil of Barthe. Jury: MM. Thomas, Dubois, Pugno, Marty, Lenepveu, Pierné.

Fugue.—Twenty competitors. First prizes, MM. Letorey and Emile Roux, pupils of Dubois. Second prize, M. d'Allone, pupil of Massenet; premiers accessits, Mlle. Renée and M. Caussade, both of Dubois; seconds accessits, M. Koechlin, pupil of Massenet, and M. Termisien, of Dubois. Jury, MM. Thomas Fissot, Dallier, Gigout, Pugno, Vidal, Taudou, Pierné, Fauré.

Organ.—Widor, four competitors, first prizes, Vienne and Libert; second prize, M. Galand; first accessit, M. Quef. Jury: MM. Thomas, Dubois,

Guilmant, Salomé, Fissot, Dallier, Gigout, Pugno and Bernard.

The public examinations commenced July 19. The compositions played by the different classes were as follows:

Piano—men—Thème varié..... Saint-Saëns
Sight Reading—For Women—Variations Sérénades..... Mendelssohn
Violin—Nineteenth concerto..... Kreutzer
Violoncello—Third concerto..... Romberg
Contrebasse—Concertstück..... Franz Simandl
Harp—Légende..... Francis Thomé
Flute—Concerto..... Lauger
Hautbois—Concertino..... Guilhaud
Cor—Second concerto..... Dauprat
Cornet à Pistons—Concertino..... Jonas
Trompette—Solo..... Cerclier
Trombone—Solo de Concours..... Barthe

Accompaniment Piano.—M. Delahaye. First prize, M. Biancheri. Second accessit, Félix Seroux. Jury, MM. Thomas, Dubois, Jonas, Lavignac, Mangin, Pugno, Canoby, Lefebvre and Francis Thomé.

Harmony, Men.—First prizes, M. Estyle, pupil of Raoul Pugno; M. Biancheri, pupil of Taudou. First accessit, M. Filippucci, pupil of Taudou. Second accessits, Mme. Cassadesus, de Seynes, Mornpain and Aubert, pupils of Lavignac.

Contrebasse.—M. Viseur. Five competitors. First prize, M. Leduc. Second, M. Rousseau. First accessit, M. Charou.

Violoncello.—Delsart and Rabaud, seventeen competitors.

First prize, M. Marnef, pupil of Rabaud; M. Feuillard, pupil of Delsart. Second prize, M. Desmonts, pupil of Rabaud. First accessits, M. Britt and Mlle. Larroude, pupils of Delsart. Second accessit, M. Dulphy, pupil of Rabaud.

MM. Ch. Lenepveu, Altes Hollmann, de Bailly, Garcin, Loys Papin and Tubeuf with M. Thomas constituted the jury for both.

Harp.—Hasselmanns. Five out of seven competitors received recognition. First prizes, Mlle. Duros and M. Martenot. First accessits, Mlle. Luigini and M. Cauderer. Second accessit, Mlle. Delcourt.

Piano.—Diemer, de Bériot, Delaborde, Duvernoy, Fissot.

Jury, MM. Thomas, Ch. M. Widor, Philipp, Thomé, Fauré, Mathias, Ravina and Mollet.

First prize, M. Jaudoin, pupil of Diemer; M. Vinès, pupil of de Bériot. Second prizes; MM. Schudenhelm, Motte-Lacroix and Lemaire, pupils of de Bériot, and M. Laparra, pupil of Diemer. First accessits, M. Cortot, pupil of Diemer, and M. Chadeigne, pupil of de Bériot.

Singing, Men.—Teachers: Bax, Barbot, Archambaud, Duvernoy, Warot, Crosti, Bussine—seventeen pupils. The pieces sung were from "L'Africaine," "Le Bal Masqué," "Raymond," "Sémiramis," "Hérodiade," "Stratonice," "La Reine de Saba," "Othello," "La Flûte Enchantée," "Zampa," "Iphigénie en Tauride," "Sardanaple" and "Le Comte Ory." No first prize. Second prizes, M. Greil, pupil of Bussine, who sang the baritone air from "La Reine de Saba," and M. Simon, pupil of M. Crosti, on "Vision Fugitive," from "Hérodiade." Two premier accessits were given to Mme. Gautier, pupil of Bax, and Lefeuve, pupil of Warnot, and three seconds to MM. Gaidau, pupil of Barbot, Berton, pupil of same teacher, and Vals, pupil of Archambaud, on airs from "Bal Masqué," "Raymond" and "Othello." The ages ranged to thirty years.

Singing, Women.—Jury: MM. Thomas, Des Chapelles, Dubois, Lenepveu, Bourgault Ducoudray, Barthe Delmas and Vergnet. The girls were very young, the oldest being scarcely twenty-two. Airs were sung from "Huguenots," "Ferdinand Cortez," "Cenerentola" (one of Alboni's masterpieces), "Lucie de Lammermoor," "Freischütz," "Prophète," "Pré aux Clercs," "Faust," "Lalla Rookh."

First prize—Mlle. Lafargue. Second prize—Mlles. Dubois and Tiphaine. First accessits—Mlles. Combe, Marignan, Ganne and Mastio. Second accessit—Mlle. Corot.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

THIS issue of THE MUSICAL COURIER publishes the first article that has ever been printed on the Liszt Museum at Weimar, Germany. It will be found full of interest.

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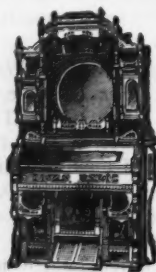
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AT THE ANTWERP EXPOSITION.

Music and the Exhibit of Musical Instruments.

As to the Music.



HERE is much of it, and, while the quality might in some respects be improved, it serves the purpose for which it is intended (viz., to amuse) very well. There are two open air band stands, where afternoons from 2 o'clock to 4 o'clock, and 4 o'clock to 6 o'clock music is given by military bands. In the evening from 8 o'clock to 10 o'clock a concert is given with the Symphony Orchestra of sixty men, under the direction of a member of the National School of Music, M. Bonson, an intelligent, young and very active musician. The orchestra gives a series of concerts during the winter, when large works are performed, but the programmes for the Exposition are selected entirely with a view to please, as you will observe by the following, which I heard the day after my arrival:

MAY 27.

1. "Die Irrfahrt um's Glück," ouverture.....F. von Suppé
2. Gavotte Impériale.....Morley
3. (a) Sérénade.....Moszkowski
- (b) "Arlequin et Colombine," intermezzo.....Lacôme
4. Scènes Napolitaines.....J. Massenet
5. Geburtstag Marsch.....Wilhelm Taubert
6. Transcription symphonique sur l'opéra "Le Pré aux Clercs" (Rosar).....Hérold

Soloistes: MM. J. Mariën et Florin.

7. (a) Songe d'amour (après le bal).....Czibulka
- (b) Sérénade des mandolines.....Desormes
8. "Myrthen Blüten," introduction et suite de valse.....Joh. Strauss

And this one week later:

JUNE 3.

1. Ouverture de l'opéra "Les Diamants de la Couronne".....Auber
2. "Myrthen Blüten," introduction et suite de valse.....Joh. Strauss
3. (a) "Mélancolie" pour le hautbois.....A. de Vleeshouwer
- Suite: M. Hullaert.
- (b) "Aubade aux mariés" (première audition).....Paul Lacombe
4. Transcription symphonique sur l'opéra "La Traviata".....G. Verdi
- Soloistes: MM. J. Mariën, Billet, Charlier et Craen.
5. Ouverture de l'opéra "Martha".....Von Flotow
6. Transcription symphonique sur l'opéra "Le Pré aux Clercs" (Rosar), redemandé.....Hérold
7. Variations sur le "Carnaval de Venise," pour le cornet à pistons.....Orban
- M. Théo. Charlier.
8. Quick March (première audition).....H. R. H. Princesse Henri de Battenberg.

These were well rendered in general, though there was a lack of perfect unity in the strings. The brass were all good, especially the solo cornet, and the violin solo was beautifully played by the concert-master. Their flutes and reeds are also very good. But the oboe and fagotti have a peculiar quality of tone, differing from any I ever heard before. They sound away off in the distance—a smothered kind of tone, with a little of the cold-in-the-head quality—too soft for open air music, I think.

At all these concerts the chairs, which are placed around the circle, cost two cents each. It is noted that this tariff, small as it is, finds no customers willing to pay for the military music from 4 o'clock to 6 o'clock, while at the evening concerts hundreds, and sometimes thousands take seats, and nicely uniformed ushers politely punch a little paper with a coupon and hand it to the occupant of each in return for the ten centimes required. The charge is made—of course, not for the small amount of money (?)—chiefly to keep the crowd from occupying the seats to the exclusion of those who really enjoy the music.

The members of our Musical Union would gasp in dismay at the prices which the Exposition pays for its bands. All military bands number fifty to fifty-seven men, and they pay for the entire band 75 frs., with a glass of beer for each member. Just think of getting a band of fifty, excellent players too, for \$15 in America! However, this is only possible because the bands are regimental bands and receive their

living expenses from the Government. The 75 frs. go into the general fund of the band and is not paid direct to the men. It is looked upon as a sort of savings deposit. Some excellent bands from neighbouring countries are coming on special days and will play for their free admission only. Is it any wonder that the agent of one of our aspiring American bands, which wanted to visit the Exposition and expected 1,000 or 1,200 frs. for each performance, received no encouragement from the Exposition officials?

The Exposition as compared to Chicago, to be sure, is a side show, but, especially when illuminated at night, the grounds and buildings present a most beautiful and fairy-like spectacle. Walks, arched with brilliant coloured lights, flower beds, and the arches, columns, and cornices of the buildings, all bright with the artifice of an expert in that specialty, present an enchanting spectacle to the eye.

In this new old town (260,000 inhabitants) I was surprised to find the "one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin" in the music to be "After the Ball" and "Annie Rooney!" These are played on the streets and whistled by the boys, the same as in New York. I was greatly amused the first time I heard "After the Ball." I traced the shrill whistle to a youngster who, with hands in his pockets and wooden shoes on his feet, was completely oblivious to all his surrounding until he had finished the strains, and with most accurate intonation, too. Then he met another boy and was "called back" to the reality of life.

In passing one of the finest cafés in the Exposition grounds the strains of "Annie Rooney" by female voices greeted my ears. It was a small orchestra of young ladies, eight in number, and they were varying their popular waltzes, &c., with this song—of course, in the Flemish tongue! How useless it seems, in the face of this so perverse evidence, to rail at popular music! Perhaps, after all, the great musical oracle who sneers at these simple tunes on earth will wake up in Heaven, or in the other place, to the strains of "After the ball is over!" Absurd, isn't it? But then, if the words are taken away and it should be given in slow, majestic rhythm, with a thousand harps, with Gabriel blowing his trumpet as a sort of pedal (organ) tone, why not? I heard a minister in the pulpit once say he should not be satisfied till he had sacred words set to that tune! Ah, well, this is too serious!

To return. The Exposition grounds are not so vast that one cannot easily enjoy them. At many of the restaurants and cafés—every nation on earth is represented (some by several)—there are small bands. The Hungarian is the best. Thus music of some kind enlivens the surroundings, the whole forming a sort of enlarged Midway Plaisance.

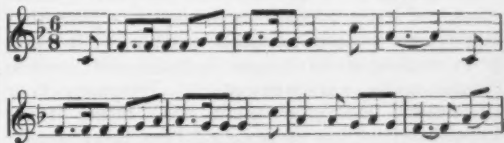
I find the same old Turk beating the same drum in the same intense and self-satisfied manner as in Chicago! The Wiener Prater has a poor imitation of an Austrian band.

The most novel and interesting feature of the Exposition is the part devoted to a restoration of Old Antwerp. Here, with an admission of two cents, may be seen the streets and a square of Antwerp in the sixteenth century, with shopkeepers, soldiers, drummers and an ancient band of musicians, in all the proper costume of that age—and the queer thing about it is, they all become their costumes. It seems natural and not at all theatrical. The dames and young misses appear to have grown up with their quaint dresses. One day last week they had a special fête, an installation of a new burgomeester. There was a procession of all the soldiers with a drum corps and band at the head, a chorus of men and boys following, all in costume, and the new burgomeester (a very rich butcher, very stout and becomingly red in the face), in gorgeous velvet, with his train, all escorted by officials and more soldiers. The rich and unique costumes harmonized so thoroughly with the surroundings that it seemed some fine old painting had come to life. These were the very houses which Charles V. saw when he made his famous entry three centuries ago, and this procession was a part of his magnificent cortège; nay, the halberdiers are carrying the same old, long, heavy halberds, apparently requiring the strength of a giant to use.

But listen to the music as they approach! At first one can hear only the dull thud of the drums, for they are without the assistant snares which render our modern snare drum so piercingly effective; but

frequently the bass tones of bassoons and a trombone are heard labouring up and down with customary persistence; not till the procession is quite near can we hear what the six men in front are puffing out their cheeks about, and then the squeaky, querulous tones of four oboes and two flutes are heard, all playing in unison!

Back of them are two bass oboes, two bassoons, a trombone, and two kettledrums. The latter, placed on heavy iron standards, are borne by two men, down whose cheeks the perspiration is freely flowing, while a third pompously wields the drumsticks. Of instrumentation there is nothing to speak of—treble and bass only, rarely a third part and never four parts. It is most quaint and primitive. As the procession passes I catch the following strain:



This is bright enough and shows that the ancient inhabitants were not averse to tripping the "light fantastic." This tune I find is the general favourite and is being sung somewhat now about the city. Afterwards they played a chorale genuinely gloomy and lugubrious, but in four parts and correctly harmonized.

Strolling about the shops and cafés—almost every house is a drinking place of some kind—one could see an ancient blacksmith; a man carving wooden shoes for use and ornament, and pretty girls making lace with a dexterity and persistency that brooked no interference from the crowds of lookers-on. The diamond cutters and polishers drew crowds too. At night the place was illuminated, and coarse plays in the Flemish tongue were given on improvised platforms in the open air. Whatever conclusion one may make as to the Exposition proper, everyone admits that "Old Antwerp" is a success.

As to the Musical Instrument Exhibit.

America has absolutely nothing to show, except a beautiful case of Lyon & Healy's manufactures—guitars, mandolins, banjos, and harps. These are displayed in most excellent taste and attract much attention. M. Prosper Lamal, who has charge of this and several other exhibits, has lately arranged some matinées of harp music which are very attractive.

France has an excellent display of Erard grand pianos; also one by Pleyel, Wolff & Co., and Herz & Co. No one plays or exhibits the instruments, and our American ideas of business would be sadly shocked by the lack of push which characterizes this exhibit.

There is, for instance, an immense and ponderous Russian Building, with steps leading up to it, the floor surrounded by high railings. In the inclosure were four grands, two on either side of the broad staircase. These have never been opened or played upon to my knowledge, and no one appears to be in charge.

A delightful evening at Brussels with Loie Fuller and Miss Fowler, of Boston, will remain a most pleasant memory. First a fine dinner given by M. Broadly, editor of the "Belgian News," a man of remarkable character, at times reminding one of Dickens's finest portrayals, but most genial and kindhearted. He it was who defended Arabi Pasha against Great Britain and succeeded in saving him from a death-sentence. His house is furnished in Turkish style and is as interesting as a museum; on the walls are portraits of nearly all the famous singers and actors of our age, with autographs, and especially fine views of Egyptian ruins. At the table were six Americans and as many English ladies and gentlemen. Miss Fuller told stories, recited some of "Topsy," and was generally entertaining. After dinner Miss Fowler played some of Grieg's works and others, displaying a fine touch and excellent method. She is a pupil of M. Cravaert at the National Conservatory of Music, Brussels, and, if she continues, should make her mark. The next morning all met at the station to see Miss Fowler and her father depart for America. Miss Fuller and her mother, M. Broadly, and some others were coming to Antwerp, and all climbed into a single compartment which was intended for but six. We were ten

THE MUSICAL COURIER

all told and had a jolly time, winding up with a delightful luncheon at the Savoy restaurant at the Exposition.

I had the pleasure of hearing the great Flemish baritone, Monsieur Noté, on the 19th, at the Exposition in the open air concert. He sang magnificently, with consummate art and a tenor quality, penetrating and virile; he is a resident here, and, I'm told, is everybody's friend, and there was an immense throng that more than filled all the seats. He met with an ovation, of course, and, as a result, will repeat his engagement to-night. He is also engaged for the Brussels Grand Opéra.

I must not fail to tell you of one of the most interesting and delightful experiences of my stay here. While the affair was not strictly musical, the art of music played such an important part that it seems not out of place to mention it here in a letter that might appropriately be called rambling. It was a great meeting of the Belgian Federation of Turners. Special music was prepared to accompany their movements, M. Peter Benoit, "the father of the Flemish school," as he is called here, being among those on the programme. I was invited by the charming daughter of a prominent legislator—a young miss of eighteen years, whose picture adorns the art gallery here—and thus found myself in the tribune with the Burgomeester and other prominent people. While waiting for the exercises, I have time to examine the surroundings. The vast square, with bandstand in the centre, where the musicians are waiting for the arrival of the Turners and the signal to begin, is flat as a floor and well sanded. The seats on all sides are filled with people in their best clothes, for it is Sunday, and the trees bordering the square furnish a pleasant and refreshing background to a most animated scene. Presently M. Benoit enters the tribune, and, when pointed out, I observe a strong, well-built man, with a beard covering his face mostly, leaving ruddy cheek bones, restless grey eyes, with shaggy brows and wrinkled brown forehead. His hair is black, and, though not long, is apparently combed chiefly with his fingers.

Everyone here speaks of him as the teacher of our friend Frank Van der Stucken, which shows how well our New York director is known and thought of here.

But now a movement in the distance attracts attention; a mass of white is seen approaching, and banners of all colours are illuminated by the bright sunlight. The director takes his bâton, and with a burst of melody the gymnasts enter the square. First, all the banners together—silk and satin in various colours, with gold and silver letters. As the men, all in white, approach, with short, majestic step, in well disciplined order, ranks solid and perfect, the effect is most inspiring. The perfect time sways the entire body of more than a thousand men with such precision that it is indeed a delight to the eye. Then the marching and countermarching! And, finally, the exercises in unison were something to be remembered. A stand in front of our tribune was used by the director of the exercises, and three other similar stands, flanking the square, were used by his assistants. Then one gymnast of special prominence mounted each stand and went through the exercises, the others observing. Now the bandmaster watches the director of the exercises, the music begins, and 2,000 white arms are extended in graceful attitude at the same instant. The magic of music in motion thus begun continues, and I see more than a thousand men now in an attitude of defence, attack, appeal, and despair; each graceful gesture done in exact time, greatly enhancing the wonderful charm of the scene.

I cannot say much for the music. The band was poor, though numerous. The music ordinary, of the kind we label "respectable mediocrity." I may not be able to judge yet of "the Flemish school," but from what I have thus far heard, at the Exposition and elsewhere, Shakespeare's well-known philosophical remark regarding money appears applicable to the ideas and general character expressed in it: "Twas mine, 'tis his, it has been slave to thousands." One of the most interesting things about these few hundred thousands of people is the tenacity with which they cling to the old mother tongue and the intensity of their desire to maintain their autonomy. French is the court language and is taught in all schools; but all military orders are given in two languages; all signs on post offices and public notices are in two languages, and busi-

ness men adopt it in their affairs. The result is that all educated people have to speak two languages. The peasants and, perhaps, the working people speak the patois they call Flemish, or, perhaps, I should say the uneducated speak a patois which is neither Flemish nor anything else in particular. Of the 6,000,000 people in their little kingdom of Belgium, 3,500,000 are Flemish and 2,500,000 Walloons.

The Royal Conservatory of Music at Brussels is maintained in the most liberal manner, everyone who has any talent whatever being given free instruction in classes, and those who show special ability private instruction, though I am told that to become an artist it is necessary to take private lessons of the best teachers and pay good prices. Everyone, though, can learn a little something of music, which here forms a part of the education the same as other studies in the public schools. Perhaps, and this is a passing thought that may not be given too much hospitality, the general low standard of music here may be in a measure due to this custom, on the principle that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

The people of this little town of Mons, near France, have just celebrated the third centennial anniversary of Orlando di Lasso with a great musical festival on the 23d and 24th. Orchestra of 175 musicians, chorus of 700, etc. Aside from three selections of the renowned composer, whose birthplace thus honours his memory, a "Regina Cœli," "Salve Regina," and "Miserere," the programme contained overtures to "Don Juan" and "Coriolanus" and the "Ride of the Walkyries," thus associating most appropriately the masters Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner with their own special hero. The programme concluded with a cantata composed expressly for the occasion by M. Van den Eeden, entitled "Roland de Lasso." The work is praised most highly by the critics and was received with enthusiasm by an audience of 5,000 people. Thus the city of Mons glorifies itself through works of a genius who, three centuries ago, was compelled to go to Munich for recognition denied to him by the place of his nativity while he was alive. "Crucified in life, glorified in death!"

The managers of the Exposition seem to be most unfortunate in arranging for their special musical attractions. They had announced a great concert of Wagner's music, under the direction of Herr Mottl, with Van Dyck as an attraction, for June 28, when at the last moment a dispatch was received from the famous director, stating that owing to the dangerous illness of his son, he could not come. Whether true or not, some of the papers wickedly hint that Herr Mottl feared the inefficiency of the orchestra here and that the financial success was not sufficiently assured to induce him to come.

They have any quantity of bands here—and very poor ones, too. There are but two respectable military bands here, which rank, for example, with the Elgin band in Illinois. They cannot be compared to our first-class organizations, and, aside from the military bands, there are bands of civilians where the shoemaker, tailor, glovemaking, and all other labouring trades get in their work of blissful revenge by blowing a tornado of bad-smelling sounds through French horns, cornets and ancient trombones. I have heard street music so bad here that any country band in America would be ashamed of it, especially when the firemen's reunion occurred here lately, and the procession was honoured by primitive hand fire-engines from surrounding villages, each invariably with a band. It is but fair to state that the music, bad as it was (and I never heard worse), was most fittingly appropriate to the accompanying surroundings; for Falstaff never marshalled a more ungainly, awkward, lean, lank, round-shouldered, and bow-legged lot of men than marched—in uniforms of prehistoric shape and mastodon size—behind toy-like hand-machines in that procession.

They have such a habit here of not advertising musical doings or noticing them in advance that I missed an event of unusual interest lately. It was nothing less than a concert of the Philharmonic Concert Orchestra of Berlin, given under the direction of Herr Mannstaedt at the Société Harmonique. Not till the day after was there any notice of it, and I was told that some members of the Society themselves knew it only a few hours before the concert. I was not a little put out by the fact, because I had known Mannstaedt in his first year of orchestral directing in Berlin, and should have been so glad to have met him again.

The other day at Brussels, after visiting many places of interest, I found myself in front of the old Hotel de Ville. The large number of statues that adorn the façade attracted my attention, and I observed each bore a name. So I thought all these men must have been famous in their day, both men and women, and I counted more than 300. All these are now unknown except to the bookworm; but their deeds of charity or bravery are symbolized by the golden statue of St. George which surmounts the spire. Thus it may be said the sum of their oblivion is the renown of an ideal. So may, perhaps, each one of us obscure musicians eventually contribute a segment to a circle, which, as the ages roll by, may become a nimbus surrounding with a sacred halo some inspired saint.

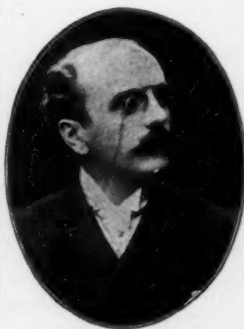
Since writing the foregoing and just previous to posting the letter, I find the following account in "Le Patriote," a morning paper of Brussels. Speaking of the festival at Mons of Roland de Lasso, it says: "There were more than 20,000 people massed in the grand Place at Mons in the windows and on the roofs of houses to assist in the popular production of the cantata of Van den Eeden. The 'finale' of this superb work, 'The Salute to the Chimes,' which was sung by hundreds of children's voices, and which was repeated with splendid sonority by the choral and orchestral masses, with accompaniment of the deep-toned bell of the City Hall forming a bass, produced an impression much more powerful than the day before. The public was literally overcome; Van den Eeden was acclaimed and given an ovation which was delirious."

This makes one's blood quicken just to read it, and it seems that, perhaps, in Van den Eeden the Netherlands have found a master who will do them honour.

S. G. PRATT.

JUNE, 1894.

The Diversions of a Musical Antiquary.



WM. BARCLAY SQUIRE.
Photo. by H. S. Mendelssohn, London.

It may possibly be said by those who give themselves the trouble to read this little article that its title is misleading. The search for unpublished manuscripts in foreign libraries is hardly what most people would call a diversion, but anyone whose life is spent in the dull routine of a great public library will recognize that the incidents I am about to relate formed not only a very real diversion from my ordinary occupation, but that, looking back at them after several years have elapsed, I can still vividly recall the pleasant excitement they caused me at the time.

I must apologize for speaking a good deal about myself, but under the circumstances it is unavoidable. To begin at the beginning, the readers of THE MUSICAL COURIER must be reminded—for it is to be feared that even a good many musical historians are apt to forget it—that England may lay very fair claim to be considered the birth-place of modern music. Writers like Ambros, who have been followed by a host of imitators, have declared that England was from the outset an unmusical country, and it is only of late years that the increased attention paid to the bye-paths of musical history has caused such a sweeping assertion to be questioned. The great stumbling block to a general acceptance of this opinion was a passage in the works of the early Flemish theorist, Johannes Tinctoris, who, writing in the latter half of the fifteenth century, declared explicitly that of late music had made such progress that it might almost be considered a new art, and that the source of this new art was to be sought amongst English musicians, chief of whom was one John Dunstable or Dunstaple.

I must confess that the name of this old composer, the first of the great masters, has always had a kind of attraction for me. Very little is known of his history. He died in 1453, and was buried in St. Stephen's, Walbrook, in the heart of the City of London.

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don. His epitaph is preserved in How's Survey, where it is stated that it was inscribed "on two faired plates in the chancel, each by other," and a second epitaph, by no less a person than John of Whethamstede, Abbot of St. Alban's, declared of him that "melior vir de muliere nunquam natus erat." But of this man's work next to nothing remained. A few bars quoted in the treatise of Franchinus and Morley, a three-part song discovered in the Vatican some years ago, and a few other unprinted fragments were apparently all that was to be found of one who, in his day, was looked upon as the predecessor of the great Netherlandish school of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

To discover more remains of Dunstable's music, and, if possible, to obtain material for a just estimate of his real position in the history of music, became for me a long-cherished wish, and my delight may be imagined when, by a singular coincidence, I heard of the existence of a considerable number of MS. compositions by him in a foreign library. A German friend of mine, Canon A., who is well known for his researches in early music, had been working for some time in Italy on a monograph on the Netherlandish composer Dufay and his influence on the Italian school. On his way back to Germany Canon A. stopped at the old episcopal city, which I will call Etschstadt (its real name is nothing like that), in one of the Italian-speaking provinces of the Austrian Empire. Here he chanced to meet at dinner the Dean of the Cathedral, to whom he mentioned the object of his journey. The Dean, by a happy inspiration, remembered that in the Cathedral archives there were a number of old musical MSS. He told Canon A. that no one could read them, and that they were looked upon as worthless, but my friend was much too keen an antiquary to be put off with information at second hand, and thought he would like to look at the MSS. for himself. What was his surprise and delight to find that they consisted of no less than six large volumes, containing an immense collection of music, none of which was later in date than the fifteenth century!

For the subject in which my friend was specially interested he found in these MSS. much new material; but what was to me of even greater interest was the report that they contained numerous compositions by English composers of the fifteenth century, and amongst them a considerable number of motets by Dunstable himself. I at once determined to devote part of my summer holiday to a visit to Etschstadt, where I hoped to be able to copy some at least of the precious MSS. But at the very outset I was doomed to disappointment. The report of Canon A.'s discovery had aroused considerable interest in antiquarian circles in Germany, and the authorities at Berlin, ever alert to secure artistic and literary treasures, had approached the Dean and Chapter with a view to buying the MSS. To do this they were nothing loath, for the Cathedral wanted repairing sadly, and if a good round sum could be got for the MSS. the money would come in very handy. The negotiations for the purchase were proceeding just as I happened to write for leave to examine and copy the MSS. The answer I got was characteristic. Personally the writer would have been charmed to have given me permission, but the Canons were obdurate, and declared that if I made any copies of the MSS. their value in the market would diminish!

The reason was obviously absurd, but, all the same, it seemed likely to be a difficult matter to persuade a whole Cathedral Chapter to change its mind. Fortunately I happened to show the letter I had received to a brother antiquary, who has had considerable experience in dealing with foreign clergy. He looked at the name of the writer and smiled. It was Italian. The matter was quite simple. "You must make him a present," he said. I confess I was rather staggered at the idea of practically bribing a high ecclesiastical functionary, but my friend declared that it was the "custom of the country" and that I should not get what I wanted without it. Personally he advised a shilling razor as likely to be most acceptable, as English cutlery is still thought highly of abroad, and though I did not follow his advice to the letter, I give it here as it may be useful to readers of this paper under similar circumstances.

To cut a long story short, I bought what I thought would be an appropriate and useful present, obtained a Latin letter of introduction from an eminent Cardinal

to the Bishop of the diocese, wrote to my correspondent to say how sorry I was I could not see the MSS., but, as I should be passing through Etschstadt in a few days, I hoped to have the pleasure of soon making his acquaintance and started off for Austria within a couple of days. It was with some feeling of trepidation that shortly after my arrival I went to call on Monsignor C. His letter had not prepared me for a very favourable reception, and the means suggested by my friend did not commend themselves to me. However, I pocketed my present and my letter, and put a bold face on the matter. I found my correspondent most affable. Nothing could exceed his politeness. He was of opinion that I ought to copy the MSS. and the Bishop quite agreed with him; but what could he do? The rest of the Chapter was opposed to him, money must be got for the cathedral, etc. I was not to be outdone in politeness, and expressed my sorrow at having given him so much trouble, though of course I was more than repaid by the pleasure of having made his acquaintance. It was true I had brought a letter of introduction from Cardinal D. (here my letter came out), and I would leave that with him, as, though it was addressed to the Bishop, I felt that he was really the most influential man in the diocese; and as I had given so much trouble, would he accept the little remembrance I had brought from England? He did accept it, and I got the key of the Chapter library and leave to copy whatever I wanted from the precious MSS.

What he said to the rest of the Chapter I never knew. I believe they were most of them away for their holidays, but Monsignor C. only made me promise not to publish my copies and said the Cardinal's letter would settle his fellow ecclesiastics if they raised any further objections.

The days I spent working in the dusty old library of Etschstadt have left very pleasant memories behind them. I have not space now to describe the treasures I found in those great volumes of manuscript; they have long been sold (report says for a very small sum) and their contents will doubtless some day be made known; but to me they will be always associated with the figure of that good-natured little Monsignor, who used to come and stand in the doorway as I worked, asking all manner of odd questions about England and English ways, and bursting into shouts of laughter when I showed him the strange things to be found in the old books I was copying.

WM. BARCLAY SQUIRE, *The London Globe.*

Incorporated Society of Musicians.



EDWARD CHADFIELD.
Photo. by W. W. Winter, Derby.

IN the year 1882 a new element was introduced into the social and artistic life of the musical profession, by the establishment of what is now the Incorporated Society of Musicians. Previous to that time orchestral, choral, philharmonic and many similar societies had existed, but no association had been formed whose object was to improve, unite and organize the musical profession as a whole. In that year Mr. James Dawber, Mus. B. Cantab., of Wigan, invited many of the principal professional musicians of Manchester and Liverpool to attend a meeting to consider the possibility of forming an association composed entirely of qualified musicians. The result of the meeting was a decision that what was then called the "Society of Professional Musicians" should be formed; that in the new society all educated and competent musicians should be admitted upon terms of perfect equality and thus a neutral ground provided, in which all who made the practice of the art of music their life-work could unite in order to aid the progress of the art, to elevate the musical education of the country, and obtain for the musical profession the same legal status and recognition as that accorded to other professions.

The movement soon extended over the Northern and Midland counties of England, and in January, 1885, a first General Council meeting was held at Blackpool under the presidency of Dr. Henry Hiles,

of Manchester, at which arrangements were made to extend the organization over the Kingdom. The appointment of Honorary General Secretary was offered to and accepted by the present General Secretary, Mr. Chadfield, and thus the association was definitely launched upon an extended basis.

The following year, after a very successful conference in London, many of the leading metropolitan musicians joined the Society and the word "National" was added to its title.

The hand of fellowship was now offered to the Society from the far side of the Atlantic. Mr. Calixa Lavallée, of Boston, U. S. A., then President of the Music Teachers' National Association, of America, crossed the ocean in mid-winter to take part in the conference of the Society in January, 1888. In July, 1889, the visit was returned, Mr. Chadfield attending the conference of the American association held in Philadelphia as delegate from the English society to its sister association in America.

The progress of the Society was rapid and continuous. In October of the same year it was found necessary to publish a monthly journal to record the discussions and proceedings of the meetings held at the various centres. Local examinations were established upon the following principles: Two examiners to adjudicate in every case; candidates to be known to the examiners only by numbers; no examiner to examine in his own district; no favoured local professional representatives; definite and thorough requirements over all branches of general musical education, and thus an impartial and complete examination to be secured.

The Society was incorporated under its present title, as an artistic corporation, by the Board of Trade in July, 1892, and in the spring following, the headquarters of the Society were established at No. 19, Berners Street, London. Shortly afterwards H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh, now the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, whose interest in all that relates to music is well known, accepted the Presidency of the Society.

To-day the Society consists of twenty-one sections, embracing the whole of the United Kingdom, each important district of the country forming one section. Each section has its own organization, appoints its own officials, forms a centre for the discussion of professional subjects and the performance of compositions by members, and also, which is very important, elects a delegate to represent the section upon the General Council of the Society.

The whole of the members have the opportunity of meeting together annually at a conference which continues practically a week, and which changes its meeting place every year so as to visit in due course the members in the North, South, East and West. The present register of members contains the names of more than 1,600 members, and amongst them are enrolled the majority of the eminent musicians of the Kingdom. How thoroughly representative the Society is, is conclusively shown by the fact that its roll of membership embraces 152 graduates of British Universities, 137 Members, Fellows, Associates and Licentiates of the Royal Academy of Music, 22 Professors and Associates Royal College of Music, 163 Fellows and Associates of the Royal College of Organists, 57 Licentiates, etc., of Trinity College, London, 37 hold diplomas from Continental Conservatories, and 556 hold appointments as organists, 29 of which are in cathedrals.

Thus, for the first time in its history, the musical profession may be said to be united and organized, and thus the one great object of the Society attained. The General Council of the Incorporated Society, composed of delegates elected by the musicians of London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Bristol, Newcastle and other large centres forms a representative body enlisted to speak and act in the name of the whole profession, and it is the only body which possesses a just claim to do so. The Society thus occupies an entirely different position to that occupied by any educational institution or degree-conferring corporation. It is the duty of the governing powers of such institutions to make the interests which they represent their first consideration. The Society alone, friendly to all, yet independent of all, can work on broad and general lines, free from all selfish interests, can make the needs and requirements of the profession known, can strive for all that will be beneficial to the art or its professors with the combined influence of the associated

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profession, can substitute order for chaos and unity for ineffectual individual effort.

Finally, it may be said in the words of the report presented to the last Conference:

"The history of the Society for the past eleven years is an honourable record of work honestly undertaken and zealously carried out for the good of the profession as a whole, for the improvement of musical education and for the progress of the art."

EDWARD CHADFIELD,

General Secretary, Incorporated Society of Musicians.

Music In Chicago.



HE progress of art, especially musical art, in a city whose existence as a city comprises but half a century, ought to be of the greatest interest to all true musicians throughout the world. There is no nation, no land in the world in which music does not

hold a prominent place. Its effect upon the forming of even national character was aptly realized by him who said, "Let me make the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws." Musical art in Chicago affords a striking example of the hold that music has upon the hearts of the people.

From the earliest period of Chicago's existence until the present the progress has been both steady and rapid.

It is not intended in this article to go back to the time when Chicago was but an Indian trading post and trace the progress of music from the songs of the Indians and trappers to the grand opera seasons at the Auditorium, but to give a synopsis of the growth of musical art from the time when the people of the city began to interest themselves in real music. About forty years ago there were in Chicago one or two good musicians, and many who, while having but a smattering of musical knowledge, deserve credit for work as musical pioneers. They taught the people to sing, they organized musical societies, they gave public performances of musical works, some of them of merit, and aroused the interest of the people in the divine art. They did all they could; they were earnest workers, and, when the field was ripe for a further advance, they, with few exceptions, gave place to others whose acquirements fitted them for the work of developing a musical taste for the highest and best. One or two of them have made for themselves a history that will long outlive them.

From the time when Adelina Patti, then a girl of seventeen, sang in Bryan Hall to the present day Chicago has heard in her concert halls and theatres the greatest artists of the world, and it is safe to say that nowhere have they met with more enthusiastic receptions than here.

In Chicago events are located as happening either before or after the fire. At the time of the great conflagration Chicago had in Crosby's Opera House one of the finest temples of music in existence. It was a beautiful auditorium, and had a seating capacity of nearly 3,000.

Within its walls were heard opera companies which would compare favourably with any of the present time, and they were well patronized. Of English opera companies there were also some of an excellence which entitled them to be called the peer of any. Among them were names which have become famous throughout the world. Who does not know of Rose Hersee, Parepa Rosa, Zelda Seguin, Caroline Richings, Wm. Castle, Sherwood Campbell, Henry Drayton, and others who have made for themselves world-wide reputations?

But it is not the purpose of this article to dwell upon these events. While they go far to show the public interest in music it is of the home-growth that we wish to speak. From the time when the height of a young Chicago lady's ambition was to play "The Maiden's Prayer" to the time of the Amateur Musical Club, which is now known on both sides of the Atlantic, the progress of music in the homes of the people will be most interesting. Like any small country town, Chicago in its earlier days had no opportunities for the study of the higher branches of music. Music teachers there were, to be sure; they are, like the poor, "always with you"—and poor enough they were in more ways than one. They

taught the children to play "The Arkansaw Traveler," "Money Musk," and other "tunes" of the same character, and their pupils were considered prodigies. When one of these teachers gave a concert and played "The Battle of Prague," or some other like atrocity, the people were amazed and the pianist was said to be the greatest in the world. The choirs sang the old time tunes with unction, and musical societies were formed, which gave concerts from time to time, and the programmes contained glees, psalm tunes, and part songs.

Gradually the people began to hear of music in other cities, and, as Chicago grew and intercourse with the older cities began, other musicians came to make their homes in the growing town. The primitive works were soon laid on the shelf and there began an era of real study. Five pianists came here to stay and made their influence felt at once. An orchestra was formed, a singing society for the study of oratorios and other classical works was organized. No longer one heard "The Maiden's Prayer," but Beethoven's sonatas were played instead. So the progress went on until the fire came. Just before the great fire there was great interest in music in Chicago. There were at that time several fine pianists, many eminent singers, some of the best violinists and other instrumentalists to be found anywhere. The local concerts were fine; their programmes contained only works of the great masters.

Only a few years before the fire an institution was founded, which has since become one of the largest and most influential in the world. Its success stimulated others to found similar schools, and Chicago now has three music schools which will compare favourably with those of any country. For a short time after the great fire there was a stop, but that was only a few weeks. Many of the musicians and teachers left the city. Some of them returned, new ones came and the progressive movement went on. Soon after the fire the Apollo Club was organized. The history of this society is interesting. Beginning as a male chorus of twenty-four voices it has developed to a mixed chorus of 600 or 800. It was organized for the purpose of singing part songs for male voices and rapidly gained reputation.

About twenty years ago Caroline Richings came to Chicago with a company called the Caroline Richings Old Folks' Concert Company. The company consisted of sixteen singers, who sang English madrigals, part songs, and other light compositions; a pianist named Proctor, who gave an illustration of a young lady playing "The Maiden's Prayer," and William M. Tomlins, who played solos on a cabinet organ. These people dressed in the costumes of colonial times, and the programmes were written in the colonial vernacular. Besides playing solos upon the cabinet organ Mr. Tomlins was the chorus master of the company. The company disbanded in Chicago and some of the members remained here. Among them were the Quaker City Male Quartet, which consisted of Chas. A. Knorr, first tenor; Charles T. Barnes, second tenor; George Broderick, first bass, and Chas. Noble, second bass. This quartet secured an engagement to sing in Christ's Episcopal Church, and Mr. Tomlins became the organist.

At that time the Apollo Club was without a leader, and engaged Mr. Tomlins, who has filled the position ever since. The Apollo Club is an organization which has some of the best material imaginable for the performance of the greatest works. Mr. Tomlins had ambition and the faculty of making the singers think him infallible. For a time the club progressed under his leadership. They sang glees and part songs fairly well, and began to think themselves a great society. The membership grew. Mr. Tomlins saw an opportunity and made the most of it. He enlarged the club, taking in a female chorus, and began to give performances of such works as "The Messiah" and "Elijah." As a player of improvisations upon the cabinet organ and a director of simple four part songs Mr. Tomlins was fairly successful, but, when it came to the production of large compositions, he was a failure. The club could not see this, however, and has gone on—an example of contented blindness and self-satisfaction—ever since. It is an organization which ought to be one of the best in the world, but not once, under the incompetent leadership of Mr. Tomlins, has the club given a satisfactory performance of one large work.

Mr. Tomlins has, however, succeeded in making a large majority of the members think that he is the only Moses, and has a grip upon the neck of the club, like that of the Old Man of the Sea. Of all the mistakes in the musical history of Chicago that of the Apollo Club is most to be regretted. The chorus has fine voices, and, under the leadership of a competent director and musician, would rank with the great choral societies of the world, instead of being the laughing-stock of all musicians.

Some day the club may awaken and make its mark for good upon the musical history of the city.

Other musical societies have been formed, have flourished for a time and disbanded. Their effect has been generally for the good of musical art, although their lives were short. They had a good effect in increasing the knowledge of music. Theodore Thomas and his orchestra came often to the city, and by playing programmes of the highest class of compositions helped to educate the public, or so much of the public as would go to hear them. A number of fine musicians, accomplished in all branches of musical art, are now residents of Chicago. Among them are names which are of cosmopolitan fame. Chicago singers have gone abroad and have made successful appearances in the great cities of Europe. Several of them have remained; among them Miss Alice Maud Whittacre, whose beautiful soprano voice has often charmed London audiences, and who married a Londoner and has a charming home there now. Whitney Mockridge is another Chicago singer who has become a resident of the Metropolis. His voice is a beautiful tenor of great compass and power, and he at once made a profound impression on the public of London. Other Chicago artists have sung and played in the great cities of Europe with eminent success.

To-day Chicago has, in the Auditorium, one of the finest opera houses in the world, as well as one of the largest. The great opera companies of the world are heard every year for a lengthy season and are given splendid financial support as well as appreciation of their work. There are now in Chicago a large number of musical societies, both vocal and instrumental, whose success is assured. The Chicago Orchestra Society is the most prominent of these. This great orchestra is one of the finest in the world. It numbers over 100 artists, who were selected with great care and who are all eminent solo performers. Theodore Thomas has been the director of this organization, which is now beginning the fourth year of its existence. The concerts of the orchestra are given in the Auditorium. There are twenty evening concerts and twenty matinee performances, the programmes being the same at the matinee and following evening concert. Some of the greatest artists of Europe, both vocal and instrumental, have appeared at these concerts. During the season there are numerous concerts given by the pupils and faculties of the Chicago schools of music which show the high standard of musical art to which the city has attained. There are also several great artists who are not connected with schools, whose public appearances at performances will rank with any.

The number of pupils studying in the many schools is enormous. One institution alone has over 2,000 pupils, and many of the other schools have hundreds. There are also many private teachers whose time is fully occupied with lessons. Besides the musical societies which give public concerts there are many of a private character, whose work is known only to the members. The most prominent of these is the "Amateur Musical Club." This organization was begun in a quiet way by a few young ladies, who met at each other's houses for the purpose of playing four and eight-hand pieces upon the piano. The club gradually grew, until it now has a large membership, both active and associate. The active membership contains both vocal and instrumental members. It is made up almost entirely of pupils of Chicago teachers, many of whom are daughters of prominent society people. The influence of this club for the good of musical art has been almost incalculable. The practice and study of the great compositions have given its members an insight into the art of music which can be obtained in no other way. The club has also given many artists' recitals, for which singers and players who are the greatest in the world have been engaged. The annual charity concert of this club is

one of the musical events of the season. The stimulation to practice and study given by this club has been productive of great good.

Among the professional organizations of Chicago are a number of string quartets whose work is fine. Among them is the Listemann String Quartet, which will rank with the celebrated string quartets of Europe. The concerts given by these different societies are always well attended.

It would not do to neglect the church choirs in an article like this. Chicago has some of the finest church edifices in the country. In many of them there are fine organs of great size. The history of music in the churches of any city is interesting, but in a city of the brief existence of Chicago it is doubly so. The progress made in the art of music in the churches of Chicago is by no means equal to that made in general. There has been one great drawback to the advancement of sacred music—the music committees. It is a melancholy fact that the music committees of Chicago churches have been generally selected on account of social or financial position, and, as a rule, know little or nothing about music. Choirs have been good, bad, and indifferent in most of the large churches, varying in quality from year to year, as the caprice of the controlling committees changes. There have been at times some choirs of great merit, but they have not been permanent. The music committees are elected annually in most of them, and, consequently, there are many changes in the personnel of the choirs.

As an example of the musical knowledge of the average Chicago church music committees one or two incidents which have come under the writer's personal observation will be good examples. Standing one day after service talking with the pastor of one of the largest and most influential churches of the city, a member of the music committee and a candidate for the position of organist approached. The society was using the building of another congregation while awaiting the completion of its own. A magnificent organ was being built for the new church, and the organ in the building temporarily occupied was an inferior instrument. The pastor desired to have the new organist begin his duties at once, but the committee-man was of a different opinion. He said: "You will only prejudice yourself if you play here. You see this organ hain't got no vox humane, and you can't lead no congregation if you hain't got no vox humane in the organ." The pastor, the organist, and the writer were almost convulsed. Another member of a church music committee which was trying a number of candidates for the position of organist cast his vote, which was the deciding vote, in favour of one of the candidates, giving as a reason that this particular player made more noise than either of the others. Nevertheless there are at present in Chicago some excellent church choirs. Several boy choirs are doing well; there are two or three chorus choirs, and solo artists of ability are found among them. There are also some of the greatest organists of the world in this city. One, at least, Clarence Eddy, has a great European reputation, having played in almost all the large cities on the Continent.

Taken altogether, the outlook for musical art in Chicago is reassuring. True there is not the musical atmosphere here which one would like to see, but it is developing. Many of our wealthy citizens contribute liberally each year to the funds necessary for the support of different organizations. The public shows the greatest interest in matters musical, and the hold of music upon the hearts of the people is demonstrated day by day. Chicago is young. Compared with the cities of the Old World she is a mere infant; yet her people are showing their love of art in every way, and also display commendable knowledge of artistic merit. It will not be many years before the thorough and conscientious work of the many earnest musicians of Chicago will bear fruit, and our city will be second to none in appreciation, understanding, and support of musical art.

Music is the contemplation of ourselves, our purest and best qualities. She is the mysterious power that subdues our sorrows and satisfies our joys. Her ever-present consoling influence fortifies our souls with almost all the force possessed by religion, and I doubt if the charm, with which she raises us out of ourselves, can find a parallel in the kingdom of magic.

—Louis Ehler.

Music for the People.

By LADY COLIN CAMPBELL.



LADY COLIN CAMPBELL.

Photo. by Russell & Sons, London.

AMONGST all the philanthropic efforts that have been made during the last twelve years to brighten the lives of the working classes probably few have had such excellent results as those that have aimed at bringing good music within the reach of the poorest of our fellow citizens. The love of music is widespread, but until certain societies took the matter in hand the artisan and his family could not gratify that love except at the music halls of the East and South of London—places to which many a respectable workingman would not take his wife and daughters; for it is not to be supposed that the majority of the labouring classes are indifferent to the effect such songs and equivocal allusions as were then rife at music halls would have upon the minds of their children. On the contrary, even in the poorest and roughest parts of London one finds fathers and mothers who watch over their families carefully to the point of severity, so as to keep them clear of undesirable acquaintances and unenviable knowledge. Besides even to untrained ears the songs of the music hall were hardly satisfying from a musical point of view. The lilt and swing such songs generally possess please that sense of time and rhythm which is the most universal characteristic of all people who are fond of music, and which is a far more widespread and general possession than is an ear for correct intonation. But the best proof that the musical appetites of the working classes of London were not satisfied with this music hall diet was the immediate success which crowned the first efforts of the bands of amateurs who organized popular concerts at popular prices in various poor districts of London. The halls were crowded to overflowing; the performers were begged to come again and again. While as to outward and manifest signs of appreciation no one knows what applause can be till he has heard an East End audience fairly "lift the roof" at the conclusion of some popular song sung by a favourite performer. There is no more delightful audience to sing to. Their close attention, their spontaneous sympathy, their appreciation of dramatic quality, and their perfect candour establish at once a friendly feeling between them and the singer, which is very different to the atmosphere of veiled hostility and carping criticism so often to be felt in what is termed a "drawing-room audience." What the working class audience likes it greets with immoderate enthusiasm; what it does not like it receives with a stony silence which falls like a mantle of ice on the unlucky performers. One is never in any doubt with an audience of this kind. It is as candid as it is enthusiastic, and usually has the immense merit of knowing its own mind.

I think, on the whole, what a popular audience most appreciates is the dramatic quality and rendering of a song. Dramatic diction and phrasing go to their hearts at once, whether the song be tuneful or not. It must be owned that this is a part of the art of singing sufficient attention to which is not paid in most English teaching. How many professional singers does one hear annually, both in theatre and concert hall, whose words can be heard distinctly as they should be in every corner of the building? Not many, I am afraid. Careless, undramatic, slovenly pronunciation, indifference to the closing syllable of each word, slurring of words together—these are faults only too often to be met with in singers who possess every natural quality of voice and vocalization to secure success. They will never reach the heart of their audiences until they recognize the value and use of the words they sing. So universal is this indifference amongst singers who ought to know better that it has also taken hold of the composers—at least this is the only conceivable explanation of the rubbish, the doggerel that many song writers of ability condescend to set to music. And yet the absolute idiocy of the words often make charming

melodies impossible to be sung by any one who is possessed of any dramatic feeling whatsoever. It is impossible to put emphasis, meaning, or pathos into these "asses-milk-cum-water" productions. To try and do so would simply be to expose their absurdity; and no doubt the indifferent pronunciation of the majority of English ballad singers having had its effect in making English ballad writers indifferent as to the words they choose, the ballad when finished makes the singer even more indifferent as to whether the audience seizes the meaning of the words or not—and so the matter revolves in a vicious circle.

Of course it is a matter of great difficulty to those composers who are careful in the choice of their lyrics to succeed in getting good ones; but, with our vigorous and growing army of minor poets, it is hard to believe that some of their products are not tuneful enough to suggest a musical setting. I have reason to believe rather that the all-pervading imbecility of the majority of song-writers is in obedience to the wishes of the music publishers, who, no doubt, find threadbare ideas and phrases more popular than verses that deserve and require careful declamation.

Not many months ago a friend of mine, a composer of experience and talent, wrote a song to some exquisite verses by one of the best of our minor poets. There was not a line or a word in the verses that was other than a dainty-fitting gem, charming in idea and sentiment, refined in expression. The publishers who habitually took all my friend's compositions were delighted with this one, but said they could not publish the song with such "unconventional" words—their sole unconventionality being that they were genuine poetry instead of the usual doggerel. In no country is this question of words for songs so neglected as it is in England. In France, Italy, and Germany the best works of famous poets are ransacked for lines to set to music; in England they are turned out (with the aid of a rhyming dictionary) by the yard by the first tyro who makes "groove" and "love" rhyme together. It is a pity, for it is largely owing to the words that the ordinary English ballad has come to be viewed with such general contempt by singers of experience, who find it more profitable to turn their attention to the works of foreign composers.

With popular audiences this question of appropriate words is of paramount importance. A song that tells a story such as they can understand, that expresses some strong emotion in simple dramatic language will go to their hearts direct, when all sorts of floriture and jingling rhymes about "roses" and "posies" will leave them quite unmoved. It is not necessary even that the verses should be of high poetic quality. It is true they will never tire of listening to "Auld Robin Gray," the ideal type of the simple dramatic ballad, but they will also give a perennial welcome to "The Children's Home" and "We'd Better Bide a Wee." They want no complex analysis, no recondite expressions, none of the botanical descriptions which form so large a part of the stock in trade of the modern purveyor of words for songs. The simple emotions that are older than the dramas of Æschylus are those they best appreciate when expressed in a form that permits of dramatic interpretation and emphasis. They like having their feelings "harrowed"; on the whole they prefer being made to feel momentarily miserable by the recital of passionate grief and sentimental sorrow than to be rendered hilarious by a comic song. A remark overheard once on leaving a concert hall in Bermondsey, "That's 'er wot made our Jim cry t'other night," was probably the highest and most heartfelt meed of admiration the singer in question ever received.

It may certainly be taken as a fact that "Jim's" emotion was chiefly due not so much to the music as to the words, and therefore I would recommend any singer, professional or amateur, who desires to win the hearts of the audiences in the poor quarters of our great towns, to pay more attention, if anything, to the words of the songs than to their musical setting. The most beautiful song in the world (from the musical point of view) may fall perfectly flat on unresponsive ears if the words are of the usual commonplace character without any dramatic quality, while an inferior melody wedded to words that can grip the heart will be applauded to the echo. And if the splendidly civilizing influence of music is to be brought to bear on the rough elements in our midst it will chiefly take root and bear fruit through the power and choice of song words that go straight to the heart.

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From Frederic H. Cowen, London.



FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Photo. by Barrands, Ltd., London.

TO THE EDITOR—
Dear Sir: You were good enough to ask me to write an article for this special number of your paper. You were probably unaware at the time you made this flattering request that I have entirely given up Music, and even were this not the case, my natural and proverbial modesty would compel me to refrain from airing my views in public on any branch of the Art I have come to the determination to devote my remaining years to the greatest of all arts—Poetry, for which I cannot help feeling I have been destined since my birth. I send you my first attempt, which has been inspired by a short sojourn in the secluded village of Hammersmith, whither I went for a little rest and change after the troubles and worries of a London season.

If you care to publish the poem you are quite welcome to it. I am fully aware that it has no connection whatever with Music; but this I consider rather an advantage than otherwise. In any case, if you do not feel disposed to print it in the body of your paper, for fear, doubtless, of making other musicians envious, perhaps you would insert it among the advertisements; it would at least show the world that I have hitherto mistaken my vocation, and might help me considerably in obtaining commissions for further work of the kind. I am willing to pay you liberally for this publicity or to give you a royalty on all orders I receive through your firm. You will probably prefer the former.

I remain, Dear Sir,

Yours, hopefully and gratefully,

FREDERIC H. COWEN.

73 Hamilton Terrace, London, N. W., July 17th, 1894.

THE PLEASURES OF THE COUNTRY.



O, ye pleasures of the country, where
Dame Nature holds exclusive sway,
Where roses grow, and birds do sing,
And fields are full of scented hay!
What charms are yours! What worldly
ly cares
Your very name doth chase away!
(Allow me thus to flatter you
Before I take my holiday!)

With youth renewed the heart doth beat,
As, whirled along the iron road,
The red-gold meadows come in sight
All gay with corn and poppies sowed.
("Now, porter, where's my luggage?" "Left
At Paddington?" "Well, I am blowed!")

How lovely is the early morn
When lark his matin-song is singing,
And the sky doth blushing wait
While roseate East the sun is bringing!
("Who keeps on knocking at my door?"
"It's nine o'clock, sir. Bell's just ringing!")

How sweet to ramble through the fields
Where cattle graze so leisurely,
And watch the bright-winged butterfly,
And listen to the hum of bee!
("Was that a bull?" "I never knew
How quickly I could climb a tree!")

To lie full length upon the sward
Just where the branches shade the light,
Oblivious of all around,
With eyes that play at sleep and night—
("I wish my clothes were insect-proof!
Good gracious! How these midges bite!")

Or else to sit and dream and muse
Alone with Nature, magic weaver,
And breathe her sweetly perfumed air—
How sad to think I e'er must leave her!—
("A-tishoo!! No! I've not caught cold—
I'm rather subject to hay-fever.")

Or to paddle on the silver stream
And gently o'er its bosom skim,
Or swiftly ply the willing oar
Till strained in every nerve and limb!—
("Twas not a crab! Pray, can't a man,
If so inclined, just have a swim?")

How pleasant, too, the homely game
Of cricket on the green hard by,
While hens and chicks and ducks and geese
Across, around the wickets fly!
("Don't mention it! A raw beefsteak
Will cure this bruise upon my eye!")

The fragrant cup on river bank!
The music of the noisy kettle!
With water-lilies floating round
That glisten white in every petal!—
("There goes an earwig in your tea!"
"And I'm reclining on a nettle!")

What bliss to stroll beneath the moon,
And to sweet Philomela list;
And watch the sparkle on the stream,
As by the moonbeams it is kissed!—
("You say 'tis not a London fog,
Only the usual river mist?")

And then to sleep on downy bed,
While stars the heavens do bedeck;
A happy, peaceful, babe-like sleep,
Which no nocturnal sounds can check!—
("That wretched peacock! Will he scream
All night? I'd like to wring his neck!")

Oh, ye pleasures of the country, where
Dame Nature holds exclusive sway,
Where roses grow, and birds do sing,
And fields are full of scented hay!
What charms are yours! What worldly cares
You magically chase away!
(I'm much afraid I flatter you,
But then—I've had my holiday!)

F. H. COWEN.

Practical Voice Culture versus Theoretical.



NE hesitates with a feeling of reluctance to speak of this well-worn subject, and yet, as I review the many articles on the various methods of voice-culture which in the last year have been published, I believe that not one would help a student to anything

but confusion. It is of little consequence to a singer to speak of the buccal and frontal sinuses, and of diaphragmatic and costal breathing, unless the functions of these organs can be clearly illustrated and explained. Masters of anatomical singing are numerous, but one who teaches the vocal organs to respond unconsciously to the will of the singer is alone to be depended upon as a teacher of artistic singing.

If singing is to be counted a mechanical art, then, perhaps, the study of anatomy may be a key with which to unlock the hidden subtleties of song; but from the days of "Chenaniah," the first singing master of Biblical fame, to the present day there is no record of the success of any method which makes a mechanical instrument of the human voice. It is an easy matter to describe the manner in which a tone should vibrate on the buccal and frontal sinuses, to talk of the proper way of inhaling and exhaling, which leaves the throat and lungs perfectly free. Any throat-specialist can write far more satisfactorily on this subject than it is possible for the most theoretical of our anatomical singing masters to do. But

what the world of song needs is less Theory and better Practice.

The character of vocal technique is as explicable and marked as that of instrumental music, which is acquired, not from text-books, but from actual practice under the direction of a master who has himself become proficient in the method (not of his own making) which he teaches. That a vocal technique is an absolute necessity to one who would succeed in the art of song should be a more fully acknowledged fact.

Musical perception, dramatic power and poetical emotion are of little worth, and serve only to make a singer ridiculous, unless he possesses a technique sufficiently strong to enable him to express all emotions intelligently. The technique of voice-culture, which depends upon unconsciousness of muscles rather than upon knowing their position and actual workings, must be founded upon the simple principles of breathing and pronunciation. The master must have a practical knowledge of the exact position and quality of the tone.

He must be capable of explaining how the vocal current, controlled by the diaphragm, is directed to the buccal and frontal sinuses, for by this means the tone is easily placed.

Vocal technique is far less dependent upon theory than instrumental, which fact renders the requirements of the singing master doubly exacting; but it is also true that the foundation of vocal music, namely, correct tone-production, is within the grasp of everyone. As each individual is supplied alike with vocal organs, so each one can be taught to produce a correct tone. I do not assert that everyone can be taught to sing, for the art of singing depends upon a combination of talents.

I have said that each voice can be taught to produce a good tone. This may at first seem a startling assertion, but upon reflection it will be found that all unmusical tones are due to improperly directing the vocal current, either too high, toward the nasal cavity, or pressing it against the "walls" of the throat. These faults can be overcome by using the lips and "tip" of the tongue in the formation of words. As a clear, pure and artistic pronunciation is one of the chief elements of correct singing, I feel that the importance of using the lips and tongue in the pronunciation of words cannot be too strongly urged by those who are interested in the development of the singing voice.

The vowel sounds, sustained by the breath, will pass into the buccal and frontal sinuses, or vibrating points of the voice, but the consonants must be formed and held by the lips if a distinct pronunciation is to be acquired. Thus far I have spoken only of the practical technique of voice-culture, which, to be perfected, requires much more care and equally as long, if not a longer time than is usually given to the technique of instrumental music. How little this fact is appreciated may be easily understood when we observe many of the singers of the present time. After one or two years of study a young singer is launched on the stage as an artiste (?). Perhaps she has in a measure mastered the music she essays to sing, and, nature having endowed her with beauty and dramatic talent, she is considered a success. After a few years she is heard of no more—the voice is lost! When next she appears it is as a celebrated teacher (?)—alas, of what?

Is there in any other art or science so vast a field for deception and humbug as vocal music? Years of practical study bring the conscientious student only to the realization of the necessity for constant work if he would in any degree approach the perfection of which the voice is capable. When the technique, which is the foundation, but only the foundation, of singing, is gained, we leave the study as a science and begin with the subtleties of the art of vocal music. When this point is reached the method has become nature. Like well-oiled machinery, the vocal organs move smoothly and quietly in ready response to the mind of the singer. Up to this point anyone who has a musical ear can be trained, but just here ends the power of the master; only so far does method serve.

Until this perfection in technique is gained it is criminal in a master to force the voice of his pupil in dramatic singing. It matters not what the histrionic gifts may be; a master has no right to convert the talents of his pupils to his own advantage at the risk of sacrificing the voice. The dramatic talent will

not be impaired by more exacting vocal study, but until one has acquired the art of speaking musically no declamation should be attempted.

Every singer who holds the art of vocal music sacred should insist upon the use of the Italian operas as the most valuable music for the cultivation of the voice. Composed, as they were, at a time when the human voice was considered of all musical instruments the most worthy to be cultivated, we find in them that combination of words and music most calculated to develop the expression of emotion, while it affords opportunities for the exercise of the technique. No musician would assert that the orchestration of these operas compares in any way with that of the modern German opera, but it is to the vocal requirements of the Italian school that we can trace the perfection of all the singers who have excelled in the art. That this perfection was not acquired in a year or two the records of singers, past and present, will attest.

But to those who attempt an artistic career with only a moderate amount of study it matters not what the talent may be, the consequences will be deplorable. The public will accept for a while anything that amuses, but in the awakening of all the arts vocal music will be stirred from its lethargy and a standard will be established by which singers must be judged. There are still in the world some musicians who work for Art, and not for gain or glory, whose nobility of purpose I would gladly acknowledge here, but I fully appreciate that the artistic fruits of their labours bear the best testimony to their services in the cause of voice-culture.

RATCLIFFE CAPERTON.

PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.

Hereford Festival.



THE origin of the Festival of the Three Choirs of Gloucester, Worcester and Hereford was the custom of an annual meeting of those three choirs, which had become a social practice early in the eighteenth century and had then for its object simply good fellowship

and the enjoyment of a day or two's entertainment of concerted music. It would seem, too, that associated with these three choirs from the beginning were small musical societies of lovers of music in the three cathedral towns. This had gone on for some years previous to the year 1724, but it was in that year that the meeting was first made available towards promoting the special charitable object, with which it has ever since been connected, viz., making provision for the education and maintenance of the orphans, and assisting the widows of the poor clergy of the three dioceses of Gloucester, Worcester and Hereford. The widows, however, were not included in the earliest stage of the charity.

The initiative of this now venerable charity may be fairly said to have come from Hereford. It followed up a remarkable and powerful sermon preached for the benefit of the Sons of the Clergy at St. Paul's by Dr. Thomas Bisse, Chancellor of the Choir in Hereford Cathedral, a year or two before the date mentioned. On the occasion of the annual meeting being held at Gloucester in 1724, Dr. Bisse, acting on the principles he had preached, suggested that at the annual meeting there should be a collection at the church doors for the purpose aforementioned. This was unanimously approved, and hand-bills were issued to announce the collection and its object, and to inform the public that the fund would be administered by six Stewards, two for each diocese, a clergyman and a layman for each.

Subsequent to 1751 there have been modifications of the original plan with which we need not trouble our readers. It would seem that in 1794 a rule was introduced whereby only those who subscribed a guinea were entitled to a ticket at the first and second concerts, if present on those days; if absent from both, they were entitled, on forfeiture of a guinea more, to two tickets for the remaining concert. These forfeitures went towards expenses of the band, etc.; the Stewards making up any deficit over or above, as now. The Widows' and Orphans' Fund has, however, not been solely dependent on the collections at the annual festivals, for these are fre-

quently and liberally supplemented by donations and subscriptions from the charitably disposed in the dioceses.

In the earlier phases of these festivals the expenses were very modest, as compared with those of the present time: they have gone on ever increasing, till even a large sale of tickets (some of them rather high priced) has been seldom if ever quite sufficient to cover all expenses without being largely supplemented by the Stewards, who act thus as guarantors. Their liability, owing to the smallness of the number, used to be practically unlimited; but of late years, by greatly increasing the number of Stewards, it has been limited to a deposit of £5 each. The number this year, 1894, is larger than ever and considerably over 200. It is thus possible in successful years, when the sale of tickets is large and economical management good, to hand back to the Stewards a large proportion of their deposit, if not all. The money returned is often given to the charity or returned, to be carried forward towards the expenses of the next festival.

These festivals have encountered a good deal of opposition and obloquy on various grounds; such as the supposed desecration of the Cathedral by a musical performance of the nature of a concert; or by the imperfect morals or religion of the executants; the behaviour of the audience, or even the radical objection of the musical form of the oratorio itself, it being considered a desecration of sacred themes. The last objection has now-a-days practically disappeared, and so far from the oratorio or sacred cantata being thought unfit for performance in a consecrated building, there is no inconsiderable number of thoughtful people who hold that oratorio should not be performed except in a consecrated building, and that it should be regarded as a species of religious service in itself.

Without entering into a discussion of any of these questions, we may remark that of late years the demeanour of the audience has greatly improved. People do not chat and behave as in a concert room; nor (as used frequently to be the case) carry their refreshments with them to be consumed in the Cathedral. Similar improvement may be recorded among the executants, and it is now usual to preface each performance in the Cathedral with a short service composed of collects, the Lord's Prayer, versicles and responses, and at the conclusion there is a collect and benediction. The chief object of disapproval (especially with High Churchmen) of late years has been payment for seats in the mother-church of the diocese, which it is maintained should be free and open without charge to all. An attempt was made at Worcester a few years ago to remove apparently (but strictly speaking only apparently) this last objection, by greatly reducing expenses as to principals and chorus, erection of an orchestra, etc. Even thus, as a considerable proportion of the executants did not give their services gratuitously, and there were other unavoidable expenses, it was found that some sort of charge upon admission was necessary, and the above objection was supposed to be got over by calling and regarding the payment as a subscription and not a purchase of tickets. But, as far as we can remember, there was no admission without the production of a receipt of the so-called subscription.

This scheme (which was nicknamed "The Festival of the Five Priests") was found so to cripple and dwarf the musical efficiency of the performance and was so unpopular, that, after one trial, it was abandoned, never being tried at either Gloucester or Hereford. A concession, as it were, to the Free and Open Church party has been made in having a grand concluding service on the Friday afternoon, with orchestral accompaniments and augmented choir, principal artistes, etc. To this all comers are admitted free of charge. This service, however, has yet not been introduced at the festivals at Hereford. It may be, we think, regarded as a *fait accompli* that the objections above mentioned have been so far overborne that these festivals are now secure from overthrow thereby.

In the strictly musical and artistic point of view, the festivals were never so flourishing nor so musically important as in the present decade. The balls with which these festivals used to conclude have been for many years dropped, and so a further element of secularization that some good people used to object to has been got rid of. The earlier concert programmes used to be merely of the ordinary type of purely miscellaneous concert, and that often very heterogene-

ous and ill put together, containing no important work, unless we except a symphony occasionally. Now, there is only one "Grand Miscellaneous Concert" which we may say always contains, besides a symphony, one work in cantata form, or a selection from a work or works of one great master: e. g., this year there is, besides a short cantata by a living composer, a grand selection from the greatest works of Wagner. A classical chamber concert has replaced the ball on Friday evening ever since that was dropped, and the remaining evening performances are of sacred music in the Cathedral. This gives increased opportunities for those living composers who can rise to "the high argument" of bringing out an oratorio or, at least, sacred cantata, on a scale not to be attained out of London and the largest cities, and with the advantage not even there attained of the hallowed locale of one of our grand old cathedrals. All this is a distinct incentive to musical creation of a high aim and character.

On the cultivation of choral and instrumental music these festivals exercise a beneficial and ever increasing influence for good, in giving members of the choral societies in the three cathedral towns something to look forward and work up to; besides that, as mere membership in these societies does not involve being selected for the local contingent, and the selection includes such vocalists in the respective counties as are found equally eligible with the best members of the choral societies, to take part in the festival work is a sort of choralist "cordon bleu" in the "Three Choir Dioceses." Every year these united local choirs are becoming less dependent than they used to be on extraneous aid from the Metropolis, and the renowned chorus-singers of Yorkshire, Lancashire, Birmingham, etc. This year, for instance, and, we believe, for the first time in the annals of the festivals (at least on the enlarged scale of the festivals in the latter half of our century) the choir at the grand miscellaneous concert at Hereford will be exclusively local.

This is chiefly due, we may safely say, to the energy of and pains taken by the conductor of this year, (according to established custom) the organist of the Cathedral where the festival is held, Mr. George Robertson Sinclair. This gentleman succeeded the late Dr. Colborne in 1890 as organist of Hereford Cathedral, and conducted his first Three Choir Festival in 1891, winning golden opinions for the skill and tact with which he performed his arduous duties on that occasion.

Mr. Sinclair is one of those clear-headed and sound musicians who, while he has been grounded on all that is soundest and best of the classical traditions and science of music, sacred and secular, is no mere "Kapellmeister," but "moves with the times," and is open to receive and profit by and promote all that is a real gain to the art in the more modern schools of musical creation, such as Wagner, Brahms, Grieg, Rheinberger, etc.

He ventured on the daring experiment of the "Vorspiel" from Wagner's "Parsifal," which was performed at the Cathedral at the first festival that Mr. Sinclair conducted, greatly to the "fluttering of the doves" of some of the musical fogies. This year we have it repeated, and also a grand and most carefully put together selection from the works of Wagner. As Wagner's scores are of the richest and most exacting as to musical material and resources, it necessitates a very full band, so that this year there will be a body of instrumentalists exceeding in power and efficiency any had before at these festivals, and, as the choral contingents are in proportion strong and efficient, and the caste of principals a large and excellent one (including some of the highest talent in the profession), and as the Princess of Wales is expected to patronize this festival by her presence, and the programme is an unusually interesting one, we may look forward to the Hereford Festival of 1894 being musically and financially a brilliant success.

REV. W. D. V. DUNCOMBE,
Pastor of College of Vicars, Hereford.



GEORGE ROBERTSON SINCLAIR,
Conductor.

Photo. by Jakeman & Carver, Hereford.

Pianoforte Teaching and Teachers.



FRANKLIN TAYLOR.

Photo. by Lombardi & Co., London.

AS one who has been almost exclusively engaged in pianoforte teaching for more than thirty years, and who has thought much upon the subject, I may, perhaps, be allowed to write down some of my opinions as to what teaching and teachers ought to be. The first requisites for the piano are touch and technique. Music, addressed as it is to the sense of hearing,

may fitly be compared to a language, and in learning any language one of the first essentials is pronunciation. One may be fully impressed with the beauties of a fine passage of poetry or prose, but if one is unable to pronounce properly the language in which it is written it will be impossible to speak the passage so as to affect the hearer agreeably. Technique is the pronunciation of music, and the same conditions govern the delivery of both a musical and a literary composition. Again, music is a language which cannot be used for purposes of ordinary conversation, but serves almost entirely for the delivery of written compositions, and, therefore, tone-production, and what may be called the elocution of music, will be a necessity. A pianist with a good touch but deficient technique resembles a speaker who has an agreeable voice, but who is not sufficiently practised in his language (by which for the purposes of our comparison a foreign language must be understood—we have no "mother tongue" in music) to avoid hesitation and mispronunciations, while a player possessing a large amount of technique but a bad touch may be compared to a speaker who speaks fluently but with a harsh voice, or indistinctly or nearly inaudibly. Perhaps the pianist is even more dependent on touch than the orator is on voice-production, but I hardly know if this is so. Surely not the least part of the charm of Sarah Bernhardt's presence lies in the beautiful and musical quality of her voice.

A good teacher, then, will first direct his attention to the pronunciation of the musical language, the technique, but will by no means neglect the other and equally important matter, the production of good tone; the two must be developed together. I have frequently met with pupils whose previous training has been too exclusively directed to the advancement of technique, and I have found it far more difficult to improve the touch and tone than to increase the executive powers of others, whose touch is better than their technique.

This is hardly the place in which to endeavour to formulate rules for the acquirement of a good technique, but one important, because frequently neglected point in technical training may perhaps be especially mentioned. This is the education of the left hand. Many players having a fair general technique are still very weak in the left hand, with the consequence that the music is insufficiently supported by the bass, the effect of the modulations is weakened, and the left-hand passages are imperfectly rendered.

The cause of this is that the left hand suffers under certain disadvantages. For one thing, pianoforte music generally contains much more work for the right hand than for the left, and the right naturally gets the most practice. Another cause is that the left hand is far less obedient to the will than the right. If one sees a glass falling from a table, one naturally puts out the right hand, not the left, to save it, and it is this daily and lifelong education of the right hand which has brought about a disproportion in the powers of the two hands, which it must be the task of the teacher to redress.

The next requirement of the pupil (if there can be a next where all the details which go to form a successful result must be continually and assiduously watched by the teacher) is rhythm, in which are included time and accent. I think this is the weak point with most pupils. Even advanced pupils make continual mistakes in this respect, not only in difficulties such as combined rhythms of three or five notes against two, but in simpler matters also, cur-

tailing the values of rests, hurrying when a change of notation occurs from slower to more rapid notes, and so on, while every teacher of beginners will acknowledge the difficulty of teaching the average pupil to play reasonably well in time. I think these difficulties may be lessened to a great extent if a proper view of the relation of note-values is inculcated. If the pupil is merely taught that semiquavers are to be played twice as quickly as quavers, and demisemiquavers four times as quickly, he will, unless he has a naturally good ear for rhythm, be very likely to miss the proportion and play the shorter values too fast or not fast enough. But if he is made to observe that in a group of varying note-lengths certain notes fall at regular intervals, that is to say, at the beats or half-beats which he is accustomed to count, and if he plays these notes, and these only, at first, until the rhythm is impressed upon his ear, he will have little difficulty in afterwards filling in the intermediate spaces with the notes belonging to them. Time is to the ear what space is to the eye, and the task of playing a variety of note-lengths within a given time and with due proportion, is analogous to that of marking out a given space into divisions of varying length, which would be best accomplished by first dividing the whole space into a convenient number of equal portions, after which the filling in of the required subdivisions would be far easier than would be the case if the eye had to take in the whole undivided space, and judge the proportions of the smaller divisions unassisted.

Another important point, properly a branch of technique, is the art of correct part playing in fugues, etc. Here the training must be very gradual and much time must be spent on the easiest possible exercises until every note can be sustained for its full value without confusion and with strict observance of legato, before attempting even the moderate difficulties of, say, Bach's Inventions. Balance of tone, that is, the due prominence or subordination of the various parts, can also be best taught by means of fugues, but, as these are always difficult, the way must be prepared by the study of such works as Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words," which form a most valuable series of studies in this direction.

The successful teacher, then, must have at his command all the means indicated above, and many others, with which to help the pupil through his numerous difficulties, but, apart from all this, there is the personal element to be considered.

Of course, no imperfectly educated musician can be a good teacher, but I am sure that it is possible for one possessing all the requisite knowledge and the best intentions to prove an unsuccessful one, and this from the lack of certain qualifications which are, to my thinking, essential to success. The first of these seems to be that he should love his work, that his chief interest should lie in studying the various abilities and disabilities of his pupils, and his chief reward in noting their successes. When I hear a teacher railing at the hard fate which condemns him to give lessons, and declaring that he would never give another if he were not compelled, I know that he cannot be a really good teacher.

That the teacher must be patient goes without saying; he must have a good temper, which should remain good even when severely tried, and, above all, he must possess the faculty of putting himself in his pupil's place and realizing his difficulties as though they were his own, that he may the better help him to overcome them. Of course, he must be sufficiently an executant to be able to illustrate his instructions practically. Example is better than precept.

With regard to the bestowal of praise or censure, mistakes are possible in opposite directions. Pupils vary very much in temperament, and the indiscriminate and frequent praising of a talented and forward pupil does as much harm as the withholding of a few words of encouragement from one who is less apt and more diffident. The teacher should not be sarcastic. Sarcasm is a weapon too frequently made use of by young teachers, I think, as a sort of mild revenge for the worries which the pupils innocently inflict on them; but it does the pupil no good. Moreover, teachers should always recollect that criticism, sarcastic or otherwise, is not teaching. When the time comes for little or no actual teaching to be necessary, then intelligent criticism becomes valuable, and then the teacher's pleasure in his pupil will be at its height, and his previous labours will have found their reward.

FRANKLIN TAYLOR.

From a Lecture on the Orchestra.

WRITTEN BY DR. A. C. MACKENZIE, OF LONDON, FOR THE MUSICAL COURIER.



A. C. MACKENZIE.

Photo. by Cameron Studio, London.

THE designs of the various forms of composition (sonata, rondo, lied, etc.) had already been finally perfected and shaped into beauty by Haydn and Mozart, when Beethoven appeared upon the scene. But so gigantic a mind was not likely to suffer much restraint, or to rest content within any prescribed or accepted limits. Only for a brief period did he

follow the track of his seniors, and soon his powerful individuality asserted itself to leave its indelible mark on every known art-form which he chose to adopt as the medium for expressing his thoughts.

Beethoven's brush-strokes were bolder and more sweeping than other men's, requiring a larger canvas than had hitherto sufficed. But, for all that, there is no palpable desire to disturb wantonly any existing methods observable in his work: the limits, the outlines or stereotyped forms seem to yield and widen themselves to accommodate his ideas without strain or effort. This is also shown in his instrumentation. So far from wishing to add to the number of orchestral instruments already in use for the mere sake of producing effects, he did not even avail himself of all the instruments at his command. Thus, we have only one instance of the use of the harp (in "Prometheus," a ballet) in all his scores. The corno Inglese, the basset horn or bass clarinet we do not meet with at all. The extreme instruments, such as the piccolo and contrafagotto are rarely used, and always with a view to special effect, and he is equally reticent and sparing in his employment of the trombones.

In "Fidelio" we have the somewhat unusual number of two trombones, introduced much after Mozart's manner to emphasize the strongest dramatic point in the story.

Considering the grandeur of his conceptions, Beethoven's orchestral demands, as regards numerical strength, are most modest. Viewed as orchestral instruments, the "wind" experiences a new treatment, entering as it does upon a period of virtuosity.

This is a transference of the higher demands made upon it in chamber music to the orchestra. This period of virtuosity may be said to have begun with Mozart's chamber music. Mozart first placed the clarinet in its present place of eminence in the orchestra. Beethoven's treatment of that instrument is in so far peculiar, inasmuch as he chiefly confines himself to the use of its upper and middle registers.

The horns stand high in his estimation; although he does not always treat them quite kindly, they are employed constantly and freely, if sometimes in a risky fashion. In fact, he anticipated those improvements in the construction of instruments, which he knew were bound to be made sooner or later. The advent of the chromatic horns, now in use, must, for instance, have been foreseen by him.

To realize the growing importance of the superstructure of the "wind" upon the "strings" we have only to turn over the pages of "Fidelio." The brilliant part for three horns and one fagotto in Leonora's air, for instance, is a direct outcome from the time-honoured "obligato," with this all-important difference that it is not a mere unmeaning addition, but a necessary part of the whole organism. So, too, in the overture to "Fidelio" we may note the experiment of using the horn as a solo instrument. All this new treatment requires something more than mere executive skill on the part of the performer; observance of nuance, expression, etc., is expected, and the highly finished orchestral performances of to-day are in great measure due to Beethoven's authoritative and unrelenting demands upon instrumental executants.

A. C. Mackenzie

Mus. Doc., St. And. et Cantab, Principal
Royal Academy of Music—Conductor
Philharmonic Society.

MUSIC IN GERMANY FROM A BERLIN VIEW POINT.

EUROPEAN HEADQUARTERS OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
BERLIN, W. LINKSTRASSE 17, July 15, 1894.



Thinking over the features of the past Berlin musical season it has occurred to me that the readers of THE MUSICAL COURIER might be interested and perhaps, in some instances, benefited by the essence of my impressions and by a short analysis of the

musical situation in Germany. I do not claim infallibility for my opinions, but I have been enabled to observe closely, naturally assuming that average public manifestations are indexes of the actual status of music. The folios of unheard musicians may possibly contain greater works than those that have as yet attained publicity; but this rather improbable condition cannot enter as a factor into this short review.

I shall divide my impressions into two classes, viz., those made by productive and those caused by reproductive musical art.

Productive.

The volume of musical production in Germany is now greater than ever before, but, for reasons that I shall state, little of this immense volume is worthy of notice, and still less of it will survive after the composers thereof and their friends shall have ceased fanning the spark of interest the public may take in them. In other words, most of the works of modern German composers will come out of Time's crucible in a sorry plight. Alloy will be found to so far preponderate that most of them will be cast aside and forgotten.

The better class of German composers, those who are intellectually forceful, divides itself into two distinct schools, viz.: the Wagnerian and the anti-Wagnerian, and there is little to choose between them. The demoralization of both is traceable to the influence of the great Bayreuth master—that of the Wagnerians, because they go too far in imitating and even want to outdo him; and that of the others, because they, in their pedantic blindness, fail to see the necessity for writing nineteenth century music; in order to do which they must avail themselves of nineteenth century resources, many of which were developed by Richard Wagner.

Most of those who imitate Wagner's forms and ideas make themselves ridiculous, for these elements were the expression of his individuality. Actors are wont to give Salvini, Booth, Irving, or Duse impersonations; but they are not called creations. They are meant to be farcical, and the better the imitations the more heartily we laugh at them. Were music as tangible as speech, or as plain in its significance as facial or bodily contours, then parasites would be laughed out of our concert halls and opera houses, for they wish to be taken seriously.

Wagner was a genius, and lived to fully develop his individuality. His later works are clear and unique. His music-dramas furnish a rich mine for the uninventive; but each fibre of his creations, from and after the "Meistersinger" period, is so very characteristic of Wagner that no one can employ them without in a degree stultifying himself.

Richard Strauss seems to me to be the only one of this school to whom there might be vouchsafed a possible future. He at present, as I said in my "Guntram" review, out-Wagners Wagner, inasmuch as he is utterly reckless. He has moments of clean invention; is mostly, if not always poetic in his outlines, but must clarify his style and moderate his demonstrativeness. He is painfully restless and often inconsequent, because his real personality, being still impregnated with Wagner, has not yet materialized, although in such works as "Death and Apotheosis" and "Don Juan" it has given abundant indications of its existence. It strikes me that Richard Strauss' nature has the elements of greatness, but he will not cease to do his creative talent

injustice until that time comes—if it ever do—when he shall begin to work on his own lines.

Wagner was forceful already while under the Weber and Meyerbeer lead; but he was not absolutely great while traces of this influence lasted. The processes of clarification and emancipation are apparent in "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," and the "Meistersinger" and "Tristan" mark the fulfilment. From these works on Wagner is himself, and evolves ever greater and clearer import in the expression of his own conceptions in his own way.

Strauss must abandon the pleasant and fruitful fields, and, like his great prototype, break new ground before he will become a real and enduring factor in musical creation. His enthusiastic following of ultra-Wagnerites will make that difficult; but so strong and pronounced a talent as Richard Strauss may come to a realizing sense of its own possibilities and duties in spite of the apparently friendly, but in verity untoward surroundings.

The German public that pays to hear music has distinctly expressed its disapprobation of Wagnerism as practised by his imitators, in that it has flocked to hear all the more or less volatile Italian effusions that have of late been imported. This public loves Wagner, but it is desperately tired of impulseless Wagnerism, and has shown effusive delight over the direct, although not over-intellectual efforts of Mascagni and Leoncavallo. These men, especially the latter, have also indeed been inoculated with Wagner virus; but their Italian natures being less deep and earnest than the German, the poison has manifested itself in less obnoxious forms.

Verdi has also been influenced by Wagner, but in a legitimate way, and not to such a degree as to encroach upon his well-defined individuality. That which Verdi learned from Wagner merely made "Falstaff" music of our times.

The other school, the anti-Wagnerian, has for many years shown no bright light in Germany, with the exception, of course, of the giant Brahms, whom, however, I cannot here discuss, and who besides of late years seems to be enjoying his *otium cum dignitate*. Eugen d'Albert, however, has more recently thrown off sparks that bespeak real creative individuality. I should be much and sorely disappointed did he fail to prove an illuminator. The flashes of original invention contained in some of his late works certainly overshadow his highest pianistic accomplishments—and that is saying a great deal.

Here, then, we have Strauss and d'Albert, real talents, and embodying the strongest elements of their respective schools. Why is it that there are so few in Germany who are worthy of discussion?

I, in a way, answered this question when I said that the condition of musical production was, in a great measure, attributable to the influence of the great Bayreuth master; but I must yet explain in what way this influence has accomplished so much harm; viz., how it has led to a generation of composers who, as a rule, are devoid of distinguishing veins of thought and invention.

German thoroughness often, indeed almost generally, develops pedantic pedagogues, who, failing to see beyond the narrow confines of their theories, dislike Wagner because he was to their shortsightedness a non-conformist, and, in a fear of his influence, they smother all manifestations of individuality in their pupils, forgetting that this element is the only forcible quality that can justify composers in giving publicity to their writings, and, in fact, the only force that can protect them from being drawn into the maelstrom of imitation.

There is a point in the education of young musicians (at the beginning of semi-original work) when the teacher should try to discover germs of individuality. If they are found it becomes his sacred task to nurture them into logical activity. With the fear of Wagner before them few teachers do this. They rather hold the lines of conservatism so taut that their pupils not infrequently wind up in producing merely more or less forceful illustrations of their own (the teacher's) modes and forms.

When such young composers go out into the world, having started no vein of their own which would protect them from too preponderating outward influences, they usually either persist in Mozartism or fall victims to Wagner. In either case Wagner is, through the instrumentation of pedagogic Philistines, made to exert an untoward influence. The immense volume of worthless music which, as

critic, one is nowadays in the habit of encountering has impelled me to think this matter over carefully. Germany is certainly pervaded—as is no other land—by a musical atmosphere; therefore, until investigated, it seems anomalous that her younger generation should be producing so little that is really attractive. I must make my position clearer by repeating in another form what I have already said, viz., no music is great unless characteristic of its composer and at the same time logically forceful. I hear little German music of our day that possesses either of those qualities.

Reproductive.

In this category German accomplishments are far higher than in that of production. They are indeed, as regards quantity greater than those of other nations. Here German thoroughness bears admirable fruits, although likewise marked by several incongruities! Before considering general methods and results I will point out a few of those things that seem to me incompatible with high artistic aims:

1. The string quartets in most of the large German orchestras are admirable. That of the Berlin Royal Orchestra, for instance, is incomparably the best aggregation of artists in the world; still, the wood and brass are partially only mediocre. Most German wind-players seem to me to have learned their instruments accidentally, and to play them to some degree incidentally, regarding them as unworthy or needless of that refined mastery which a violinist must attain, in order to be able to secure employment. It would seem also as if audiences are on the whole more surprised when these performers avoid crudities and give flawless and technically finished tone-productions than by their mishaps, which not infrequently cause smiles among the hearers, but seldom blushes on the faces of the delinquents.

These German wind-players should go to Paris where the traditions do not encourage hit-or-miss technique. They might then return with impulses to make themselves worthy associates of the knights of the bow. Even Italy appreciates the situation better than Germany; the wind of the Scala Opera House orchestra, of Milan, which is now playing at the Italian exhibition in Berlin, being far superior to any like or similar combination in Germany.

I do not wish to be understood as condemning the whole race of German wind-players, for there are some great masters among them; but the average, and even the higher grade are not adequately skillful.

Another anomaly is the existing intolerance shown habitually towards artists who come here after having dared to make themselves great without Berlin's aid—a circumstance which is seemingly regarded as unnatural, if not utterly impossible. They listen here to such artists with biased ears. Paderewski is the most glaring example. He made his name elsewhere, hence he fell flat in Berlin, although I am sure this Spree town has heard no such pianism as his (leaving Rubinstein's unique and entirely individual playing out of the question) since Liszt and Tausig last appeared here.

Another feature of German and more especially Berlin musical life that I cannot reconcile with high aim, good taste and indeed honesty, is the prevailing indorsement of, *all* that the old classical authors produced. If nobody can or wants to deny that Beethoven, Schubert, and Mozart were giants, it ought, nevertheless, and just as a token of sincerity and truthfulness, not to be gainsaid that they had their moments of weakness when they wrote rondo, variations, sonatas, and even, let us be really candid, symphonies unworthy of their powers.

In dropping discrimination when the works of these great men are concerned, we do them and the cause of true art incalculable harm. I can really imagine nothing more inane than ecstasy called into being by meaningless drivel just because it happens to be associated with a great name.

I do not think this weakness is confined to Berlin musicians, critics, and audiences, but I must acknowledge that I found it nowhere so pronouncedly prevalent as in this city. If art is to advance, judgment should never be suspended or lulled into inactivity by the incense which unthinking votaries burn to the memories of the old masters. Will you believe it that one of the principal critics of Berlin when I spoke to

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him at the end of the season about the fact that we have not yet heard here either the posthumous symphony by Tschalkowsky, or the American symphony by Dvorák, although both of these great works have already repeatedly been produced in New York, London, and Boston, the old sage with the heavy mane coolly answered me: "All the better for Berlin!"

These three conditions seriously affect the musical atmosphere, and there are lesser evils that co-operate with them in neutralizing to some extent the manifold good offices of broad-minded and far-seeing artists.

The shortcomings of German wind-players are attributable to the slight use that is made of them as soloists.

The intolerance and favouritism here is largely due to the influence of the Hochschule, a close corporation that uses more prejudice than judgment in the selection of its staff of instructors, and also in its attitude towards outside endeavours.

I have now said quite enough, if not too much in disapproval. I do not for one moment flatter myself that my weak words will inaugurate a revolution, but they may set some honest, unprejudiced men to thinking. The game is certainly worth the powder.

Let us now look at the more prominent features of Berlin's musical life as they have presented themselves during the past season. The Royal Opera, with Count Hochberg at its head and Henry Pierson as his most trustworthy *aide-de-camp*, has covered itself with glory. Operas, old and new, large and small, have been staged with startling effectiveness, and from my own experience I conclude that there is nothing that so completely brings the hearer into touch with the author (before and during action) as appropriate scenic settings. Our other senses are quite prone to take their pitch from sight. We are, therefore, much more apt to be in accord with that which is adequately set, than with equally significant material carelessly presented to the eye.

Modern opera employs three art agencies, viz., music, drama, and the pictorial. They are interwoven, each having its periods of supreme import, but the combination of all being almost constantly essential to complete significance. If Count Hochberg had a great dramatic tenor of the Niemann type, his equipment would be almost ideal. He has three admirable conductors, one of whom, Weingartner, is at the same time a concert-conductor who has no superior and very few equals. He stands on the same plane with Nikisch, Richter, and Seidl, and the one once upon a time occupied in the United States by Theodore Thomas.

Before speaking of the "Symphony evenings" of the Royal Orchestra under Weingartner's direction, let me first give here a short sketch of the statistics of the past opera season at the royal opera houses of Berlin, Hanover, Cassel, and Wiesbaden, which I take from Wilhelm Tappert's column of the "Kleine Journal."

To Wagner belonged in Berlin sixty-four evenings, and 112 evenings altogether in the four royal opera houses of Prussia; Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" had in Berlin alone forty-seven performances, while in Hanover, Cassel, and Wiesbaden it was given altogether twenty-five times. Far back in number against the previous year is Mascagni, whose "Cavalleria Rusticana" was given in Berlin twenty-six times, while at the other three opera houses it was heard only nineteen times.

In one of the former seasons one composer equalled in popularity Wagner, that was—Nessler. How quickly all this has been changed! "The Ratcatcher of Hamelin" was given only at Cassel (six performances), while "The Trumpeter of Saeckingen" was not heard there at all last season, but was given at Wiesbaden thrice, at Hanover twice, and at Berlin, only once. The star of Meyerbeer has all but paled; his "Robert the Devil," in fact, seems to have disappeared altogether—a fact which I regret. Still the quondam ruler of international opera managed to be heard altogether on twenty-three evenings, twelve of which belonged to "Les Huguenots." Mozart—as always—maintained his position. With fifty-nine performances he comes right behind the second best man, the Italian Leoncavallo; of these fifty-nine performances Berlin alone furnished forty-one; but it must be remembered that nineteen of

these were "Bastien and Bastienne" performances. The greatest success of the season was decidedly Hummel's "Mara," which during the short period of from October 11 to December 31, 1893, was given no less than seventeen times. Enna's "The Witch" was performed just a dozen times, then the score was banished—the Lord only knows why. According to hearsay, it was ultra-Roman Catholic influence which was brought into play; it was certainly sufficiently strong to cause the fine work to be dropped. What is sauce for Meyerbeer ought to have been sauce for Enna also—and who ever heard of anybody's having taken umbrage at the "Dedication of the Poignards" scene in the "Huguenots?" The monk with the cross or the Jesuit with the cross, I fail to see where the difference comes in.

For some operas the year 1893 was a very meagre one. "L'Amico Fritz" and "Boabdil" both appeared upon the boards only a single, perhaps, for the last time. This is certainly very painful, but consolation is offered in the thought that there are other operas that fared no better, as, for instance, "The Trumpeter of Saeckingen," "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "Czar and Carpenter."

The "Symphony evenings" of the Royal Orchestra, most of which are given under Weingartner's direction (only two of them were conducted by his most worthy substitute, Dr. Muck, during Weingartner's illness), are sometimes worth coming all the way from New York to hear. Weingartner's readings are not conventional; they do, however, throb with enthusiastic, but clearheaded impulses. People who object to individual conceptions from a conductor or soloist, should have their music served up by mechanical devices adjusted on accepted lines. Reproductive art is to me quite as dependent upon individuality as is the productive.

Manager Hermann Wolff's series of ten Philharmonic concerts (formerly conducted by Bülow) languished somewhat last season, and this is not to be wondered at. Bülow was not only the master of masters in wielding the baton; he was likewise a most intensely interesting musical and personally eccentric character. He was above all a most difficult predecessor. Who could readily succeed as his successor?

Manager Wolff tried various lights during the season of 1893-94, but none of them, with the but slightly accentuated exception of Hermann Levi, of Munich, proved attractive, until he came to Richard Strauss. The young Weimar, now Munich composer-conductor pleased and has been engaged to conduct the concerts during the season of 1894-95.

The distinguishing features between these concerts and the Royal Orchestra's "Symphony evenings" consist in the fact that the Philharmonic management engages soloists of importance and popularity, while the Royal Orchestra's programmes are purely orchestral. Moreover, the Philharmonic programmes, following up a suggestion made to Herr Wolff by the writer of this budget, will contain next season at least one great novelty never before heard in Berlin, while the programmes at the Opera House, although by no means antiquated or ultra-classic, promise very few, if any absolute novelties.

The "Popular Philharmonic Concerts," which are given at the Philharmonie every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Sunday during the entire season, were and will again be under the leadership of Prof. Franz Mannstaedt, a very excellent musician and a fair pianist. I think he does well, considering the difficulties he has to contend with. If the Angel Gabriel were to be engaged as second conductor of that orchestra he could not inspire those lads with respect. Still, these concerts are not bad, and they are almost invaluable to students, for they enable them to hear much for little money.

The concerts at the "Concert Haus," under Karl Meyder, do not merit extended notice. They are not educational; indeed, they are usually crude. As an illustration of the atmosphere that prevails, I will tell you that once upon a time a strange conductor, who officiated during Meyder's temporary absence, found fault with one of the oboes: "Can you not tune your instrument? It is terrible!" The player answered that he could not, and it was afterwards ascertained that he had played out of tune during the entire engagement.

Passing from the orchestras to the vocal societies

I must state that there are a very great number of male chorus societies; but, as most of their concerts are of a more or less private nature, they do not here concern us. Of mixed chorus societies, however, Berlin has three great ones, the concerts of all three of which are of musical importance. Foremost among them I must mention the Philharmonic Chorus, because under its young, energetic, and enthusiastic conductor, Herr Siegfried Ochs, this organization has quickly won its way into public favour, and is now at the head of the progressive movement in music in the German capital. The programmes frequently contain novelties, and it is only through the agency of Siegfried Ochs, with his Philharmonic Chorus of young voices, that we have become acquainted here with the choral works of Tinel, Bruckner, Hugo, Wolf, and others.

The Stern Singing Society, under Prof. Frederick Gernsheim's direction, holds the middle place between the classic and modern school, but culminates in the performance of Mendelssohn oratorios and works of that grade and tendency.

The ultra-classic "Richtung" is taken care of by the Singakademie, which time-honoured institution, under the direction of the time-honoured Prof. Martin Blumner, gives slow, but fairly concise performances of the sacred works by Bach and Händel.

Of the performances by the Joachim Quartet it is only necessary to say that they are still models for other like organizations. Their forte and specialty is the cultivation of classic chamber music, giving a hearing only to such moderns who, like Brahms, d'Albert, and Robert Kahn, have a tendency towards the continuation of the classic style and form.

The Halir Quartet would soon become a sharp rival of the Joachim, if it did not outline and purport a different character of programme, viz., the modern one. Professor Halir's removal next fall from Weimar to Berlin as concert-master of the Royal Orchestra will be a step of importance, and will help to perfect his quartet organization. It will, however, never be able to rival Joachim's with such an incapable second fiddle as is Markees. I cannot understand his retention in such a position, for the other members must of necessity feel the handicap which he imposes.

Of "Artists' concerts" there have been so many during the past season that my mind refuses to look back along their line of succession, and Manager Wolff just tells me that the outlook for next season's crop is just as fruitful. In order that my readers may understand why there are so many concerts of this class, and to convey some idea of their average character, I must give some peculiarities of the Berlin musical environment.

In the first place, all German artists, as well as many from other lands, think they must have appeared in concert in Berlin before they can hope for full recognition elsewhere. Very many, if not most of them would better have stayed at home. Then Berlin itself is a vast musical incubator with a few dozen conservatories—Professor Barth, Moszkowski, Klindworth, Hay, Jedliczka, Joachim, Wirth, Dreyschock (Halir and Brodski from next season on), and other less known promoters in charge.

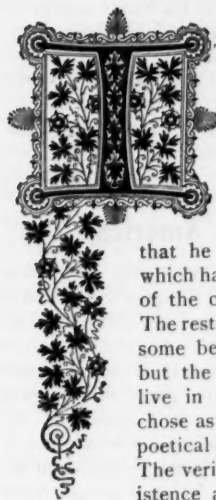
Many of these men feel it incumbent upon themselves also to make repeated public appearances, and most of them have given me rare pleasure; but the same cannot be said of the average first flights of their fledglings. These are often undertaken prematurely. One cannot soar while in the fluffy, pin-feathery stage of growth.

A remedy, and the only remedy against these multitudinous concerts that ought not to take place would suggest itself in a concerted action on the part of all the music critics of important papers. If these scribes would join in the motto of "death-silence" for everybody who is not worthy of mention, three-fourths of all the second and third-rate concerts which now fill their winter evenings to overcrowding would never be given. The really good artists, concerts and musical life generally, as well as the music critics themselves, would vastly profit thereby.

O. F.

Music is found to be one of the most valuable auxiliaries in the work of human civilization and refinement, preparing the heart for all else that is beautiful, opening up the avenues of pleasure in the other arts, inspiring a quicker sensibility to all the loveliness of nature, and consequently softening our feelings towards one another.—James C. Moffat.

An Iroquois Ritual.



It is not as well or as widely known as it ought to be that the Hiawatha of Longfellow's poem is the mythical evolution of an historical personage. There once was an Indian named Hiawatha, but the whole contribution that he made to the beautiful poem which has carried his name to the ends of the civilized world was that name. The rest is a version of Indian legends, some belonging to Hiawatha's people, but the majority to the Indians who live in the locality which the poet chose as the theatre of the lovely and poetical incidents which he has treated. The veritable Hiawatha (of whose existence at one time I have as little

doubt as I have of the one time existence of Columbus, Professor Fiske to the contrary, notwithstanding) was an Onondaga Chief, who lived in a section of the country now embraced by the State of New York, and who, if not the actual founder of the Iroquois League, famous in American history, was largely instrumental in bringing it about. In fact, if the conclusions of my good friend, the philologist Horatio Hale, are founded on fact, it was Hiawatha who conceived that remarkable political organization for a purpose as lofty as any that ever inspired the soul of statesman or philanthropist, his aim being to introduce universal peace among mankind.

The Hiawatha of Longfellow is a supernatural being of the Ojibways, a sort of Indian Osiris, who had nothing to do with the Iroquois, who still reverence the memory of their national hero, Hiawatha, Hayenwatha, Ayonhwatha or Taoungwatha, as the name is variously pronounced. (As I have heard it fall from the lips of the Chief Councillor of the Onondagas, it was Hai-a-wat-ha, with the accent on the penult.) As the farmer Indians of to-day who live in the vicinity of Onondaga Castle, near Syracuse, in New York State, and on the Six Nations' Reserve in Canada, near Brantford, tell the story, it has got mixed with so much mythological material that it is extremely difficult to separate the historical elements from the legendary. In some respects the evolution of Hiawatha resembles that of King Arthur. From a simple Chief belonging to one people, he has become the hero of many peoples. Deeds, which are simple and reasonable enough when stripped of the adornments with which the affectionate admiration of his people has invested them in the progress of centuries, have been magnified until there seems to be no room for them outside the realm of the miraculous, at whose edge the historian is compelled to stop. As a result Hiawatha has been confounded with ancient deities, and possibly also with the Christ. A likeness between his name and that of a deity called Taronwiahagon seems to have been largely responsible for the admixture of supernaturalism in his story; but we need not look so curiously for a cause if we will but reflect how natural it is for a people in an early stage of civilization to invest their historical heroes with supernatural traits, and eventually to present them as gods who dwelt among them for a space, taught them the things which made them strong and united, and then returned mysteriously to their supernatural homes. As a rule legendary histories run out in religious beliefs, and the legends of the aborigines of America are no exception.

A difficulty might seem to embarrass the present case from the fact that the name of Hiawatha is connected with an historical fact which is of comparatively recent occurrence as we measure time to-day. The League of the Five Nations does not boast a very great antiquity. Mr. Morgan, to whom the world owes much for having created an interest in the subject, gathered the testimony of the Indians themselves and fixed the time when the separate tribes of Iroquois living in the Mohawk Valley and round the small lakes in the middle of what is now the State of New York, associated themselves together in an offensive and defensive confederacy at about A. D. 1459. This date was confirmed by the testimony of the Onondaga Councillors on the Five Nations' Reserve, and at Onondaga Castle, given to

Mr. Hale, who has accepted it and adduced arguments in support of his conviction. This view is conservative compared with the estimate of a native historian. David Cusick, a Tuscarora Indian, who acquired enough English learning to become a Baptist preacher, published a history of the Five Nations in 1825, in which he gave it as his opinion that the League was formed "about 1,000 years before Columbus discovered America." The most recent date was that suggested by the Rev. William Beauchamp, an Episcopal clergyman at Baldwinsville, N. Y., and an indefatigable archæologist and antiquary, who thinks that the time was about A. D. 1600.

But the date is of small consequence, so far as our purpose is concerned. Whenever it was it was some centuries before the history of the Indians was written down. During those centuries the imagination of the story-teller had free swing with the national nerves, and it is not at all singular that, when that imagination was fired with such grateful and affectionate reverence as all Iroquois feel toward Hiawatha, it should have invested him with the loftiest attributes at command, nor have stopped even at a heavenly ascension.

When the Europeans first came in contact with the Iroquois Indians, the latter were found in what had long been their ancestral home, that is, the valleys and uplands of Northern New York. From the headwaters of the Hudson to the Genesee were spread the Caniengas, or, as they are better known, the Mohawks (Mohawk is not the real name of these people, but a term of opprobrium applied to them at a comparatively late period; it signifies "those who eat men"). West of these were the Oneidas, on the shores of Oneida River and lake. West of these again, along the Oswego River to Lake Ontario and around lakes Onondaga and Skaneateles were the ruling Nation—the Onondagas—of which, as I have said, the veritable Hiawatha was a member. After them, still proceeding westward, came the Cayugas, at Lake Cayuga, and the Senecas at lakes Seneca and Canandaigua. The Five Tribes were combined in a confederacy or league, which though shattered by the war between the mother country and her colonies in the last century still keeps up its existence, in a manner, on the Reserve in Canada, which the English gave to their red allies after the triumph of the American arms.

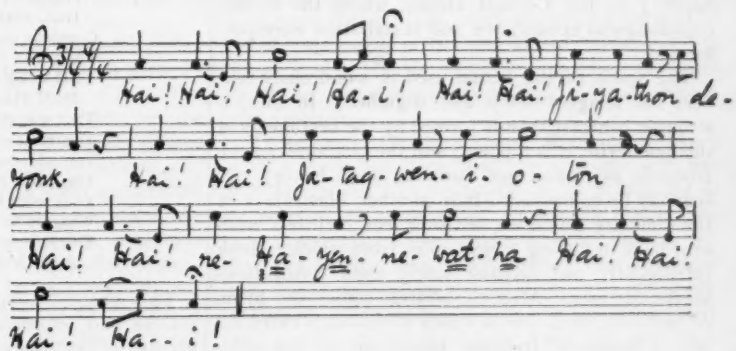
The traditions of these various tribes, which are borne out by the evidences of language, show that they are all originally of Huron-Iroquois stock and had come down into the country where they were found by the whites from an earlier home, which seems to have been on the St. Lawrence River, in the vicinity of Montreal or Quebec. Their exodus from this home must have occurred at an extremely early period in modern history, for it appears from their legends that over a thousand years ago, in conjunction with the Algonkins (afterwards their enemies) they drove out the Allegewi (Mound Builders) from the Ohio Valley, and wandered about for centuries like the Israelites in the Wilderness before they settled down in their permanent home. How persistently they cherished the memory of their tribal relationship and home is indicated in the circumstance that when the English expelled the Tuscaroras from South Carolina in 1715, the latter at once journeyed northwardly, settled in the locality in which they were found at the time of the American Revolution, and joined the League as the sixth Nation.

Confederation is the normal condition of the Indians of America, but the principle at the bottom of the League of the Five Nations is but larger than that of the usual Indian confederacy. Its originator conceived the idea of a government which should be firm yet elastic, a union something like that of the American States, each Nation managing its own internal economy, but Federal affairs being in the hands of a Senate composed of hereditary chiefs, the number of these representing each Nation being fixed, by the original agreement, according to the strength and influence of the Nations at the time. Tradition ascribes to Hiawatha the credit of having evolved

this plan and also the merit of having done so for the purpose of abolishing war. He wished all men to live together in peace and amity. When it is remembered that the Iroquois figure in history as among the most bloodthirsty and cruel savages that the world ever saw, the moral grandeur which is illustrated in the story of Hiawatha and his work must be set down as phenomenal. How much respect and admiration it is possible to give him may be guessed from Mr. Horatio Hale's answer when once I asked him with what great personages in the world's history he would compare him. "Socrates," replied he, without a moment's hesitation.

I should like to tell the story of the establishment of the League, but this would keep me too long from the purpose of this writing, which is to say something about the literature and the music of a ceremony still performed by the Iroquois as a memorial of Hiawatha's great achievement. Let it suffice that the legend runs to the effect that Hiawatha, an Onondaga Chief, having conceived his great political and moral scheme, proposed it first to the principal Chief of his own people. This was Atotarho, a man so feared and dreaded because of his cruel and wicked nature that tradition has given him snakes for hair, like the Medusa. Atotarho would have none of it, and defeated the plan at two Councils to which it was submitted by Hiawatha. Thereupon the latter determined to join the Mohawks and induce them to take the initiative. "Hiawatha plunged into the forest," says Mr. Hale; "he climbed mountains; he crossed a lake; he floated down the Mohawk River in a canoe. Many incidents of his journey are told, and in this part of the narrative alone some occurrences of a marvellous cast are related even by the official historians. Indeed, the flight of Hiawatha from Onondaga to the country of the Caniengas is to the Five Nations what the flight of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina is to the votaries of Islam. It is the turning point of their history. In embellishing the narrative at this point their imagination has been allowed a free course."

Hiawatha's plan was approved by the Caniengas and then by the Oneidas. Together the ambassadors from these peoples laid it again before Atotarho. Again he rejected it. The prospect of peace had no charm for so redoubtable and vengeful a warrior. The friends of Hiawatha persisted and next won over the Cayugas, and finally bought off the opposition of Atotarho by offering to him the Federal Chieftaincy with the veto power, and to the Onondagas a larger representation in the Senate than the other Nations were to have. Thus the Great League, or the Great Place, or the Great Law (as the Canienga word *Kayanerengh-Kowa* has variously been translated) was called into being; and, somewhat modified by the vicissitudes of the last century and a half, it still exists on the Six Nations' Reserve in Ontario,



There, and also on the reservations in New York State, its foundation and its founders are recalled in a solemn ceremonial, which is performed whenever a new member of the Council is inducted into office. Such an incident being, as a rule, consequent on the death of a Councillor-Chief (who, once "raised up," holds office for life), the ceremony in question, at least, all of it that has been preserved, is a pious memorial, which Mr. Horatio Hale (to whom belongs the honor of having given it in printed form to the world) calls "The Ancient Rites of the Condoling Council." To Mr. Hale's book (published in 1883 as No. II. of Dr. Brinton's "Library of Aboriginal American Literature"), his private journal, most courteously put at my disposal, and personal studies pursued on the Canadian ground in the summer of

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1892, I owe what I have learned of the Iroquois Ritual.

The Rites of the Condoling Council are at once a memorial of the establishment of the League, a mourning of the dead Chief, a means wisely conceived for the perpetuation of the ancient political institutions of the Iroquois and an installation ceremony. It is a political and a quasi-religious function, and its preservation for centuries is largely due to that fact and the circumstance (of peculiar value here) that, like all the solemn liturgies of the world, it shows the closest kind of union between words and music. The conservative purpose and potency of such a union are illustrated in the fact that though there may be Iroquois Chiefs in Canada and the United States who are able to repeat all, or nearly all of the words which Mr. Hale has set down in his book (the basis of which is a manuscript made early in the century, and, in turn, a copy of an older transcription supposedly made in the eighteenth century at the request of the Great Council) there is now no Indian living who can tell the meaning of all the words and phrases. It is in what might be called the classical Canienga tongue, much of which is become archaic. When the chants are sung, therefore, it is in much the same spirit as the old Sanskrit prayers are repeated by the Buddhist monks in China. As sung for me for purposes of notation by Chief John Buck (Chief Councillor of the Iroquois in Canada and Head Fire-Keeper and Keeper of the Wampums of the Onondagas—he has since died) the chants showed certain dialectic changes from the original, due to the fact that Buck was not a Canienga. The changes were great enough in some cases to cause embarrassment in the work of transcription and translation, but there is no need to point them out. With the aid of Mr. Hale's Glossary of the Canienga Language I have been able to reconstruct the principal chants in the ceremony.

The Iroquois are divided into Junior or Senior Nations, or, as they themselves express it, into Elder and Younger Brothers. To the former belong the Caniengas (or Mohawks,) Onondagas and Senecas; to the latter the Oneidas, Cayugas and Tuscaroras. When a Chief who was what I have called a Federal Senator died and his successor was to be inducted into office, it devolved upon the three Brothers to whom the dead Chief did not belong to take the initiative in the ceremony of condolence. Representatives of these met representatives of the others at a place agreed upon, which in the ancient Ritual is called "The Edge of the Woods." There a "fire of welcome" was built, north and south of which the officiating priests sat themselves down in two lines facing each other. The calumet was then lighted and passed solemnly from mouth to mouth. The spokesman of the condoling party then spoke an address of welcome to the mourning party, after which the latter were escorted (figuratively speaking "led by the hand") to the Council House, where the formal ceremonies of condolence and installation were performed.

The spirit of the Ritual used is wondrously tender, its imagery lofty and dignified. In fact, a stronger contrast than is formed by the sentiments of this poem (for it is a poem) and the character of the Iroquois, as it has come down to us in history, can scarcely be conceived. It is another illustration of the difficulty which we self-sufficient, civilized moderns have in finding a view-point from which to look intelligently and dispassionately upon civilizations unlike our own. After the address comes the hymn of welcome, each line of which is musically extended into a stanza by frequent repetitions of the exclamation "Hai!" and a single repetition of the line itself. In Mr. Hale's translation the hymn reads as follows:

THE HYMN, CALLED "HAIL!"

Hail! Hail! Hail!
I come again to greet and thank the kindred!
I come again to greet and thank the League!
I come again to greet and thank the women!
I come again to greet and thank the warriors!
My forefathers—what they established—
Hearken to them—my forefathers!

In the performance of the Ritual there appear to have been three methods of chanting or singing. Such, at least, was my observation. The addresses are intoned like a church service save that instead of the cadence there is at the end of every period a vocal glissando downwards for an octave or more

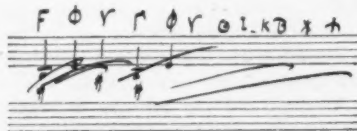
ending on a note of indeterminable pitch. The hymn has a melody of its own built on what might be the minor triad, were it not that one of the tones seems to be variable, being at times (as sung by John Buck) a semi-tone and at others a quarter-tone higher than what I set as normal. After the hymn comes a lament over the decadence of the League, which, like what I shall call the Iroquois Litany, is sung to a phrase of three tones, its lines, like those of the hymn, being preceded by many reiterations of the "Hai!" which seems to stand for "Alas!" as well as "Hail."

Following the lament some of the ancient laws of the League regarding succession in the Chieftaincy are repeated (just as in ancient Greece the laws were sometimes set to melodies so that they might be more easily be memorized). Then the Iroquois Litany is reached, a portion of which I have appended. This is an enumeration of the fifty original Lawgivers of the League, who are solemnly invoked, like the Saints in the Roman Catholic litanies. The portion which I quote is the second division in the chant in which Hiawatha is named:

HAI! HAI! HAI! HAI!

Hail! Hail!
Ji-ya-thon de-yonk-ha,
Hail! Hail!
Ja-tag-we-ni-o-ton,
Hail! Hail!
Ne HA-YEN-ne-WAT-HA!
Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail!

The syllable "ne" which precedes and divides the name of the Chief seems to be used merely to fill out the musical phrase—a common feature in Indian songs. Mr. Hale, in his Canienga glossary, defines



it as "a demonstrative and relative particle, variously used, but always giving a certain emphasis to the word which it precedes." Each Chief is separately invoked, with the same formula, but after three have been mentioned they are celebrated together in a separate song of distinguishment, thus:

HAIL! HAIL! HAIL! HAIL!

Hail! Hail!
Continue thou to listen,
Hail! Hail!
Thou who wert a ruler,
Hail! Hail!
DEKARIHOKEN!
Hail! Hail! etc.,
Continue thou to listen,
Thou who wert a ruler,
HIAWATHA!
Hail! Hail! etc.,
Continue thou to listen,
Thou who wert a ruler,
SHATEKARIWATHE!
Hail! Hail!
That was the rôle of you,
You who were joined in the work,
You who completed the work,
The Great League.
Your work has grown old,
What ye have established
You have taken with you!
Alas! Alas! Alas!

This chant, though monotonous, is exceedingly solemn and impressive. Its music bears no resemblance to the dance-songs of the Iroquois or the Indians in the West. What modifications have taken place in the accompanying ceremonial since the olden time I do not know. At present during a portion of the ceremony in the Council House the Elder and Younger Brothers are separated from each other by an improvised curtain, hung on a rope stretched across the room, generally a patchwork quilt. As he sings the master of ceremonies walks with stately steps up and down the room between the two rows of Chiefs. Having no written language he is obliged to depend on his memory; and the feat of repeating not only the names of the original Iroquois Senators, but also the names of the towns inhabited by the Iroquois, let us say, five hundred years ago, the very sites of which have been forgotten for the greater part, would seem marvellous, did we not know that it is nothing compared with the achieve-

ments that were universal before the days of writing. While singing the Chief holds in his hands strings of wampum, one of which he gives to the other party to the ceremony after each stanza. They have a mnemonic purpose. After the Litany the official condolence ceases, the last words of the Ritual being: "Now show me the man"—that is, bring forward the candidate for Senatorial honors.

H. E. KREHBIEL.

Wagnerism in America.

ONE of the most interesting characters in the drama of Wagner's life is August Roeckel, musician and politician. At first a scoffer at Wagner, his subsequent conversion was so thorough, and his enthusiasm so great, that he gave up his own operatic schemes and ambitions—although his "Farinelli" had secured him a place as assistant conductor at the Dresden Opera—and devoted himself entirely to his great musical friend. Politically, however, he was the more active and prominent of the two during the revolutionary uprising of 1849. Wagner, as everybody knows, luckily escaped to Switzerland, but Roeckel was caught, and at first sentenced to be shot, but on second thought locked up in the Waldheim prison for thirteen years—which was about the duration of Wagner's exile, and during which he wrote the whole of "Rheingold," "Walküre," "Tristan" and parts of "Siegfried" and "Die Meistersinger"—works which the world would have lost had Wagner been captured with his companion and locked up at Waldheim.

I mention this episode because I have just received from Breitkopf & Härtel an advance copy of a pamphlet of eighty-four pages containing twelve letters written by Wagner to Roeckel, seven of them while he was still a prisoner. In the fourth (page 47; they are long, these letters!) occurs an interesting passage relating to the history of Wagnerism in America. "In Boston," he writes, "they are already giving Wagner nights, concert evenings at which compositions of mine are performed exclusively. I have been invited to go to America; if they could collect the proper means there (for performing my operas), who knows what I might do? But to travel about as concert-giver is a business which I am sure no one could urge me to follow, even for a good deal of money."

This letter is dated January 26, 1854. Consequently the American city of Boston had Wagner nights forty years ago, that is, three years before a single one of his operas was sung at Vienna, Munich or Stuttgart! To further emphasize this American enterprise compare it with the fact that when, in the following year (1855), Wagner conducted the Philharmonic Concerts in London for a whole season, not a single Wagner concert was given, and the Philharmonic Society did not dare or care to include more than two or three of his compositions on their regular programmes. We also know that whereas the London Society gave Wagner only \$1,000 for four months' service, William Mason, Theodore Hagen and others offered him \$10,000 to \$12,000, fully guaranteed, for a six months' concert tour in America. Evidently the Americans were more eager to hear Wagner than the English, who appear to have waited for the Queen's applause before they accepted him.

Unfortunately, for the next three decades the composer of "Lohengrin" continued to be heard in America almost entirely at "Wagner nights" and miscellaneous concerts. The earliest attempts to give the operas entire ("Tannhäuser" in 1859, "Lohengrin" in 1870, "Walküre" in 1877) were probably even worse than those given at first in German cities, in regard to which Wagner wrote to Roeckel in the letter from which I have already quoted: "Concerning the performances, I generally hear that they are wretched, so that I do not understand how people succeed in getting any pleasure from them. As I am unable ever to be present I have become somewhat indifferent to this prostitution of my works; only the recent first performance of 'Lohengrin' in Leipzig made an intensely painful impression on me; it is said to have been bad beyond precedent; among other things, throughout the whole evening not a word could be understood except the exclamations of the 'Herald.'"

Nor did the performances of "Lohengrin" given during the long Mapleson régime reveal to Ameri-

cans the true spirit of Wagner's art. With such singers as Nilsson, Campanini and Galassi in the caste the opera was, of course, well sung, from a lyric point of view. But how little of the dramatic inwardness of the music was revealed is shown by the fact that during all this time the grandest part of the opera—that which was written last and forms the transition to the Nibelung style, namely, the first part of the second act—was voted a good deal of a bore, even by confessed Wagnerites. How different in later years, when this part was sung by trained Wagner singers—by Miss Brandt and Mr. Reichmann, for instance—how tumultuous was the applause that followed these magnificent duos, formerly pronounced tedious! As for the beauty and grandeur of the choruses and the superb dramatic details of the orchestra—well, let us draw the curtain over the chorus, and in regard to the orchestra let me recall the illustrative fact that once upon a time, at a rehearsal of "Lohengrin," Mr. Mapleson's conductor turned to his players and made this neat little speech: "Well, gentlemen, you are all Germans, and this is German music, so you ought to know all about it;" whereupon he hurried them through their parts without a single stop or suggestion.

This Italian phase of Wagnerism in America was at last followed by the golden age of German opera at the Metropolitan—a period which, I am afraid, will remain the golden age for some time to come. For seven years New York had one of the best of all German opera companies; indeed, during two or three of those years we had absolutely the best German opera in the world, so far, at any rate, as the Wagnerian repertory was concerned.

It was a lucky combination of circumstances that gave us that golden age. It was, of course, a mere accident that fashionable society for once threw its favour and its money on the artistic side of the scales, instead of on that side where its prejudices and tastes were more consulted. It was simply because it would have been foolish to pit once more two Italian companies against each other, that the stockholders of the Metropolitan experimented with German opera. And it was the unexpected and striking success of this German opera that alone induced them to cling to it so long; for their appetites were really always for the flesh-pots of the old prima donna and ballet opera. There was a constant growth in the attendance and in the subscription list, and had it not been for the mysterious fact that the expenses grew higher every year (which has never been fully explained), we might still have German opera to this day. Even when the change was made, it was done in secret, for fear of the effect of public opinion, which had twice before frustrated the proposed return to Italian opera. The newspapers were kept in absolute ignorance of what was going on until the contracts had been signed with the new managers. The din thereupon created in the journalistic world was, of course, a mere waste of gunpowder.

The coöperation of the millionaires was not the only lucky circumstance which tended to make those seven years the golden age of German opera. There were three other important considerations—the fact that all of Wagner's later music dramas were novelties in New York; that the great singers trained by Wagner himself were still, if not in their prime, yet in excellent condition; and that the conductor was Mr. Seidl, whom Wagner himself, in the last years of his life, always selected for important enterprises—such as those in Leipsic, Berlin and London, and Neumann's Nibelung tour through Germany, Austria, Italy and Belgium. On this tour alone Mr. Seidl conducted 133 Nibelung performances, besides fifty-eight Wagner concerts. When he was invited to New York (an event which I, for my part, consider the most fortunate and important fact in the whole history of Wagnerism in America), he knew all of the later music-dramas by heart, and knew them as only the favourite personal pupil of Wagner could know them. Under his bâton America for the first time heard complete and correct performances of the Nibelung Trilogy, of "Tristan" and of "Die Meistersinger," wherein a standard was set which all future conductors may despair of reaching and which should have been perpetuated and preserved by phonograph.

I would like to add here a personal confession. I have been for thirteen years a professional critic, and previously to that I spent four years in the German capitals, missing no opportunity to hear good

music. I have attended besides five of the ten Bayreuth festivals, including the first two, which were under Wagner's personal supervision. Yet if I were asked what were the greatest musical treats within my recollection I would say certain performances of "Siegfried," "Tristan," "Meistersinger" and "Götterdämmerung" given by Mr. Seidl at the Metropolitan Opera House. I say by Mr. Seidl without mentioning the singers, for the reason that their places might (then) have been taken by others equally good, but no living conductor could have quite taken Mr. Seidl's place, or united his enthusiasm and magnetism with his first-hand knowledge of the correct "traditions." And I know that in saying this I am expressing the feelings of the majority of those vast audiences at the German opera of former years, who never once forgot to call out Mr. Seidl with the singers, and who always doubled the volume of applause when he was unwillingly dragged forward, thus making him the lion of the ovations. In any sketch of Wagnerism in America Mr. Seidl's services cannot be over-emphasized, yet I am obliged to add the humiliating fact that, although New York is one of the centres of the Wagner cult, we have had for several years no further use for him than as conductor of half a dozen Philharmonic Concerts and a series of popular concerts at Brighton Beach.

Mr. Seidl we still have with us; he has become an American citizen, and has refused the most tempting offers from Berlin, Buda-Pesth and other foreign cities. So far as the conductorship is concerned there is, therefore, no reason why the golden age of Wagner opera should not return once more. But in other respects the outlook for the future is not so bright. Although Wagner's operas improve on repeated hearing, it is useless to deny the fact that some of the success of the seven years of German opera was owing to the fact that many of the Wagner operas were novelties here; for there are not a few people who go to novelties from mere curiosity and without any real love or understanding of music. In future German opera enterprises this fact will have to be taken into consideration. But a far more serious problem is the dearth of great Wagner singers, and the difficulty of engaging those that are bound by contracts to German opera houses. Of the great artistes we had the privilege of hearing in New York, Niemann and Brandt have retired from stage life; Lilli Lehmann cannot appear on the operatic stage because of heart-trouble; Vogel and Gudehus are almost past their usefulness, and so on through the list, if we except our delightful Emil Fischer, who is still with us, and would make as stately a "Wotan" and as genial a "Hans Sachs" as ever. Alvary, I regret to see, has received scant praise for his performances in London during the season just closed; the critics all praised his acting, but agreed that he sang badly and persistently out of tune. It is to be hoped that this was owing to a temporary indisposition, else he would be a sore disappointment to his admirers in New York next winter.

It is a favorite maxim of political economists that the demand regulates the supply. This is absurdly untrue in the musical world. There is to-day a tremendous demand for good Wagner singers, but the supply instead of growing seems to diminish. Fame and wealth fall to the lot of any man or woman who can sing and act Wagnerian rôles even moderately well; yet where are the sopranos and contraltos, the tenors and basses, whose advent operatic managers are so eagerly awaiting? The world is full of conservatories which turn out plenty of church singers and an occasional concert vocalist; but what is chiefly wanted now is dramatic singers, and these are not forthcoming.

The teachers are, of course, largely to blame; they keep on teaching their so-called "Italian method," and when their pupils have learned to sing trills and arpeggios and staccatos they find that no one cares for them except Bowery audiences. The failure of even the much advertised Mme. Melba to revive an interest in operas of the "Lucia" type ought to be a warning to these teachers. What singers need now is good voice, intelligent phrasing, dramatic passion and technique—not pyrotechnic. Mme. Melba was simply compelled by the New York public to drop those old prima donna operas and appear in the operas of Gounod, Bizet and Wagner.

Even Patti has lately taken to singing Wagner's music. But the teachers still hold out against it. To students of song let me give here an extremely

important bit of advice. If your teacher tells you that it hurts the voice to sing the music of Wagner (I know of some who include Schumann and even Schubert), put him down at once as a charlatan, an ignorant fellow (or woman) who adopts this method of hiding his or her ignorance as to how to teach the German dramatic style. Remember what Pauline Lucca said in regard to the charge that Wagner's music injures the voice: "It is mere empty babble. Neither Wagner nor any other composer spoils the voice of any one who really knows how to sing."

It is well known that Jean de Reszké, to-day the most popular tenor in the world, considers Wagner's operatic rôles the finest ever written for vocalists. The eminent French baritone, M. Lassalle, is equally enthusiastic regarding these rôles. Indeed, there was not a first-class singer in Abbey & Grau's Company last year that did not take more pride in the successful impersonation of a Wagnerian rôle than in almost any other task, Calvé excepted, who has never attempted Wagner.

It was a matter of especial satisfaction and significance for the future to note that among the best Wagner singers in New York last winter there were two Americans, Mme. Eames and Mme. Nordica, the latter of whom has also won her laurels at Bayreuth this summer. American singers are coming more and more to the front, even in Europe. Their highest ambition is to be queens of grand opera; but in the present state of operatic tastes real pre-eminence can be obtained only in the dramatic style of vocalism; and in this Wagner is supreme. If American students of song will bear these facts in mind, we may, perhaps, hope for a better supply of singers after a few years. Then Wagnerism in America will enter upon a new phase. American singers are what we want here, and ultimately must have, if Wagner's operas are to be fully appreciated by the public at large, for it is the fundamental maxim of Wagnerism that the poem should be understood as well as the music—and this so far has been possible only to those of us who understood German.

In spite of this drawback, it is a remarkable fact that the majority of the Wagnerites in New York are not Germans, but Americans and other nationalities, or else Hebrews of various nationalities. The Hebrews are, indeed, the most intelligent and liberal patrons of music in New York. As for the Teutons, it is a sad fact that the majority of the Germans in New York come from what are called the "lower classes" abroad. Many of them have become rich, but they never spend a cent for music or literature. I know that in the subscription list passed around last year to collect \$50,000 for a series of Thomas concerts in New York there were only a very few Teutonic names. I also know that when a certain important musical book was issued, the publishers sent over a thousand circulars to members of a prominent vocal society without receiving a single direct reply. Our bright illustrated friend, "Life," used to have a good deal of fun at the expense of the long-haired "Germans" in the parquet at the Metropolitan, but its arrows went astray, as only a small proportion of those people were Germans.

My personal experience among the Wagner-lovers of New York has been that the vast majority are pure Americans. There appears to be something in the nervous organization of Americans that makes them particularly susceptible to the charms of Wagner's nervous music. I frequently receive letters from young enthusiasts sympathizing with me in my Wagnerian propaganda. I have one before me dated Aug. 4, 1894, written by a pure American, and from its eight pages let me quote one:

"While I have a great admiration for most of the modern masters, it is only Wagner who touches me to the quick and carries me outside of myself. His music simply ravishes me, and my soul fairly thirsts and hungers for it. 'Tristan' invariably gives me a sleepless night—but what of it? The crescendos of the master, those wonderful climaxes that abound in all of his works have a remarkable psycho-physiological effect upon me. My spine has the feeling of a thermometer, with quicksilver running up and down and shooting out at the top, and making each particular hair to stand on end. I have to set my teeth hard, clench my hands, or I should be caught shouting aloud. But what pleasure is like unto this? I never hesitate to declare that Wagner is the greatest genius the world has ever produced."

Pachydermatous philistines may laugh at such enthusiasm, but there is much less pleasure in their laugh than in the enthusiast's æsthetic thrill, the keenest sensation man can experience, apart from those which he shares with animals.

But the most significant fact as regards the future of Wagnerism in America is that our young composers are among the greatest enthusiasts, and doubtless enjoy their "æsthetic thrill" many and many a time. I need not give names, for I know of no exceptions. Like the composers of Europe, they all belong to the Wagner school in at least two respects. Wagner has created a new art of orchestration, from the spell of which not one—not even Brahms—has been able to escape. He has lifted harmony to a new niveau, a higher plateau, the air of which is to some difficult to breathe at first—rough and Alpine—but is ultimately found to be a great tonic and a perpetual delight. The wisest of the younger composers of Europe have also adopted Wagner's system of leading motives, without which an opera may be a beautiful mosaic, but cannot be pronounced a work of art organically connected in all its parts. Herein, too, our American composers will doubtless learn from Wagner when once they shall gain sufficient courage to essay grand opera. Indeed, the trouble at present is that there is rather too much Wagnerism in the compositions of Americans; they often forget the difference between their own ideas and another's—a subject which Mr. Seidl has ably discussed in a recent number of the "North American Review."

Thus we see that from every point of view there is an encouraging outlook for Wagnerism in America, if the enthusiasts will but unite their effort, and not waste them in wrong directions. For the present, it is true, our only opera house is given up to the cult of French opera; but in that very fact there is hope. For, ten years ago Italian opera was on top, and no one will deny that the change from "Lucia" and "Sonnambula" to "Carmen" and "Faust" means progress. As far as the last two of these stand above the first two, so far do "Siegfried" and "Tristan" stand above "Carmen" and "Faust." What Matthew Arnold called the "saving remnant" recognize that fact already, and the public at large will recognize it by-and-by—or at least will acknowledge it, even if it may never be able quite to understand all the merits of those music dramas.

There is, by the way, a comic side to the present predominance of French opera in New York. It is the result of a sort of compromise, the Wagnerites and the Italianissimi having tacitly agreed to accept French opera as a sort of neutral ground. This idea might be enlarged upon, were it not foreign to my subject.

Until the stockholders of the Metropolitan become tired of "Carmen" and "Faust," I do not believe that we shall have another satisfactory series of Wagner performances, because of the enormous expenses involved. With the promised season of four weeks next winter I have no sympathy, as I have no faith whatever in the conductor (after ten years' experience). It will, in my opinion, do more harm than good to German opera, although the harm will, of course, be only temporary.

For the present, therefore, we can look for first-class Wagnerian interpretations only in the concert hall. Half a loaf well baked is better than no bread—or than a whole loaf underdone. Wagner himself sanctioned the giving of operatic excerpts at concerts, and even if much is lost in the divorce of his music from the poem, action and scenery, what of it, since the public seems to prefer Wagner in this imperfect form to other composers at their best? That it does this is shown by the fact that the charity concerts in New York are almost always "Wagner nights." It is also proved by statistics. These I cannot quote, as I am writing this article in the mountains of Maine. But if the reader will consult recent numbers of Wilson's "Musical Year Book of the United States" he will find that, with a few exceptions in favour of Beethoven, Wagner leads in American concert programmes as conspicuously as he does in the repertory of German opera houses.

We have made much progress in Wagnerism since the day when Carl Bergmann, director of the New York Philharmonic Society, said in reply to the objection that the people did not like Wagner, "Den dey must hear him till dey do." To-day they like

him best of all composers. For this conversion and change Mr. Theodore Thomas deserves the chief credit in the concert hall, and Mr. Anton Seidl in the opera house. Nor, I suppose, can the critics be entirely overlooked in this matter. True, Dr. Hanslick has recently asserted that musical criticism has no influence; but if he had fought for Wagner instead of against him, he would have been probably of different opinion. He attempted the impossible. Wagner was as sure to win as the waters of the Rhine are to reach the ocean, even if you succeed in damming them for a while near their sources.

HENRY T. FINCK.

The Secret of Vocal Power.

Its Very First Announcement.



ARLESS, Merkel, Gougenheim and Lermoyez, Helmholtz, Oertel, Kratzenstein, Lord Rayleigh (Strutt), Bosanquet, Fournié Révial, Bennati, Savart, Tourtual, Jelenffy, Rosenthal, Sedley Taylor, Mayer, Longet.

Astonishing in number and nature have been the theories concerning the source of vocal power. The newer writers are in advance of their elders only in point of time. The metaphors may be novel; the accents may fall more heavily upon one word or upon another, but the import of the sentence remains the same.

Here is the puzzling problem: A pair of membranous reeds, a couple of vocal shelves projecting inwards from the perpendicular walls of the upper segment of the windpipe (called the Adam's apple, larynx), averaging about three-quarters of an inch in length and less than a third of an inch in diameter—if we can speak of the diameter of a triangular prism—can produce musical, and even entrancing tones of such exceptional volume that they cannot be conquered by the blast of a military band.

Whence comes this startling power? What is its fountain or reservoir? Remove these fleshy, muscular shelves from the *cadaver*; stretch them almost to the point of rupture; blow upon them with a blast more powerful than a supreme effort of the lungs could supply—and what is the result? I have made the experiment under the most favourable circumstances, with a professional trombone-player at one end of a tube about as large as the ordinary human windpipe.

To realize more precisely and convincingly just what would be heard, let any reader lay two fingers across the mouth, as in enforcing silence, and blow strongly between the joints nearest the palm of the hand. A sound will be heard almost exactly like that of the exsented vocal chords. The chords of a Lablache, Susini or Tamagno or of those phenomenal "artistes" who roar so prodigiously in variety shows and vaudeville would sound just the same. Merkel had the rare and somewhat uncanny chance of experimenting with the vocal organs of a powerful tenor whom he had heard in life. They presented no peculiarities. Wonderful Harless tried similar slips cut from the larger arteries and rubber bands; Merkel used sections of the alimentary canal; Gougenheim and Lermoyez, who took ghastly advantage of the wholesale executions of the Communists in '70 by experimenting with the vocal chords a few moments after death, even concluded that only a very small portion of these chords was in vibration, that merely their edges, their investment (fascia) could possibly be blown into vibration, believing that a contracted muscle must be too stiff and unyielding to be moved.

This does not mean that these vocal ridges do not possess wonderful properties. Exhaustless Harless, choosing the dead of night to avoid distracting noises, and employing two trained assistants, subjected freshly exsented chords to the tension of various weights, stretching them nearly to the point of breaking, and noting the precise changes of pitch provided by different weights. After one hour and a half of constant trial he repeated his very first experiments with the astounding result that precisely the same degrees of pitch were gained as at first, with a single exception, which he accredited to the awkwardness of his assistants.

Do not suspect that these conclusions were gained by careless testings. Helmholtz prefaces his larger

work, "The Physiological Basis of Tone," by a graceful acknowledgment that he could not have constructed his acoustic apparatus without the generous aid of his Government. Not one of his diagrams appears to indicate a more complicated construction than do those of Harless, who had instruments to decide the humidity of the air and its temperature, and a most ingenious artifice for recording results.

And yet this whole paper, containing more words than the writer's "Physiology of Artistic Singing," is simply buried in a single issue of a scientific journal, and could be unearthed only by purchasing the entire six years' existence of the periodical. To think that my precious copy should now be moldering in a Boston cellar along with all my bones! Well, the latter could easily be reduplicated at any medical college, I presume! This wonderful savant will again be cited. He deserves frequent and flattering mention; for not only did he ante-date the stroboscopic discoveries of Oertel by forty years, but he threw out the first general hint at the true solution of the mooted problem, What is the true source of vocal power?

Let us first clear the decks for action by throwing overboard the false theories now rampant. The principal ones are two in number.

One is, that there exist cavities, other than the mouth, which in some way influence the tone, both adding to its power and enhancing the beauty of its quality.

The other is, that the cavity of the mouth itself enlarges the tone by "reflecting," or "reinforcing" or "focusing" the vocal vibrations which, as all or nearly all admit, are originated at the vocal chords.

These are great mistakes. The one sole office of the mundal cavity was announced by the Russian Kratzenstein more than a century ago. He gained the prize offered by his Government by proving that the different vowels of all languages were due to the shape of the cavity of the mouth; that this cavity was made to assume different shapes by the movements of the tongue and lips, so that the air within it could vibrate, not in consonance with the main tone of the voice (the only tone whose pitch is recognized), but with one of its overtones, or partial tones. This especial tone would thus be made louder and, though its pitch could not even then be distinguished from the main tone, it would still change the quality of the voice in a most remarkable manner.

From the almost infinite variety of these changes of quality, these modifications of the main tone, different languages have selected a few, a comparative few, as their distinguishing symbols, called vowels.

But think for a moment what this means. The whole body of air in each differently shaped mouth vibrates as a whole along its longest dimension—as the air in a flute vibrates, or pulsates lengthwise—for each vowel-quality. Is it pretended that it can vibrate in some part additionally and differently and still further modify the quality or increase the power of the tone? Strict acousticians have discovered no other way; a moment's thought would show that there could be no other.

Consider again the eliminating influence of this proved law. It declares that all tones, good or bad, displeasing or delightful, soft or loud, high or low, are all influenced equally, are all equally endowed with a peculiar vowel-shade, but beyond this are subjected to no influence whatever. Every so-called "school," "system" or "method," which writes of the "foci" found in the mouth, of the "direction" of the tone (such as the "forward" tone or the "located" tone), of the "reinforcement," the enlarging, the softening or hardening of the tone by changes of the cavity of the mouth, may be innocent in its views, but is not the less erroneous.

Too Small an Outlet.

The only exception to this would be a cavity too small to allow the free exit of the chordal vibrations. Vibratory waves of a certain length, or rather, rate of succession, are obstructed by obstacles of a certain size exactly in proportion to the wave-length. The law for this, stating the proportion between the wave and the obstacle, has been stated with precision by Lord Rayleigh in the Cambridge Philosophical Transactions.

Does the enlargement, the reinforcement of one or two overtones explain the power of the voice?

Far from it! After the most delicate experiments, Bosanquet found that no overtone of the human voice could be resonated to exceed one-tenth of the power of the main tone. Helmholtz tells us that, at most, only two overtones can be resonated by the mouth to decide the vowel-quality.

The writer hopes that anyone holding a different opinion will not merely make personal assertions, but will bring forward arguments, will cite recognized authorities, or describe original experiments in support of his views. If the body of air in the mouth can in strict fact modify the main tone in any manner, proofs must be at hand and may easily be stated.

Acoustic Authorities for Acoustic Problems.

Yet, directly following this request must come the admission that noted physiologists have made noteworthy mistakes. Fournié declares that the seat of resonance elevates itself from the bottom of the chest to the mouth; that for *fa*³ and *sol*³ it is at the level of the fauces; that for *la*³ and *si*³ it is no longer in the neck, but in the buccal (cheek) cavities. M. Révial of the Imperial Conservatory of Music (Paris) has given this latter the name of the "palatal timbre." Fournié adds with a rather hopeless air: "Something must modify the peculiar sound of the vocal membranes (chords); this something is the tuyau vocal (vocal tube), composed of the vestibule of the glottis, the pharynx, the mouth and the nasal cavities." He descends to particulars by declaring that "the base of the tongue should be considered the most important," for "when carried forward it produces *e* or *ai* (French); backwards and upwards it produces *o*, thus representing the timbres clairs et sombres."

Bennati affirms that Savart proved by many experiments that an air-column in an elastic tube or muscular tube could produce far stronger tones than in a firm and immovable tube.

Tourtal compares the human larynx with that of many other animals, and says that the human vaults, the arches of the palate and pharynx, the greater comparative height and breadth of the nasal cavities incontestably have the office of rendering the tone more full and "klangreich" (full of ring or resonance), and likewise afford the tongue more extensive play for articulation!

A. Gougenheim and M. Lermoyez, after confessing that they do not desire to enter the very gratuitous field of hypotheses ("le champ d'hypothèses par trop gratuites"), think it may be the pharynx which reinforces the main tone, the ventricles and the mouth, the overtones or partial tones. Jelenffy says that the weak tone of the vocal chords is made strong by the "consonance of the resonance-cavities."

Rosenthal declares that "another function of the resonance-cavity, besides changing the voice after production is to keep the waves together and to give them a certain direction."

Acoustic Mistakes of Physiologists.

But let it be well remembered that all these views, so conflicting that they destroy each other's even suppositional value, were pronounced either years before or in ignorance of the grand discoveries of Helmholtz, of Taylor, of our own Mayer and of a host of others. And at the same era directly opposite theories were set forth.

Harless makes the remarkable statement that a tone is not changed in its musical worth by drawing or expanding the cheeks by trying to open the mouth, or by the most various modifications. Take notice that he does not deny the alterations of vowel-quality. Merkel holds the same opinion. Longet drew back the epiglottis of cats and of dogs and found no influence upon either the height or quality of their sounds. The ghastly experiments of Mayer, in the early part of the passing century, yielded the same results. This list might be largely extended. But what advantage would be gained? As well might one seriously discuss the horrid concoctions of medicine prescribed even one hundred years ago? Every acoustician of accepted worth knows and has multitudinously proved that the cavity of the mouth is large enough to resonate only very high or feeble tones. Consider its dimensions. Merkel says: Its length is about $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and, of course, the air pulsates along its longest dimensions. But what is the pitch of a tone, the waves of which can beat in

such a tiny cavity? It must be entirely above the range of the male voice, just as whistling is above that range. It is true that a wider opening deepens the tone of a cavity; but make your own experiments by holding the mouth as for *oh* or *oo* and snapping a finger against the somewhat tensely drawn cheeks. You will hear a dull sound at the pitch of the overtone unusually enlarged for the vowels *oh* or *oo*, and those sounds have the lowest overtones of speech or song.

Now snap the cheek for the *aw* ("awe") or *ah*, and the hollow sound will be much higher, recognizably above the average pitch of the male voice, and the pitch for the vowel will be invariably the same.

Does it not put common sense out of countenance to assert that the resonance-cavity for a higher tone can influence or enlarge a lower one, or that a constant resonance-cavity can augment all the tones of a scale or arpeggio or passage, the notes of which are constantly varying their pitch, and, therefore, constantly becoming out of tune with the main tone!

But still more absurd does the claim appear when the relative smallness of the cavity is brought to mind. Some of the tones of the voice would require for a resonance-cavity an inclosed space in length, width or breadth, while the mouth is measured by inches! The mouth of the Turkish giant and the voice of the midget, Lucille Zarata, would not fulfil the requisite conditions.

Assuredly then the secret of vocal power cannot be found in the assisting vibrations of the air in the mouth.

JOHN HOWARD.

After Liszt, What?



WHEN Franz Liszt made some suggestions over fifty years ago to the Erards on the score of increased sonority in their instruments he sounded the tocsin of realism. It had all been foreshadowed in Clementi's "Gradus," and its intellectual resultant—the Beethoven sonata; but the material side had not been realized. Chopin, who sang the swan-song of idealism in surpassingly sweet tones, was by nature unfitted to wrestle with the tonal problem. We find in his music abundant traces of the passé, the so-called "elegant" school of pianism.

The arpeggio principle had its attractions for the gifted Pole, who, however used it in the most novel combinations and dared the impossible in extended harmonies. But the rich glow of idealism was over it all—a glow not yet sicklied by the impertinences and affectations of the Herz-Parisian school; for, be it said, despite the morbidities and occasional dandyisms of Chopin's style, he was in the main manly and unaffected. Thalberg, who pushed to its limits scale-playing, and made embroidered variant the end and not the means of piano playing—Thalberg, aristocratic and refined, lacked dramatic blood. With him the well-sounding took precedence of the eternal verities of expression. Touch, tone, technique were his trinity of gods.

Thalberg was not the path-breaker; that was left for that dazzling Hungarian who flashed his scimitar at Leipsic's doors and drove back cackling to their nests the whole brood of old women professors—a respectable crowd who swore by the letter of the law and sniffed at the spirit. Poverty, obedience and chastity were the three obligatory vows insisted upon by the pedants of Leipsic. To attain this triune perfection one had to become poor in imagination, obedient to dull, musty precedent, and chaste of finger. What wonder then that, when the dashing young fellow from Raiding shouted his uncouth challenge to ears plugged up by the cotton of prejudice, a wail went forth and the beginning of the end seemed at hand. Thalberg went under; Chopin never competed, but stood a slightly astonished spectator on the edge of the fray. He saw his own gossamer music turned into a weapon of offence. His polonaises were so many cleaving battle-axes, and he had perforce to confess that all this noise, this carnage of tone, unnerved him, disgusted him. Liszt was a warrior; not he.

Schumann both by word and note did all he could for the cause, and to-day, thanks to Franz Liszt and

his followers, Tausig, Rubinstein, d'Albert, Rosenthal, Joseffy, Friedheim and Paderewski, we can never retrace our footsteps. Occasionally a derelict idealist, like the unique Pachmann, astonishes us by his marvellous play; but he is a solitary survivor of a once powerful school, and not the representative of existing methods. There is no gainsaying but that it was a fascinating style, and modern giants of the key-board could often pattern with advantage after the rococoisms of the idealists; but as a school pure and simple it is of the past.

We moderns are eclectic as the Byzantines. We have a craze for selection, adaptation; hence the pianist of to-day must include many styles in his performance; but the foundation, the key-note of all is realism—a sometimes harsh realism that drives to despair the apostles of the beautiful in music, and at times forces one to take lingering retrospective glances. To all is not given the power to "summon spirits from the vasty deep," and we have many times viewed the mortifying spectacle of a Liszt pupil staggering about under the mantle of his master, a world too heavy for his attenuated, artistic frame. But the path was blazed by the great Magyar, and we can now explore with impunity the hitherto trackless region.

Modern piano playing differs from the playing of fifty years ago principally in the character of touch-attack. As we all know, the hand, fore-arm and upper arm are now important factors in tone-production, where formerly finger-tips were considered the end-all, be-all of technique. The Viennese instruments certainly influenced Mozart, Cramer and others in their styles, just as Clementi inaugurated the most startling reforms by writing a series of studies and then built a piano to make them possible of performance. With variety of touch—in a word, tone-color—the old pearly passages, rapid, withal graceful school of Vienna vanished, or, properly speaking, was absorbed.

Clementi, Beethoven, Schumann and then Liszt forced to the utmost the orchestral development of the piano. Sonority, power, enormous dynamic variety and a new manipulation of the pedals combined with a technique that included Bachian part-playing and the most sensational pyrotechnical flights over the key-board, these were some of the characteristics of the new school.

In the giddiness produced by freely indulging of this heady, new wine from old bottles an artistic intoxication ensued that was for the time fatal to pure scholarly interpretation. The classics were mangled by the young vandals who enlisted under Liszt's victorious standards. "Colour, only colour, all the rest is but music," was the motto of these bold youths, who had never heard of Paul Verlaine.

But time has mellowed them, robbed their playing of its clangorous quality, and when the last Liszt pupil gives his last recital we may wonder at the charges of exaggerated realism. Tempered realism is now the watchword of the school. The flamboyancy, which grew out of Tausig's efforts to let loose the Wagnerian Valkyrie on the key-board has been toned down into more sober, grateful colouring. The scarlet vest of the romantic school has been outworn; the brutal brilliancies and so-called orchestral effects of the realists are now viewed with more amusement than anything else.

The grey is in fashion; red is tabooed. The drunken, tattered gypsy who dances with bell and cymbalum accompaniment in the Lisztian rhapsody is just tolerated; that is all. He is too strong for our polite nostrils. The Brahms' rhapsodies say more, for they deal not with externals but with soul-states. The glitter is absent, brilliancy is wanting; but there is a fulness of emotional life, a depth and eloquence of utterance that makes Liszt's tinsel ridiculous. To this new school, not wholly realistic exactly, yet certainly not idealistic in its aims, is piano playing and composing drifting. It is a decadence—perhaps an artistic "Götterdämmerung."

The nuance in piano playing is ruler. The reign of noise is past. In Saint-Saën's music sonority, brilliancy is present, but the nuance is necessary—not alone the nuance of tone, but of expression. Infinite shadings are to be found where before were but the forte, the piano and the mezzo-forte. Joseffy taught America the nuance, just as Rubinstein revealed to us the potency of tone. As Paul Verlaine, the French poet, ceaselessly cries: "Pas la couleur rien que la nuance * * * et tout le reste est littérature."

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Hermann Wolff on the Concert-System.

YOU wish for my views respecting the concerts and the concert-system of our time? Well, I have scarcely anything to tell you which you are not aware of. But what I say is based, at least, on the experience I have had for the last fifteen years.

No longer than fifteen years? you say.

No! I made my first concert tournée in 1878-9 with Rubinstein in Galicia, and this greatest of all pianists I still represent. At that time I held the position of editor in the well-known and esteemed firm of Bote & Bock. Rubinstein had no manager and my friend Bock, Rubinstein's confidential friend, made me acquainted with him, and thus began my career as a concert-agent. My next most important client was Bülow, whom also I represented down to his too early death. Bülow was my best adviser, even in my business affairs; often, in the time of the Berlin Philharmonic Concerts, has he sat in the seat you now sit in, and often has he said to me, when a young artiste was complaining of having nothing to do, "Do people think you are the Almighty, who feeds all mankind? Do these little folk not know that it is the degree and quality of their art that most of all advances them in their career? When you have anything to do with these artistes, tell them my career, which began at a time when there was not one five-hundredth part of the number of artistes, who now-a-days claim, by the exercise of their art, to make a living, a position and a name." And then Bülow would become warm, and reproach me with making it too easy for artistes, too "cheap."

"Too cheap?"

"Yes," he replied, "if, for example, if you had not, by undertaking the arrangement of concerts, and the business part, made the path of young artistes so smooth and 'cheap,' there would be, most certainly, less singing and playing." An answer is scarcely necessary. To an artiste it is of the first importance to his art that he shall have nothing to trouble him except his performance on the platform. Of course, under the old system the management was much more expensive, because the traveling artiste had to have his secretary with him, who had a great share in the receipts, and thus the share of the artiste was diminished. Bülow himself lost by this system to a considerable extent.

Now the management of a tournée is carried on from my office. The number of concerts to be managed renders it possible, especially in Berlin, for us to make the wholesale tours, so to speak, of advantage to the individual.

Are there really so many artistes?

Yes! The number is colossal. Geniuses will always be rare, but the number of very good, to a

certain extent prominent artistes is enormous. It increases daily, in spite of the fact that the performances, and consequently the demands on the artiste, both on the technical and the musical side, are of a very high order.

Whence comes this sudden increase?

You must allow that it has come up suddenly. The artistic crop has suddenly become overproductive. But has not the development of music made a proportionately sudden advance? Within two centuries and a half music, composition especially, has advanced from the simplest basis to the most complicated *raffinement*, while all the other arts have been highly developed 2,000 years before. The sudden overproduction, then, in the field of musical performances is a side issue in the development of music in general. Its sudden rise, however, is to be especially attributed to the general condition of the age; to the struggle for existence. The search and battle for a livelihood have compelled men, in the last twenty years, to take up music as a money-earning profession. The seductive examples of great men, who, by their genius, have conquered the world; the hope of individuals that, even if they do not have much luck they may still have more or less good fortune, and thus make for themselves a career—these are the causes why such infinite numbers turn to music as a profession. This sudden rush to music as a profession is nourished or finds its chief support in the numerous conservatories. If the elevation of general musical culture and of the social requirements has resulted in a quick increase in the conservatories so, in turn, has the increased number of conservatories, and the consequent large number of private teachers, of both sexes, led to a greater production of artistes. If in any private school or conservatory any trace of talent reveals itself in a pupil, he believes that he can venture to make music his profession, in the hope of thereby being able to earn a comfortable living as an artiste, or, at least, as a teacher. In the conservatories and other institutions the pupils, instead of seeking a good musical education, are all struggling for a future, and they are not sufficiently warned of the difficulty and rarity of a successful artistic career. Here lies the root of overproduction. What is to be done? It is impossible to seek to restrain forcibly any or every free development; the matter must be left to regulate itself. Let people reflect how many have studied in vain and spent money in vain; how uncertain the life is; and then the rush into the musical profession will contract of itself, both in the case of artistes and teachers.

But with the increase in artistes has not the opportunities to rise increased?

Yes and no!

Yes, for the chosen few who are wanted everywhere, who can give concerts everywhere, who are annually invited by all musical societies.

No, for the numerous and often excellent artistes who lack what is commonly called "drawing power."

These countless aspirants can seldom give concerts of their own, and so are left to invitations from musical societies. The latter have, however, increased *very little* in the last twenty years, while artistes have increased enormously. The result can be easily seen. "Drawing power." Don't you mean *réclame* puffery?

No, I mean "drawing power"—that undefinable influence of the artiste on the public that spreads and diffuses itself through the audience. *Réclame* can prepare the way, can benefit the possessor of drawing power enormously; it can, if handled effectively and in good style, produce a transient attraction for inferior artistes who have not real drawing powers, but such attraction will not be lasting. True drawing power will reach the goal without *réclame*; it lies in the recognized, yet indefinable constitution of the nature of its possessor.

As with *réclame*, so with criticism. The latter nowadays, in most cases, can be put in the same class as *réclame*. But, believe me, criticism can only support and bring forward rapidly a good thing, one, that is, that has not the elements of absolute success in itself, but it cannot perpetuate it. Just as little can it keep back a thing which is really good. On this point read Hanslick, the uncontested master of German criticism. Hanslick, according to my experience, is, in every way, the most influential of German critics. Yet a success in Vienna, even when accompanied with a recognition from Hanslick, is no longer of such "international importance" as one in Berlin.

What are you coming to?

This: Since Berlin became the capital of the German Empire, a city of 1,700,000 souls, with an unheard-of development and concentration, a sensational success there is known everywhere and at once. English, Americans, French and—in spite of their preference for Vienna—Russians, all who used to look to Vienna and Leipzig, now turn their eyes to Berlin and ask: "Has he or she sung or played in Berlin?" I will name no names, but how many have not received their first nimbus in Berlin? And hence, naturally and reasonably, most of the young artistes who wish to show for the first time to the public who and what they are choose Berlin for their début. Hence the colossal ranks of concert-givers whose names have never been heard before. The paying public, as a rule, goes to these concerts only when the concert-giver is personally known, or when, as is often the case, they are invited; the visitors of these concerts are musicians or connected with music and its representatives, and those for whom the concerts are in the first place given—the critics.

Do you think these concerts are the right way of presenting oneself to the public?

To-day there is no other—at least I know of none. The opportunities for debuting artistes on any permanent, celebrated stage for the first time are too

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rare, and, as such opportunities can only be hoped for by a limited number of candidates, it results that those who will not wait for ever and ever can find no other way left them than to give a concert themselves. Then a hearing will be given and judgment rendered for anyone who has studied for this purpose and thinks the moment for a public appearance has come. Much may be said against these countless concerts, but, say what you will, there will be no change so long as so many persons devote themselves to art. These concerts would not be given if they were not adapted to the general musical and professional situation. And, as for the most part those artists who make a name have sprung from this kind of debut, these concerts will continue. For an artiste who has an actual success the sacrifice involved in a concert of his own is not in vain. An actual success passes away without leaving a trace just as seldom as a genius is ignored. About the actuality of the success many deceive themselves; many are deceived by the utterances of the critics and the public, who regard as a success anything that was not a failure, and then bewail the injustice of fortune or the incompetence of the manager.

Why do you not find out the utter incapables and save them the sacrifice of a useless concert of their own?

Because I have no right to do so, no means of judgment, no inducement.

No judgment! That surprises me much. Tell me the reasons.

First of all very few ask for my judgment whether they "dare" give a concert. This verdict, however, they expect from the critics. Moreover, I do not feel myself justified in expressing a judgment; I undertake the task of managing a concert; this task I fulfil correctly in every detail. Whether the concert given is good or not, or given by ripe artists or not, it is not my part to investigate; nor can I do so, for in almost every case it is impossible to say from a private, vocal or instrumental performance what will be the effect on the public platform; only the performance on the platform before that "mystic assembly," the public, can furnish a rule for our judgment. And even if I were to be willing to try to keep this or that artiste from taking such a momentous step, I should—you may believe me—in most cases produce the opposite result. Such is human nature.

But does not the difficulty of which you are speaking exist also on the platform?

Yes, in a very high degree, especially on the first occasion. But the difficulty usually diminishes; talent will struggle to light in the course of the evening;

sureness and strength and all the other qualities of importance which furnish an unerring standard for judgment become more and more audible. Such an entire evening gives a correct picture of an artiste's ability. Rubinstein often said to me that he would never utter any judgment on a young artiste after the performance of a piano-concerto, supported by the brilliancy and alternations of the orchestra. Nothing can be more deceptive than this. But a piano-evening, a performance that must stand by itself clearly and completely, offers an unfailing opportunity for an artiste to display his ability in all directions, and for the critic to arrive at a verdict. The Salle Erard, Paris; the Börsendörfer Saal, Vienna, or the Bechstein Saal, Berlin, are the places best suited for such artistes. An indispensable requisite is that the room be small enough to give a feeling of *intimité*; large halls should be reserved for orchestral or choral performances. When Rubinstein gave his remarkable last three piano-evenings to an invited audience of musicians at Berlin, he selected for the purpose the Bechstein Saal. He wished not only to give us performances, but to set us an example by his choice of the hall. In like manner Bulow would, in the case of his recovery, have given a series of instructive piano evenings in the Bechstein Hall which would have extended without interruption through the whole winter

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Programme-making seems to me not such a difficult task. You can take your pick of the best known masterpieces and the putting them in order is an easy matter.

Certainly it is not a hard job now-a-days to make a good programme. Unfortunately, on this very account most do make good programmes. But the fact that the number of artistes has infinitely increased, and the necessity of obtaining a speedy verdict on their performances, have led to the result that most artistes believe that they must choose known works in order that the listener may occupy himself in the chief place with the artiste and not have his attention distracted by the work. Hence the great similarity of programmes. Novelties are rare; the classical numbers are generally the same. A dislike of novelties and of less known older works has spread from the artistes to the public, and yet in this respect the artiste ought to be the instructor of the public. You will understand, of course, that all through I am not speaking only of débutants. And this is true of instrumentalists, singers, directors and all—at least in Germany, and especially in Berlin. With the exception of Brahms' compositions, for which Joachim and Bülow prepared the way, people here speak with almost comical repugnance of novelties.

But just now there is a knock at the door, a clerk comes in with letters and telegrams, and I say "Good-bye" to the concert-director, who, however, gave me a promise that he would, after his annual summer journey, give me some further communications for our paper.

The Reflex Action of Music as Between England and America.



JOSEPH BENNETT.

A POSSIBLE reader goes no farther than the title of this short paper before exclaiming: "Bosh! (or some more forcible expletive). England has no music; America has no music. You propose to discuss the relation of things non-existing." I answer: "Go to, thou false and misleading generalizer!" And yet—and yet—there is something

in the objection after all, which something I must reduce as an impediment to the surmountable, before taking a step in advance.

To the statement that England has no music—or, to put the case more precisely, no music distinctively English—I reply that it is impossible of acceptance without large limitations. It cannot be argued, for example, that this country is without an individual school of church music, referable, as regards its present leading characteristics, to native sources. It would be no less difficult to prove that our folk-songs are a genuine product of the soil, alike as to the nature of their melodies and their mode of expression. That this may also be claimed for the English glee is a matter quite beyond dispute, while much might be urged with regard to the initiative of England in developing the modern dramatic oratorio. The possible reader would, perhaps, if put to it, concede the claims just advanced. He might also continue thus: "I have granted you little, because the vitality and significance of modern musical art lie in the orchestra and are to be found connected with the lyric stage. When England possesses a distinctive school of orchestral writing and a no less distinctive school of opera, then, and not till then will she have satisfied the conditions which, at the present day, must be met before a country can call itself musical in the highest sense of the term." Without accepting this statement in all its fulness, I must admit that, certain cases apart, our orchestral music follows the German model, and that we have no school of opera worth naming. It follows that in these great departments England can exercise no influence, good or bad, upon art in America. Let me now glance with equal brevity at the state of affairs among our American kinsmen.

I note at once a vast difference in degree, which difference arises probably less from fundamental variations than from largely contracted circumstances. England is an old country, fairly homogeneous in these later times, whatever may have been the case ages ago, and having a not undistinguished musical history, together with some respectable traditions. America, on the other hand, is still a new nation, engaged at this day upon the portentous process of self-consolidation, inhabited by mixed races, and, save as the Anglo-Saxons, they are joint heirs with ourselves to whatever Old England could bequeath, destitute of musical history. From a country at this stage, and existing under these conditions, it would be unreasonable to expect a national art. The preparatory operations to that end are not yet completed. The ingredients which are to form a popular musical mind and soul are not yet sufficiently mingled; while mighty problems of social and national life, settlement of which must precede a general evolution of the beautiful, yet remain without solution. The present state of music in America is just what might be expected in view of the facts. Immigrant races have taken their own art with them. Save as to the greater sympathy with new ideas and forms, the Anglo-Saxons across the Atlantic are very much like their cousins in the old land. On their part the Germans are Germans still, and even the Welsh make the songs and choruses of the Principality resound in Eisteddfod halls far removed from those wherein Clwydfardd and Hwfa Mon hold sway. If these statements be true, it follows that the time has not yet come for distinctive American music, which, when it does appear, may be something as new and striking as are the conditions of its origin, and, in any case, will have immense influence in the world.

Reviewing these primary considerations it appears (1) that the influence of English upon American music is necessarily limited to certain forms of vocal composition, among which oratorio holds highest rank, and (2) that the return action from America to England may at present be described as a neglectable quantity, except in so far as acquaintance with the trend of musical sympathies across the Atlantic affects feeling here.

Again the possible reader starts up. Now, sir, what have you to say this time? "Only that, as it seems to me, you have cut the ground from under your own feet. You begin by proposing to discuss the reflex action of music as between England and America and then admit that while the old country exerts but partial and limited influence along lines which do not now vibrate with the actual life of the art, the new nation has no influence at all. We might as profitably argue about the mutual relationship of a sickly old man and a baby of mixed parentage who happens not yet to be born." Hoity-toity, good sir! Not quite so fast! You are not to palm off an old man as representative of musical England. There was once a promise to a nation that its youth should be renewed like the eagle's, and I hold a very strong opinion, based on some considerable observation, that music in this country is about to enter upon an era as brilliant as that which made England a burning and a shining light from the days of Tallis to those of Henry Purcell. All the signs of such a dawning are in the sky, and the light of coming radiance even touches the hilltops. Vain, optimistic dream! Perhaps; but it has yet to be proved a dream, and, till disappointment come, the outlook is pleasant. I do not believe in disappointment. The indications of reviving musical life are too strong and too steady for that. So much by way of an excursion. And now let me pass into the main argument again, which I do by declaring, as a reply to the possible reader's second objection, that it is always permissible and sometimes useful to prospect the future, provided it be done from the standpoint of reason and experience.

Is the mutual influence of English and American music probable under the conditions anticipated? In my opinion, eminently so. To give reasons at length would be almost an insult to the reader's intelligence, seeing how, in the matter of our common language, the character of contemporary literature, the forms of social existence, the principles of political and international life, and even the nature of our sports, the two countries, so closely bound together, though geographically so far apart, are each a creative or a modifying influence applied to the other. Already

examples of similar action as regards music are noticeable. I see one in the favour shown to English church compositions throughout the States. The "service lists," of which some hundreds come before me in the course of a year, would be sufficient testimony as to this matter, even if I could not speak from personal observation of facts. Another example appears in the constant interchange of vocal artistes, which of late has grown to such dimensions. This process now goes on with the regularity of a branch of commerce. For some reason or other, which the English musical girl has not explained, our best sopranos come from "the other side," meeting here with a fair field and plenty of favour, when they deserve it—as is much more often the case than not. Just as we take sopranos from our kinsmen, they are glad to welcome our tenors and basses, extending the most cordial hospitality and appreciation to an Edward Lloyd, a Ben Davies or a Watkin Mills. In these respects the two countries are practically one; and who shall say that as time goes on and the art develops the union will not become wider, the resultant benefit greater?

Taking that union as inevitable, a very serious question arises. What will American music be when the many existing ingredients are, so to speak, melted together and run into the national mould? Here is, indeed, a field for speculation, and, perhaps, only Americans are qualified to make forecasts worthy of regard. But the musical Englishman is not less concerned than they in the actual upshot. It seems to me that the interchange of influence under the conditions here foreseen must be largely in favour of the younger nation. Musical culture will, no doubt, extend and deepen in this country, and we shall see great advances made both in the creative and executive departments, but it is not likely that our people, whose character is fixed and settled, will evolve that which Wagner gave to the Germans—a "new art." We shall follow up the old lines with, all of us trust, increasing energy and distinction. In America the materials for making a forecast are not so certain. Looking at German activity throughout the States and the fact that German professors are everywhere, their personal influence backed by the vast importance of their national art, it is reasonable to assume that American music, when it has taken shape, will present features recognizably Teutonic. At the present time, when the most elementary stage has come under observation, that is certainly the case. There are, however, signs which indicate a form of art more impulsive, electric—may I, without offence, add sensational?—than the average German example, as the style favoured amongst ourselves. But who can decide? All we may be sure of is that the evolution of a distinctive American art will be as slow as the welding of the many races in America into a homogeneous whole; that it will not come with the adoption of Negro or Indian tunes, or be bestowed upon the country by a beneficent foreign composer. It will grow with the growth and strengthen with the strength of the forces which tend to make one people out of many, and may pass through the stage of inception unnoticed. Of this also we may be sure: American music, once determined, will more or less profoundly affect that of England, initiating here, perhaps, a time of change destined to have widespread and enduring results. I am no prophet—Heaven forbid!—but have reached these conclusions on the ground of the reasonable and the probable. Their statement will be useful in proportion as it directs public attention to a deeply interesting feature in the prospective artistic relations of the two countries.

JOSEPH BENNETT.

"Who art thou?" "Music." "Prithce tell me why Thy listening ear is bent to yonder shell?"
"Because the sounds of nature sink and swell Within its spiry hollows, and I try To read aright that rhythmic harmony."
"But in thy hand there hangs a written scroll."
"What that world tells the ever-wakeful soul Reasoning records in symbolled charactry."
"Thus the rude things of sense, by thought refined, Are made immortal?" "Yea, 'tis mine through art, Framing a message for the watchful mind More clear than words, to soothe or stir the heart."
"But why these lutes and viols on the ground?"
"They reconstruct dumb thought to speaking sound."

—John Addington Symonds.

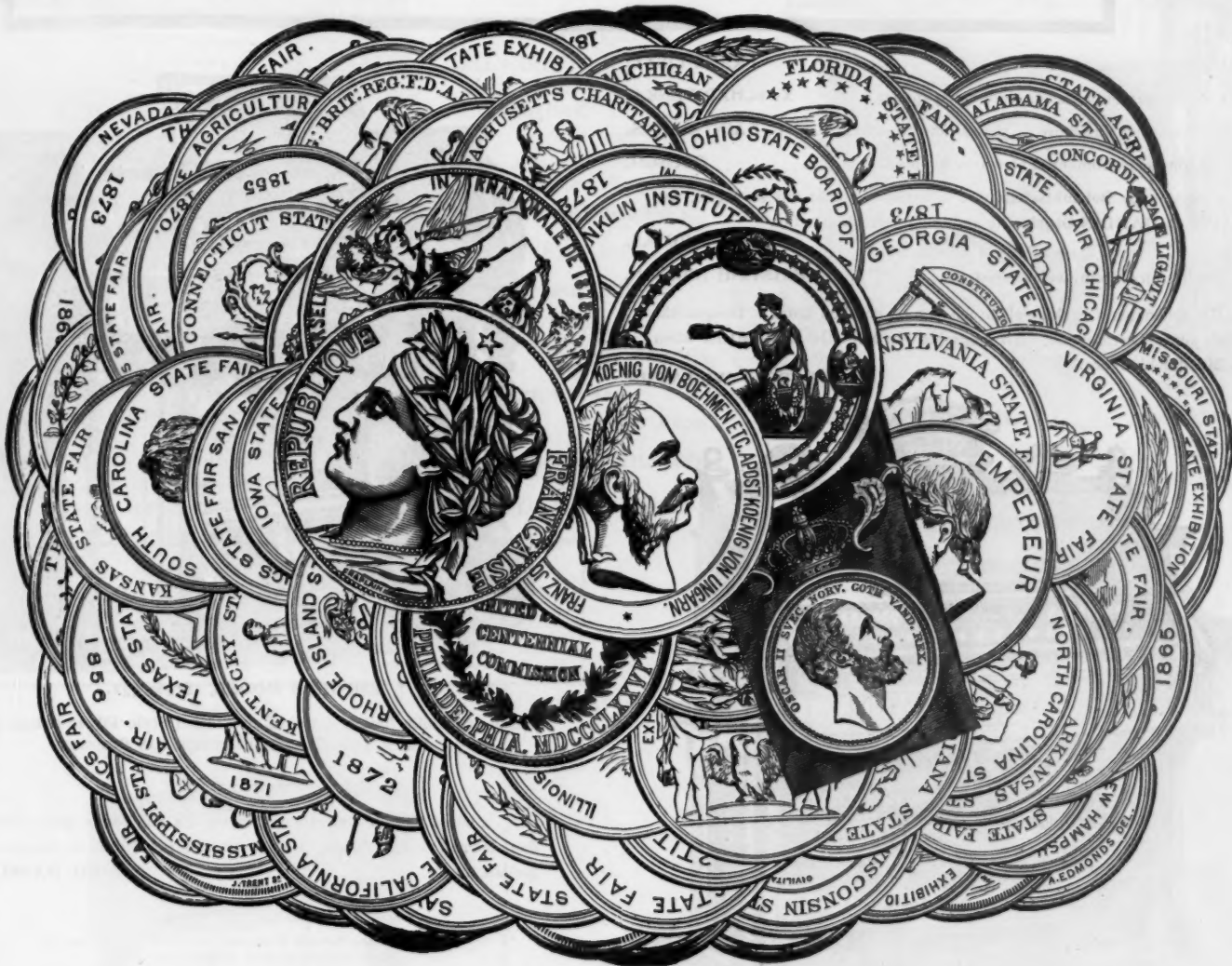


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Wahrscheinlich besuchen mich in diesem Sommer, Dr. Naumann (aus Jena), Walter Baehre (aus London), und St. Sauts, welcher, meines Bedenkens der hervorragendste, ausserordentlichste Meister und Beherrscher des Orgelspiels verbleibt.
Ich werde nicht ermangeln die drei Virtuosen zu bitten näher Bekanntschaft mit Ihrer Orgel zu machen. Uebrigens soll sie nicht missbraucht werden und den gewöhnlichen Spielern verschlossen sein.
Empfangen Sie, sehr geehrte Herren, den Ausdruck meiner Hochachtung und dankbarkeit.
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Einliegend die Dankes Zeilen des Herrn Director Müller-Hartung.
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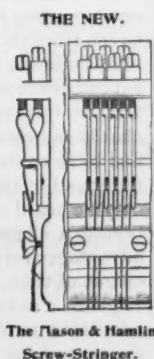
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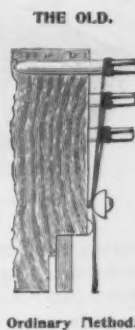
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The Musical Revolution.



G. BERNARD SHAW.

NOT long ago I was at a concert in the Albert Hall in London. The Albert Hall accommodates an audience of about 8,000 people: that is to say, it is nearly three times as large as the next largest concert hall in London. Its extraordinary dimensions make it impossible for me to say whether it is a good hall for music, since I should have to attend at least a hundred concerts and sit in a different place every time, to qualify myself for an exhaustive opinion; but I can vouch at least for the fact that fine musical tone, however delicate, can be heard perfectly at the remotest points in the building, and that, on the other hand, base musical tones of any sort, including certain organ mixture stops, are either not distinctly heard at all, or else betray themselves at once as abominable. There is a story of an Irish fiddler who played so well at a fair, that Ole Bull, who happened to be present, asked him whether he played by note or by ear. The man replied that he played neither by note nor by ear, but "by main strength." This is an exceedingly common plan with both players and singers; and the temptation to try to overcome the vastness of the Albert Hall by it is only natural. But the Albert Hall revenges itself by letting loose a whole pack of echoes, which respond to all attempts at shouting with a volley of derisive barks. I have heard Henry Irving recite in the hall, also Sarah Bernhardt and Beerbohm Tree. Tree selected a piece which required a vigorous and rather explosive style of declamation, with the result that he was followed by a double echo all through. Irving read a rhymed address with quiet, precise delivery, and very carefully formed tone. I was at a considerable distance from him, and heard him as if he were speaking very quietly close to me. Sarah Bernhardt's voice was perfectly audible; but the handicap of a foreign language was too much for her intelligibility; and at the end, on receiving a somewhat bewildered and obviously formal round of applause, she conveyed to us very plainly by the manner of her withdrawal that she considered us a parcel of imbeciles. On the whole, the hall is not suitable for speakers; but the experiments that have been made by speakers there confirm my opinion that monster concerts, like those in the Albert Hall and on the Handel Orchestra in the Crystal Palace, tend to encourage good singing and playing by selecting as fittest those artists who have the finest sense of beauty and firmness of tone, and by making rough and violent work suicidal and impossible. Thus a violinist who in a small room makes such a noise that you look curiously at his instrument to see whether it is not made of corrugated zinc roofing, a tenor or soprano whose voice seems to rip up the upholstery of your drawing-room, or a bass who makes the whole house buzz and rattle when he practises, can hardly be heard four rows off in the Albert Hall; whilst Sarasate playing his favourite Chopin nocturne in a tone that would not sound excessive in a sentry box—which might even be criticized there by a soldier of robust tastes as perhaps a little thin, Sims Reeves singing "Watchman, will the night soon pass?" with that lackadaisical mannerism which led ignorant people, years before his retirement, to declare that he had no voice left and that nobody could hear him at a distance, Patti singing phrases in "Home, sweet home" or "Within a mile" in a pianissimo that is almost a whisper, and Santley singing anything you please without doing the smallest violence to his voice, can

all be heard in these great spaces apparently more intimately than when they are at your elbow in a private house. Therefore, if you want to test the purely musical value of an instrument or of an artiste's method, listen to it in an auditorium big enough to accommodate 8,000 people.

When I was receiving my musical education, which, as far as it was real, consisted in hearing music and not in reading foolish books about Mozart and Beethoven (though I did that, too, so as to get plenty of practice in the invaluable art of unlearning) I was led to believe that a modern iron-framed pianoforte was enormously superior to the miserable harpsichords and clavichords with which Bach and Handel had to be content. In particular I was taught that the sound of the clavichord was so tiny that it could only be heard at very close quarters. I did not question this alleged fact, which struck me as having advantages for the people next door. At last, in the course of time, I heard a clavichord played by Mr. Hipkins, a noted expert in old instruments and an admirable performer upon them, though, perhaps, to the part of the world that knows nothing about clavichords, he is better known by his connection with Broadwoods. His clavichord was certainly not a loud instrument any more than Patti is a loud singer; but though the performance took place in a room large enough to hold a few hundred persons, yet when you went to the end farthest from the clavichord, it seemed just as audible as when you were close to it. On examining the instrument I found that it could not be played violently, and that it had absolutely no "action"—nothing but a stick on a pivot, which went up and hit the string at one end when you pressed down the other. In short, there was nothing to save the player from simply making a foolish noise except the skill of his own hand; so that the clavichord came into line with the violin or the human larynx in respect of being an absurd and offensive instrument when badly handled and a beautiful one only when well handled.

Now I come to the concert at the Albert Hall with which I started this disquisition. At that concert Patti sang, and Santley sang, with the satisfactory effect which I have already described. But something else happened. A lady played the piano. It was a first-rate piano, fitted with the most perfect "action" known, by a maker whose instruments have been special favourites with the greatest pianists. But in the Albert Hall it sounded mechanical, uninteresting, and futile. And that, I presume, is why Paderewski does not, in spite of his immense popularity in London, take his instrument to the Albert Hall, though he has exactly the same pecuniary interest as Patti in bringing it to the largest hall in which it can be used to good purpose. The pianoforte cannot be played effectively in a large space; and recent concerts at which the experiment has been tried of playing dozens of grand pianos simultaneously have proved that nothing can be gained even in magnitude of effect by this means. Paderewski's own criticism of the pianoforte is implied in the fact that he insists on having the hammers of the instruments he uses hardened to such an extent that though a feathery lightness and swiftness of execution is made possible, the tone, especially at the top, is spoiled beyond all power of correction even by the most tender touch. I have never heard a pianist of the first rank who so definitely gave up perfect beauty of sound as a bad job, and concentrated himself on thoughtfulness of interpretation, astonishing manipulation and eloquence of style. He is a wonderful player on a brilliantly detestable instrument. That his judgment is sound in making this choice appears to be proved by the experience of players equal if not superior to him in technical attainments—Sapellnikoff, for instance—who face heavier finger work for the sake of greater richness of tone, and yet do not seem to gain as much as they lose.

Now what is the moral of this discourse? First,

that the enormous popularity of singers who produce the most perfectly musical and accurately pitched tone shows that the public, which in the mass is so utterly unintellectual in its view of music that it makes no categorical distinction between "The Bohemian Girl" and "Tristan," has really far sounder ears than those enthusiasts who, in their preoccupation with the dramatic and poetic content of modern music, lose all concern for the beauty of the sounds, vocal and instrumental, by which this content is conveyed to them. Thus at monster ballad concerts you hear beautiful singing; and at Bayreuth, before audiences which would consider themselves intellectually compromised if they were seen at a ballad concert, you hear singing which may be indulgently described as damnable, accompanied by instruments which have no more individual artistic character than the furniture in a steamer saloon has.

Second, that this callousness of ear and alertness of intellect among cultivated musicians is largely due to their domestic use of such a very ugly instrument as the pianoforte. A man who can tolerate Bach and Scarlatti on a modern piano can tolerate anything.

Third, that there is going to be a great awakening of the purely musical conscience by men like Arnold Dolmetsch, who sits down with a beautiful old clavichord before him, and makes a still more beautiful new one with his own hands instead of reading books by Wolzogen on Wagner. That clavichord will start just such a reform in musical instruments as William Morris started in domestic furniture. It is noteworthy, by the way, that Morris, whose ear, as I can testify from personal observation, is as good as any musician's, and whose powers as poet, artist and craftsman have made him famous, hates the pianoforte, and is evidently affected by modern music much as he is affected by early Victorian furniture. He will not go to an ordinary concert; but he will confess to a strong temptation to try his hand at making fiddles; and he has been seen at one of Dolmetsch's viol concerts apparently enjoying himself. Probably he will not make the fiddles; but Dolmetsch will make more clavichords; and as the movement gains ground, other men will rebel against the military bandmaster's ideal which governs the instrument manufacturing trade to-day, and will make trumpets, flutes and horns (to mention only the three most militarized victims) which will be really worth listening to for their own sound.

Fourth, you will have, concurrently with the movement in instrument making and interacting powerfully with it, a revival of the best of the beautiful music composed before the opera came in the eighteenth century and turned musicians aside from the single-hearted pursuit of beauty in their art. In a few years the musical taste of this century will strike us exactly as we are now struck by the literary taste of the century which thought Pope a greater poet than Chaucer.

Fifth, the movement will have the capacity for becoming a popular movement, a thing eternally impossible to the music of the pianistic era.

G. BERNARD SHAW.

NOTICE.

THE European and International Edition of "The Musical Courier" is circulated and distributed free of charge all over the globe where music is cultivated and where musical instruments are used.

It is also included in our regular September Special, in order to enable our regular subscribers and readers to study it.

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THE MUSIC TRADE IN ENGLAND.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON AND PROVINCIAL MUSIC TRADES REVIEW."



I HAVE been asked to write THE MUSICAL COURIER for the information of readers who are members of the American music trades a plain and unvarnished account of the musical instrument trade as it exists in England. I have accepted that duty upon the full understanding, readily accorded by your senior editor,

that I shall deal with facts rather than with mere opinions or with details as to individual firms or persons.

The manner in which the musical instrument business is conducted in Great Britain is in many respects wholly unlike that which obtains in the United States. Americans are apt to attribute this difference to the conservative tendencies of the British commercial classes. This may very likely be the case, and, at any rate, although British manufacturers and traders generally have, it may be fairly claimed, plenty of business energy, push and enterprise, yet it is very true that, satisfied with their lot, and recollecting how many Englishmen have failed by trying to amass fortunes in a hurry, they are loth to accept any important deviation from ordinary business lines. On this point

The Territorial System

affords us a very fair example of the difference between the two nations. In the United States the territorial system, I believe, obtains generally and has been found to work well. Various manufacturers, and particularly certain American houses, have attempted to introduce it into this country, but without success. Some fifteen to eighteen years ago, when the American reed organ boom first began here, agents of American manufacturers offered sole agencies as a matter of course. The plan has, however, not been found to work, for although sole agencies still exist in some important towns, no British dealer would now dream of accepting a certain make of pianos or organs to the exclusion of all others. An exclusive agency is generally considered more or less a restraint to trade, and dealers in the provinces, who, of course, are by far the largest purchasers from the wholesale manufacturers, prefer to stock instruments of any particular make they may at the time desire. England to the United States is, in geographical space, as a nutshell to a forest. No man in San Francisco can, perhaps, buy a Steinway piano save through a recognized agent, and to travel to New York to buy it, and ship it home, would not be worth the trouble or the money. But a man in Manchester has only to take a four hours' journey to London and can there buy what he likes, shipping it himself.

One objection to exclusive agencies in England seems to be the great increase which such agencies entail in the cost of local advertising. In any particular town, we will say, there are three leading firms of dealers—to give them apocryphal names, Messrs. Jones, Messrs. Brown and Messrs. Robinson. The local public know Jones, and Brown and Robinson, but have probably never heard of Messrs. X & Co. for whom Mr. Brown is territorial agent. In order, therefore, to create a trade for Messrs. X & Co.'s goods, much local advertising would be imperative, and this, in England, falls almost exclusively upon the dealer, who sees no reason why he should spend his money for the benefit of Messrs. X & Co., who, perhaps, when their name and fame are established in the district, find it equally convenient to supply the provincial customer direct from London. The provincial customer, on the other hand, goes to Messrs. Jones, the dealers, because he is in the habit of dealing at that house, or because he believes the goods there sold to be the cheapest and most reliable; he probably does not know the name of any manufacturer at all, except, perhaps, that of some great house whose goods appear to be beyond his means. The average provincial buyer, therefore, relies almost implicitly upon the judgment of the dealers, Messrs. Jones. They, in their turn, try to do the best they can for their customer, as well as for themselves, if only for the credit of their house.

Meanwhile, Messrs. Jones & Co. are supplied by the British wholesale houses quite indiscriminately and in accordance with their needs. The travellers of the large and small manufacturers frequently call upon them, almost daily, indeed—except on market-days, when it is a general rule for the drummers to avoid the town. The dealer knows which class of goods suits his provincial customers best, and orders in accordance with his needs, either for immediate or deferred delivery, so that most warehouses in the provinces will be found stocked with a very varied selection of the instruments of various makers. Even when a local dealer is sole agent for any particular manufacturing firm in his town or district he does not dream of limiting his stock to the makes of that firm; but although he will naturally push the goods for which he is agent, he also stocks the pianos or organs of any other makers for which he can find a market.

The provincial dealer is by far the best customer of the British manufacturers, and the avoidance of

mutual protection of its members and the provincial trade generally. This Association busies itself in many ways. It, of course, was considered truly representative of the provincial trade in the discussions which have recently been in progress concerning the 'Three Years' System, or Instalment Plan. It has also been useful in putting (or trying to put) a stop to bogus auction sales and advertising, that is to say, to local advertising, of the "widow giving up housekeeping" type, and to auction sales of shoddy musical instruments made expressly for the auction market. Some provincial towns are particularly pestered by these auctions, which do a great deal of harm to the legitimate dealer. For the purchaser, as a rule, has not the slightest idea as to the comparative value of good and shoddy musical instruments, and he believes that he has picked up, as a bargain at an auction, a piano for which he may have given \$150, but which did not cost at factory price much more than half that sum. This association first came into being in consequence of an outcry raised a few

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* A numbered label, corresponding to this number, is attached to the instrument at the Treble end.

MAKER, &C.	No. *	DESCRIPTION OF INSTRUMENT.	HEIGHT.
ASSOCIATION MODELS. THE TENNESSEE PIANOFORTE COMPANY, Ltd., Peel Grove, Cambridge road, N. E.	1	Walnut, "Speramus" (original).....	4 2
	2	" " improved model, over damper....	4 2
	3	" " improved model, under damper..	4 2
	4	" " "Arguros".....	4 4
W. G. WERNAM, Harwood street, Kentish Town, N. W.	5	Walnut, Class 19.....	4 1½
	6	" " " 14.....	4 1½
	7	" " " 14A.....	4 1½
	8	" " " 17.....	4 3
	9	" " " 16.....	4 3
J. TRICKETT & SONS, Keen's Yard, St. Paul's road, Highbury, N.	10	Walnut, Pianette.....	3 10
	11	" " Cottage.....	4 4
THE TENNESSEE PIANOFORTE COMPANY, Ltd., Peel Grove, Cambridge road, N. E.	12	Rosewood, Style A.....	3 5
	13	Walnut, Style A O.....	3 8
	14	Rosewood, Style A 2.....	4 0
	15	Walnut, Style B 2.....	4 2
	16	Rosewood, Style C.....	4 2
	17	Walnut, Style D.....	4 4
W. SQUIRE, Bayham place, Camden Town, N. W.	18	Walnut, Class B.....	3 9
	19	" " " A.....	4 2
	20	" " " A.....	4 2
	21	" " " 1A.....	4 0
	22	" " " 1A.....	3 9
	23	" " " 2.....	4 2
A. C. SCIECO, 190 Holloway road, N.	24	Sticker Action.....	4 0
	25	Check ".....	4 0
	26	Upright Iron Grand.....	4 3
J. RINTOUL & SONS, Patshall road, Kentish Town, N. W.	27	Walnut, No. 4.....
	28	Walnut, Upright Grand.....
H. JAMES & SON, 150 Green lane, Stoke Newington, N.	29	Walnut, Cottage.....	4 2
R. HAWKINS, Tottenham road, Dalston, N.	30	Concert, Model.....	4 1
A. GOUGH & CO., Uxbridge road, W.	31	Rosewood, No. 3.....
	32	Model, 2 B.....
	33	Villa Model.....	4 0
	34	Burr Walnut, Model.....	4 0
W. H. CHIGNELL (Agent), New Barnet, Herts.	35	Walnut, Upright Grand.....	4 2
	36	Walnut, ostg, by Lenz, Berlin (carriage paid & case free)	4 2½
BANSALL & SONS, Clarence road, Hackney, N. E.	37	" " Marquetry Panel.....	4 2½
	38	4 1
BURLING & MANSFIELD.	39
	40

the territorial system is, of course, calculated to make the provincial dealer more than ever a power in the land. There is, indeed, a strong association of these dealers, called the "Music Trades Association of Great Britain," which is intended for the

years ago against Messrs. Broadwood, who adopted the plan of employing

Travelling Tuners.

The provincial dealer believes himself to possess, and certainly claims something like a prescriptive



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right to the tunings throughout the provinces. The tunings themselves are, of course, to a certain extent valuable; but they are prized more especially because the tuner generally has the opportunity of recommending a new instrument when one is required. Messrs. Broadwood, however, claiming that they found many of their pianos in outlying districts so badly tuned that they were more or less injured, organized a system of appointing their own tuners in various provincial districts. These gentlemen, who were all under the control of the London house, entered into contracts with private piano owners in various parts of the United Kingdom, by which, for a certain specified sum per annum—only about two guineas, or \$10.50—they keep the piano properly in tune, usually visiting the district once a quarter, or oftener if required. No doubt this system gave Broadwoods an immense advantage, particularly in the chance their tuners had of supplying new instruments, while the tunings' account covered, it has without denial been asserted, practically the whole of the establishment charges of the house. The provincial trade vigorously opposed the system of employing tuners, but Broadwoods stood firm and were strong enough to maintain their position, although no other house has imitated their example.

The Music Trades Association of Great Britain, to counteract this organized system of holding examinations of, and granting certificates to expert tuners, soon after they were organized also adopted a proposition which was made to them to hold a species of exhibition of medium-priced pianos called

The Association Pianos,

which, it is understood, are made expressly and solely for members of the association and at a very moderate price, and are supplied to no one else—either to other dealers or to the public. It paid the medium-class manufacturers very well to make these things at a low figure, mainly because they could be manufactured at leisure and in large quantities.

The fourth annual exhibition of these pianos was held at the Polytechnic on June 20 and 21 last. In order that the thing should be perfectly fair the names of the manufacturers were covered up and the pianos were known only by numbers written on a label attached to the instrument at the treble end. In all forty pianos were shown, and the list of exhibits was sent for publication to the papers. The prices were torn off, for the figures were private, and although they have, as usual, been furnished me by a member of the Association who does not care that such matters should be suppressed, yet it is not the object of this article to disclose trade secrets, and I, therefore, give the bare list herewith.

It is very possible that the mere publication of such a list (which, be it said, was sent for publication) in an American trade paper would raise a rumpus through the whole trade. In England it is different, for, as I have already pointed out, the territorial system is non-existent, and dealers are free to buy in the cheapest market. But, without unduly disclosing secrets, it may be stated that the prices are fixed upon a principle of (1) cash down, (2) cash in a month and (3) a six months' bill, and that the charges varied from about \$85 to \$165 per piano, the upright grands being, of course, somewhat higher.

The prices are those at which these pianos are sold to the dealers and are merely bottom prices, no attempt being made to fix the one at which they shall be sold to the public. The dealer, in point of fact, having the Association pianos, may get as much as he can for them, and, if he likes, can offer as much apparent discount as he chooses. Thus, we will say, a

piano may cost him \$100; he may offer it at a sale price of \$200, and take off 25 per cent., thereby getting \$50 profit on the cash transaction. Also the dealer is not bound to retain the name of the maker on the piano. He may do so if he chooses, or he may put his own name, although, of course, under the Merchandise Marks Act he would not be allowed to put the name of anyone else. This leads us to the question of

Stencil.

Stencil, that name of horror throughout the United States, is in this country considered by no means improper, and, indeed, in some parts of this country it is deemed rather honourable than otherwise. Reverting to our familiar example of Messrs. Jones, Messrs. Brown and Messrs. Robinson, all dealers in one town, there is no doubt that the ordinary provincial customer, unless he had resolved to buy an instrument by some well-known and largely advertised maker, would vastly prefer a piano inscribed on the name-label, "Made for Messrs. Jones," to an instrument marked with the name of a maker of whom he was ignorant. Messrs. Jones he knows; he has known them for a long time to be a highly respectable firm, and he trusts to their choice. He knows perfectly well that Messrs. Jones did not make the piano; but their name is on the label, and they are responsible for its reliable qualities. This, of course, applies only to the very medium-grade piano, which, however, in England, is quite half the market, and not to the higher grades. But that the Stencil in England is not the horrible thing it is supposed to be in the United States is indisputable. Whether we in England are right or wrong in thus accepting the Stencil to a limited extent it is not the province of this article to discuss. I deal here only with facts.

There is, however, another sort of Stencil which is very strongly opposed, and, where possible, thoroughly exposed by the trade. This consists in putting a bogus English name on a cheap-grade German or British garret-piano, or in using a name-label nearly resembling that of a renowned manufacturer. By the Merchandise Marks Act this sort of thing is now illegal, and where a manufacturer's label is imitated, and notice is given in time, a prosecution almost invariably follows. Messrs. Broadwood, Messrs. Hopkinson and—to take the higher class German manufacturers—Messrs. Bechstein, Messrs. Blüthner and Messrs. Ibach, have been particularly active in protecting their legitimate customers from cheap imitations on their goods.

Another and safer Stencil dodge is to take a cheap-grade German or English piano and place upon the name-label the title of some extinct firm, such, for example, as Stoddart, a house which ceased to exist more than thirty years ago, although many genuine examples of their manufacture may, of course, be seen all over the country, and, therefore, the name is still well known. The bogus Stoddart is usually put up at auctions, and as it is nobody's business to prosecute in such cases, very often the seller gets off scot-free. In other instances the local dealers will join and expose the fraud in the auction room, and it is mainly with this object that a small local association of dealers has recently been formed in Glasgow, Scotland. Scotland is, indeed, a hotbed for these auctions, probably because the swindlers know how keen the canny Scot is for a bargain. The "Music Trades Association of Great Britain" last autumn, when the auction sales were particularly damaging to the trade, sent up a representative to the North of England, and, by exposing the origin of the bogus goods, prevented more than one auction.

Another of the particular grievances of the provincial dealer lies in

The Stores.

The Civil Service Co-operative Society was originally founded nearly a quarter of a century ago for Civil Servants only, and in order that the employees of the Crown might, by paying cash instead of running credit, obtain their goods at a much cheaper rate than they then were able to do. This was the Parent Society, and since then "stores" have sprung up and multiplied all over the country. As a rule, for musical instruments, the "stores"—the title is common to a hundred different speculations—do not give any exact quotations in their catalogues, but promise discounts of 25 per cent. and upwards, offering to quote cash prices to anybody who chooses to write to them. As the transaction, so far as the "stores" are concerned, consists in little more than writing a couple of letters, the one giving the quotation for cash in advance and the other ordering the goods from the manufacturer, they can, of course, afford to give larger discounts than any provincial dealer who has to keep shop and stock. Customers in the provinces are keen enough to know this, and their procedure is very simple. They will call upon the local dealer, try the pianos he has in stock, select one they think may be likely to suit them, obtain the maker's name and the list-number, and coolly write off to the "stores" for the lowest quotation. The local dealer, therefore, after he has taken all the trouble, very often loses the sale.

Some ten or twelve years ago the evil became such a crying one that almost all the public price-lists of the various manufacturers—for with very few exceptions manufacturers here in England supply the public as well as the trade—were revised and altered, the figures being increased, so that now it is usually possible for the local dealer to offer against the "stores" a cash discount of 20 or 25 per cent. and at the same time have a fair profit for himself. In the United States, as the territorial system prevails, it would be utterly impossible for the "stores" to interfere with the local dealer, and this, at any rate, is one advantage of the American plan. In England nothing more can be done than to protest vigorously to the manufacturers who supply the goods to the "stores," and as these protests, backed up by local dealers and members of the Provincial Music Trades Association, may imply a boycott, it is usually attended to with alacrity. In one case, however, at the beginning of the present year, when a private association was offering discounts of 15 to 40 per cent. off the price-lists of upwards of seventy-five English and foreign manufacturers, the Music Trades Association of Great Britain addressed a circular to each maker, and in several instances were practically told to mind their own business. Some of the manufacturers, indeed, quietly remarked that they sold more to the "stores" than to legitimate dealers. The principal manufacturers have, however, cut the "stores" and stood by the Association. It may here be remarked that the

English Pianoforte Factories

are almost exclusively confined to the Metropolis, where, small and large, they number about 200. There are one or two at Birmingham and Bristol, one or two in Scotland, one in Kent, etc.; but they are comparatively small, and the entire musical instrument manufacturing of this country is practically confined to London, and more or less to a particular portion of it, which is situated in the Kentish Town and Camden Town districts. When your Mr. Blumenberg was here he inquired whether it was possible to give any approximate estimate of

ERARD, ROYAL PIANO MAKERS,

Established in Paris, 1780.

Licensed by Louis XVI., 1785.

Established in London, 1792.

Pianoforte Makers to the Royal Family

SINCE THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.

MAKERS BY SPECIAL WARRANT TO

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.
H.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.
H.I.M. THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

H.M. THE KING OF SIAM.
H.M. THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.
H.M. THE QUEEN OF ITALY.
H.M. THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.
H.M. THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS.
H.M. THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

AND OTHER REIGNING HOUSES.

SEBASTIAN ERARD, INVENTOR and ORIGINAL MAKER of the GRAND REPETITION CHECK ACTIONS, which to this day form foundations for all used by other manufacturers.

SEBASTIAN ERARD was the INVENTOR and ORIGINAL MAKER of the DOUBLE ACTION PEDAL HARP, which to this day remains without a rival.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE NEW BUILDINGS

TOOK PLACE ON

WEDNESDAY, JULY 11,

When MR. PADEREWSKI kindly consented to play.

ONLY COUNCIL MEDAL, 1851. GRAND PRIX, PARIS, 1889.
GOLD MEDALS, PARIS, 1819, 1823, 1827, 1834, 1839, 1844, 1851, 1855, 1878, &c.
TWO MEDALS, SYDNEY, 1879. THREE MEDALS, MELBOURNE, 1880.
GOLD MEDAL, KIMBERLEY, 1892. GOLD MEDAL, CHICAGO, 1893.

The Favourite PIANOS of the World's greatest Instrumental and Vocal Artistes.

ROYAL PIANOS AND HARPS.

S. & P. ERARD, Royal Pianoforte Makers,

LONDON: 18, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, REGENT STREET, W.

Paris: 13, Rue du Mail.

Brussels: Rue Laterale, No. 4.

the output of the London manufactories. This has, indeed, been tried several times, but without success. The late Mr. W. G. Thomas, the pianoforte maker, considered he had some specially reliable plan of arriving at the total, which in 1891 he put at 125,000 per annum with 192 manufacturers, but this must have been more or less guess-work. It was probably exaggerated. In the United States a shrewd estimate may, perhaps, be made by the output of felts, but here even this is impossible, for we obtain felts freely from Mr. Dolge and also from Germany and various makers in England. To inquire their output from manufacturers themselves would obviously be a particularly crude method of going to work to obtain inflated statistics.

It used at one time to be a reproach to the English makers that they refused to employ labor-saving machinery, and Mr. Alfred Dolge during one of his visits to England gave a comical account of his visit to a great London manufactory, where two men were sawing wood, one in the pit covered with sawdust, and the other upstairs, the two together, as he quaintly remarked, not doing in a day what one of his own machines would have done in an hour. This reproach, however, no longer applies. In almost all the leading London manufactories labor-saving machinery is employed to a very great extent. In all of them, save a few of the largest factories, however, much of the material is bought from special houses, and we have in London about ninety firms of key-makers, fret-cutters and hammer-coverers; about forty string-makers and wire-drawers, five and twenty music-smiths and about twenty pianoforte-action and small work-makers, including such large firms as Brooks, and the agents of Herrburger-Schwander, and the agents of Messrs. Dolge. The smaller manufacturers, as doubtless in the United States, buy their sound-boards, wrest-planks, and so forth, ready made, and are, indeed, really little more than fitters-up and regulators, but the larger houses make practically the whole of their goods themselves, excepting parts of the iron frames.

The Wages Question.

It is not very easy to strike a comparison between the wages paid in New York and England, but a few years ago inquiry was made upon the point, and Mr. William Steinway very courteously furnished me with particulars of wages paid in New York, while by private inquiries among some of the London factories an approximate estimate was made of the wages in England. For example, back-makers—called, I believe, blockers in the United States—earn in England from £2 to £3—\$5 roughly go to the £1 sterling—weekly; case-makers, £2 to £3.15.0, grands being extra; belly-men, £2 to £3, grands again being extra; fly-finishers, £2 to £2.10.0, grands extra; action-makers (where the action is not purchased ready made), earn from £2.15.0 to £3 a week; polishers or varnishers (here we polish and rarely or never varnish), £2 to £3; finishers, £2.18.0 to £3.10.0 for uprights (although for first-rate grand piano work a man can earn as much as £5); regulators, £3 to £4, grands being extra. These would be the wages in a first-class shop, but in the smaller houses they would, of course, be less. In the summer, too, unless trade is pretty brisk and the manufacturers like to keep their hands going by making for stock, there is only short work, so that the annual wages, taking into consideration the holidays, the weekly Feast of St. Monday, Bank holidays, and so forth, would probably be quite 20 per cent. lower than the quotations just given.

The Wholesale Trade.

The manufacturer, as we have seen, sells to the provincial dealer for cash—if he can get it, and if not for notes. The cash discount, particularly when large quantities of goods are taken, is often large; for during the past few years trade has undoubtedly not been so brisk as it should have been in the provinces, and there has been a universal tendency to ask for the renewal of notes, a matter which disarranges the whole of the financial affairs of all but the wealthiest firms. Cash, therefore, is greatly desired, and sales on this basis will be made on a low margin of profit, particularly by the smaller makers. As between dealer and the public large discounts are likewise given for cash, but more than half and probably nearly two-thirds of the total sales of

musical instruments in London and the country are upon

The Hire System

or otherwise the three year instalment plan.

There is no need to describe this system to the American trade. It simply means that, in consideration of a trifle extra being placed upon the total value of the instrument, the goods can be paid for by weekly, monthly or quarterly instalments as the case may be, extending over a shorter or longer period, but usually three years. Latterly the Factors' Act has come in to dislocate a good deal of this business; for under this act, if an ultimate sale is contemplated, the hired goods cannot be demanded by the dealer from an innocent third party who has purchased them for value. "Innocent" third parties who purchase for very much under their value are multiplying very quickly now that the Factors' Act gives them some sort of protection, and also pawnbrokers are apt to take instalment goods into pledge without very particularly full inquiries. The Factors' Act, however, does not affect simple hire, and unless there is an absolute agreement to sell or to buy, the money being payable by instalments, it is claimed by some that the hire purchase system is not affected at all.

Mortgaging Instalment Contracts.

Out of the hire system has grown a system of pledging hire-contracts. If a dealer be in "queer street," or be short of money, almost the first thing he does is to pawn or sell his hire-contracts. Occasionally a manufacturer will not give a doubtful dealer further credit, except as against deposit of hire-contracts, but one or two money lending firms likewise exist which make a specialty of lending money upon such documents. The plan has its manifest disadvantages, particularly as the mortgagee, having no conscience in the matter, is more apt to be hard upon the hirer than the dealer, who has to maintain his business reputation in the locality.

Imported Pianos.

A considerable number of pianos are imported into this country, mainly from Germany. Attempts have also frequently been made to acclimatize the American pianoforte in England, but with the almost single exception of the Steinway pianos it has not proved successful. Failure in the past to establish the American piano in England has been due to the fact that American houses tried to sell square pianos, which are quite obsolete here, or to push expensive uprights. The average retail cash price of a British upright is \$200 to \$300. Sometimes the purchases will go to \$400, but rarely more, and a \$600 upright is almost unknown here. The successful result in regard to Steinway's is partly due to the excellence of the instruments themselves, partly to the money and talent which have been brought to bear in popularizing them. Their principal sales are, I should imagine, in the houses of the great.

Several of the larger German houses also have an aristocratic trade, but a considerable proportion of the imports from the Continent are of the very cheap qualities—a good many of them, it is feared, being subsequently destined to be sold by auction. The cheap German trade has also to a certain extent affected the British in Australia and our own colonies, where, however, during the past five years a great change for the better has taken place. English exports as a rule have increased, while the colonial import of Continental and cheap shoddy goods has vastly decreased. The Government figures issued July 20, 1894, show a falling off since 1893, but £870,000, or upwards of \$4,250,000, worth of foreign musical instruments had been sold and used in this country within the twelve months ending December 31, last. This, of course, includes everything; that is to say, it comprises the whole import of German pianofortes, American pianos and reed organs, brass band instruments, violins, flutes and goods of every sort from all over the world.

The exports during the same year of British made goods was over \$800,000 worth. This is neither the time nor the place to discuss the question of Free Trade and Protection, but it may be pointed out that England has no preferential rights whatever—that is to say, its colonies who have adopted protection levy precisely the same import duties

upon British, as upon German or any other foreign-made instruments.

The Reed Organ Trade.

Many, and, indeed, the majority of the remarks which have been made concerning the trade in pianofortes will also apply to reed organs. In regard to the organs, however, for the manufacturer must be substituted the agent of the American or German maker. We have, it is true, in England a few harmonium and organ factories, and there are forty or fifty of them in London, mostly, however, small and unimportant in character, while there are one or two in the provinces, the largest of them, perhaps, being in Birmingham. We also import some reed organs from Germany, but the vast majority of them come from the United States and Canada. It may appear strange that although with the exception of Messrs. Steinway & Sons the great American pianoforte houses have found it practically impossible to organize any sort of large connection here, except one house in Scotland, yet the reed organ trade is almost exclusively in the hands of the American firms. The principal houses represented here are the Chicago Cottage, Carpenter, Clough & Warren, Dominion, Bell, Doherty, Estey, Fort Wayne (Packard) Karn, Mason & Hamlin, Miller, Farrand & Votey, Sterling, Story & Clark, Kimball, Wilcox & White, Needham, and there may be one or two others.

Except that the agents take the place of the manufacturers, the organ trade is under precisely the same conditions as the pianoforte; that is to say, the agents or travellers go through the country and place their organs with the dealers, while in London in most instances the agents will supply organs to the public direct, or through the dealers. I have been given to understand that in the United States there is a large sale of organs to persons who are unable to pay the high price asked for pianos. Whether this be so or not, it is certainly not the case in England. Pianos here are extremely cheap. Indeed, some shoddy goods are sold at from \$50 or \$60 upwards, and even in the mining districts it will be found that in at least one cottage out of six the wives of the miners will have a piano on hire at half a dollar or so a week. In private houses the reed organ is usually used as an adjunct to the piano, or because the master or mistress of the house is fond of the organ itself.

But the largest sale of reed organs undoubtedly is for small church, chapel, and school use. Nevertheless, the great improvements which have during the past few years been effected in the American reed organ have indisputably made it far more popular as a drawing-room instrument than it once was, and it is, perhaps, owing to this fact that even during the period of dull trade the past few years the agents of one or two of the leading American organ houses have truly declared that their output has been even larger than ever. Spasmodic attempts have been made to wrest the organ trade from the American hands; but they have been unsuccessful, for although, perhaps, reed organs can be made more cheaply in England and Germany, the superiority of the American instrument is indisputable. Indeed, it was to the arrival of the American organ that we owe the total eclipse of the French harmonium, which down to about sixteen years ago was a more or less popular instrument, and, at any rate, was largely sold. Now it is almost extinct.

Miscellaneous Trades.

Of the music publishing trade it is not now my province to speak, but it may be said *en passant* that most of our music is still printed in England, although a good deal of it now comes from Leipsic or other parts of Germany. The half-price system, *i. e.*, the sale of music to the public at one-half and to the profession at one-third of the published price, still continues, except as to bound books and vocal scores, which are sold net.

In regard to orchestral and military band instruments, the trade is for the most part in a few hands, while many of the continental houses, such as Thibouville-Lamy, Besson and Mahillon, have branches here. The trade is almost exclusively done direct from the manufacturers or agents to the army or brass bands. Brass bands abound in the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire and Lancashire, and Messrs. Wright and Round, of Liverpool, have an excellent local trade, not only in instruments, but also

JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS,

18, 20 & 22, Wigmore St., Cavendish Square, London, W.

ENTERPRISE and consequent progression is the record of over half a century made by one of the most interesting institutions of London to all who have watched the gradual development and perfection of that almost universal instrument, the piano. Who of my readers are not familiar with that artistic picture, known the world over, of the lover singing the old, old story to an accompaniment on a Brinsmead pianoforte, while the object of his passion smiles sweet assent? As early as 1836 Mr. John Brinsmead started the manufacture of pianos, and the hale and hearty old gentleman of eighty summers to-day takes an active interest in keeping up the high reputation he has established during these fifty-eight years, proceeding from the simpler forms that prevailed in the thirties to the magnificent orchestral instruments that have been the achievements of these six decades of application. For a considerable portion of this long period of development he has had the hearty co-operation of his sons, Edgar and Thomas, who now have sons that are following in their fathers' footsteps, and bid fair to carry on the enterprise so well established. Sons and grandsons have learned every step in the process of making pianos, working at each part until they have gained a practical knowledge of every detail. This enables them not only to know when the work under their super-

piano stays in tune perfectly and never falls from pitch. This system of stringing has been put to the most severe tests by change of climate, and great heat and moisture, since it was introduced in 1885. In this connection I may give a list of a few of the most important patents introduced by these enterprising manufacturers during the past few years:

SOUNDING-BOARD.

Sostenente Sounding-Board.	Composite Bridge.
The Sounding-Board Compensator, or Tone Adjuster.	The Safety Bass Bridge.
Leveridge Sounding-Board.	Free Adjustable Sounding-Board.
	Improved Down-Bearing or Pressure Bar.

ACTION OR MECHANISM.

The Perfect Check Repeater Action.	Independent "Under" Damper Rail.
Improved Jack or Hopper for Check Action.	Double or Harmonic Dampers for Grands.
	Improved Transposing Action.

FRAME OR BACK.

The Skeleton or Solid Metal Frame, dispensing with the wood supports or wood in the plank.	The Continuous Iron Frame.
Improved Arched Bars and Tension Piece for Metal Frames.	Solid Metal Wrist-Plank (bushed).
	The Perfect Wrist-Plank (crossway)—over 30,000 in use.

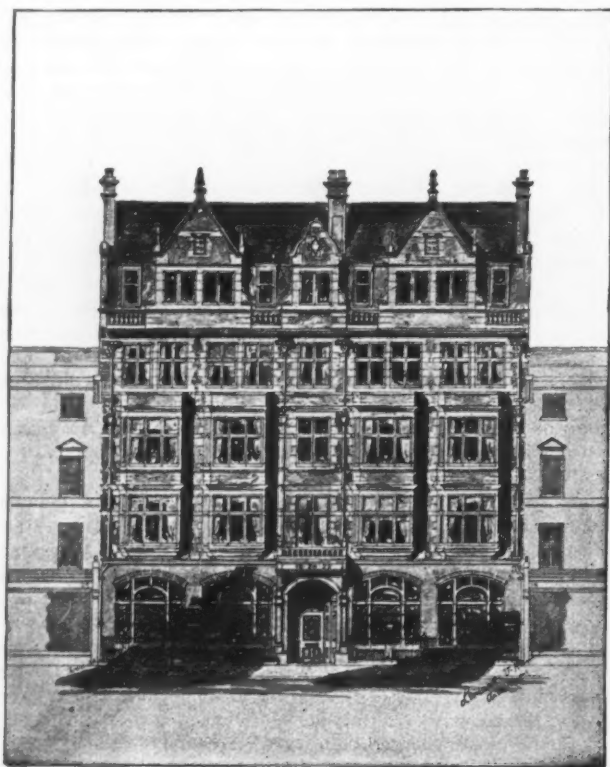
STRINGING AND TUNING.

Sampson Screw and Nut Tuning-Pin.	Improved System of String-Adjustment.
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These improvements, which are of great utility, explain in a measure the immense popularity of the Brinsmead Pianos throughout the world, where thousands upon thousands contribute to the development and spread of music and the enjoyment of mankind. Speaking of the test that these pianos have been put to, I might mention that they are on many large steamers of the Atlantic and Oriental fleets, where the temperature and moisture work havoc with most makes; but these, through the proper preparation of the woods and the above improvements, are always in good condition.

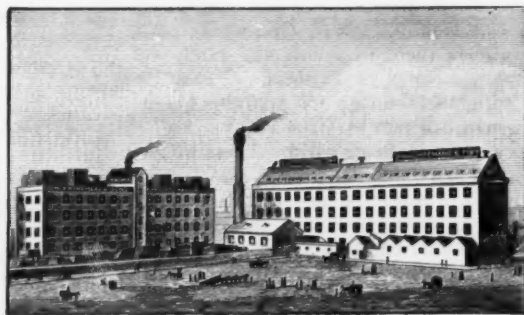
Mention must now be made of another important feature, viz., "Action," on which depends the power of expression and execution. The many difficulties that have stood in the way of perfecting this important part of a piano have been overcome, and the high indorsements received from the leading virtuosi on the "Perfect Check Action" would indicate the desired end was reached. The repetition is perfect, the touch light and elastic and the check absolutely certain, and several years of experience have proved its durability beyond question.

A description of the extensive factory at Kentish Town, with its splendid equipments, and filled with skilled workmen, would be impossible here, and with the above brief mention of what is carried on in a large way within its precincts, I will make a mention of the new commodious warerooms in Wigmore Street. On the principle that the best is none too good for Brinsmead & Sons, they have erected a model building that is so divided by air-tight glass and sequoia-wood partitions that inspection by would-be purchasers and practice on the instruments do not interfere with similar intentions



JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS' WAREHOUSE.

vision is done properly, but it has given them the ability to apply new ideas and to adopt every improvement so far known that would be to their advantage or in any way improve the instruments they are making. They have always had plenty of means to take every advantage that presented itself in the way of purchasing materials in large quantities, thereby enabling them to produce the instruments at the very lowest cost. They buy the different woods used in their manufactory, including oak, cedar, mahogany, rosewood, spruce, walnut, teak, ash, beech and poplar, from all parts of the world. These they store for drying by the natural process of exposure to the open air for from three to five years. Then they are dried in the warm-air chamber for another year, after which they are sawn into sizes and allowed to dry for another six months or so before they are used, thus preparing the most important part of the piano in the very best manner. Some idea of their stock of woods and the extent of their operations can be gathered from the fact that they carry from 800,000 to 1,000,000 feet. In the factory the process of preparing the woods for their various purposes are carried on in the most approved manner, machinery being employed wherever it could be used to advantage. Backs, sounding-boards, cases and veneer receive due attention, and whether for the cheaper or for the more expensive grades everything is well done, the men giving that earnest co-operation which comes from an interest inspired by their employers, always doing their best and trying to improve the standard. The Brinsmeads are also practical metallurgists, knowing when their frames are properly cast with the right mixture of the various ores, and their treatment of them is so successful that they never break or crack. They use the most improved machinery and methods for carrying the frames through the various processes, from the rougher forms to the finished article, that so well serves the purposes for which they are intended. After the frames are finished, and the foundation parts of the pianos put together, then comes the stringing, and it is at this juncture that this well-known firm has introduced a most important patent, which consists of an iron tuning-pin placed in the raised metal cross-bar of the patent consolidated iron frame, which takes the place of the old wooden wrist-plank in such a manner as to be parallel to the strings; thus the draw of the pin is in a straight line instead of being at right angles, as in the old wooden wrist-plank. The frame being entirely of metal, the



JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS' FACTORY.

of persons in the adjoining rooms. Pianos by the hundred, running from fifty to five hundred guineas, representing every style made by the firm, are here on view. The building also contains what seems to be a necessity, and is certainly an advantage to every large wareroom like this, that is, an ideal concert room with seating capacity of about one hundred and fifty, tastefully decorated with beautiful coloured tiles and mirrors. The offices are spacious, and everything has an air about it consistent with the art to which this institution is so closely allied.

Mr. John Brinsmead, who is to be seen at the warerooms every day, was born in 1814. He is still very active and can "voice" a piano with the best of them. Mr. Thomas Brinsmead, the elder son, has charge of the factories, and Mr. Edgar Brinsmead, one of the best read men to be met with anywhere, and who is author of that most interesting and instructive book, "The History of the Pianoforte," conducts the business as a whole from Wigmore Street.

The Brinsmead Pianos have become famous the world over for their sympathetic tone, flexibility and lightness of touch, great sustaining power of tone, solidity, durability, and facility and permanency of tuning. It has been said that "Words may appeal to the mind; melody may excite the imagination; but it is tone that reaches the heart." It is this attribute of the Brinsmead Pianoforte that has charmed a multitude of constant admirers all over the globe.

in the supply of music. The late Richard Smith also had a valuable brass band journal, which is still continued, and brass band journals are published by Boosey, Chappell, Hawkes and many others. This is practically a system of supplying members with band arrangements, etc., by cheap subscription.

New violins are almost exclusively drawn from Germany and France. There is also a valuable sale for ancient violins. This, however, is in the hands of comparatively a small number of dealers and fanciers, who are not exclusively confined to the Metropolis—one of the largest, indeed, being resident in Leeds. Messrs. Erard are now reviving a taste for the harp, and their London house is doing a good business in the instruments made in Paris. Otherwise we have only five manufacturers of the harp in the Metropolis, a fact which will indicate to what this once flourishing trade has fallen.

Pipe organ building is an industry by itself, upon which I need not touch here, while musical boxes and mechanical pianos, toys, etc., are, of course, mainly imported either from the continent or the United States.

It is not pretended that the account which I now close is in any way exhaustive; all that is intended being to give American readers some idea of the manner in which the British trade is conducted.

The Evolution of the American Piano.



THE American piano has been developed under exactly the same laws that have controlled the evolution of American literature. A nation gathered from the four corners of the world has brought its diverse instincts, tastes, skill to the problems of construction and art. In the American piano

may be recognized traces of every other national school of piano making. But, like our wood engraving, our schools of etching and of literature, our piano, while related to the world's art, is distinctly our own.

The piano of France stands firmly on its own basis of ideal and of construction. Sensitive, flexible, carrying, and brilliant, its tone has the glitter and transparency of cut glass. A climate which permits a very light and inexpensive method of construction has had its part in perfecting the French ideal of tone. An atmosphere of art penetrating even the rudest handicraft has nourished a grace of exterior, perhaps impossible elsewhere. In the same way sweetness and brightness of tone distinguish the Viennese piano.

The artistic ideal evolved by the Teutonic nations is totally different from those of France and Austria. Neither England nor Germany cares for glitter. Germany especially has developed a resonant vibration, which in her finest instruments possesses great power and sostenuto, and in one celebrated make exhibits a delicacy and softness exquisitely feminine. The Russian piano is, perhaps, even more powerful and noble in its utterance. It possesses an enormous volume, very musical in quality. Its peculiar timbre reminds one of the great bass voices rarely found out of Russian church choirs. Each nation has found and elaborated means to express those sentiments which she finds it most imperative to utter. Each has an art of piano-making admirable in itself and independent of any other.

If we were to assemble the great pianos of every nation and place them beside our own it would be instantly apparent that, much as those of European nationalities differ among themselves, they are all more closely related in tone and quality to each other than to either of our two schools of piano-making. Our Boston school, though French in its initial conception, is not French, but American. Our New York school, German and English in its ancestry, has developed into an art-form far more pronounced in individuality than either of its parents.

Taine declares the genius of Shakespeare to be the result of "a gloomy and morose climate reacting upon a violent, overfed and melancholy race." Reduced to the same unsympathetic standpoint the American piano is the joint result of temperament and variable temperatures. "If you like weather, there are more kinds in Hartford than in any other place in the world," says Mark Twain. "You say I need a change of climate," cried the New England man to the doctor; "why, man alive, haven't I al-

ways lived in Boston?" It was this infinite variety of moist and dry, hot and cold that pushed our piano-makers into inventing the iron frame, which is the fundamental characteristic of our construction.

This frame, which gives an inimitable firmness to the whole structure, made the beginning of the enormous volume of the American tone. The Russian pianos, which have been elaborated from similar means of construction, possess a similar firmness of vibration. With bones of iron the body of the American piano obtained a corresponding length of life, and other improvements impossible in a cheap instrument not expected to last were worked out successfully. The high price commanded by American instruments permitted a scale of expenditure on construction not practical elsewhere. Improvements in the setting of the action and strings solely affecting the convenience of the tuner, a perfect and dainty finish of portions hidden in the body of the instrument, a thousand delicate but expensive details became worth while, when pianos containing them obtained a quick sale at a good price. The very well-paid and intelligent workmen engaged in piano-making turn out a better average product because they are well fed, and, therefore, in a condition to do their best work. The careful workmanship of American pianos is, then, one point in their favour; the tone lasts because the piano does not wear out. The glue which goes into our best instruments is another gift of climate. We have piano glue which is firm on our Western high plateaux, where everything falls to pieces in the dry mountain air, and just as firm in the equally destructive dampness of Central America. Striving to provide for such extremes of climate, the American glue-maker has perfected an adhesive material which adds not only to the permanence of the construction, but to the firmness of the tone.

American varnish, the envy of Europe, is due to the same causes. Piano varnish certainly affects the tone of the instruments to the sounding parts of which it is applied. It preserves and beautifies the wood. American copal varnishes produce a far more beautiful finish than can be obtained from French polish. Even in Europe, where the latter is habitually used; the surface while smooth is dull and lustreless. In America French polish will not last a month, but separates into a net work of ugly seams and cracks. The gentlemen in charge of the French exhibit at the last Exposition were quite right in calling attention to our beautiful American varnishes. The Forestry House at Chicago owed half its charm to the varnish there applied to the woods to bring out their grain. Our copal varnishes have so much improved of late that they are durable in Europe; and England—long our rival—is now our imitator in the production of fine polishing varnishes. American varnish is developing a very hopeful export trade. The tough, elastic coating which receives and retains the brilliant polish characteristic of American pianos is obtained by the use of certain fossil gums, notably copal, dissolved in linseed oil, and rubbed down by hand over and over again. The drying is done slowly, and each coat of varnish applied at long intervals. Varnish once properly boiled improves with age in all valuable qualities. The great amount of hand labour, the costly materials, the storage of the varnish to ripen, all add very much to the cost of our pianos, but the result justifies the expenditure. American varnish, when well made and properly applied, does not crack or check. It is brilliant and transparent, but the surface is neither hard nor brittle. It is elastic and retains its beauty under good usage for ten and sometimes thirty years. Rosewood pianos often come back to the great piano factories which manufactured them without a crack or trace of discoloration after an absence of twenty years.

American piano-making has thriven much on account of our abundant wood materials. Maple forests, the finest in the world, are indigenous. Spruce of the most superb quality has always been in market. Cherry, ash, walnut and pine are cheap and good. Many of our native American woods are extremely valuable. Indiana oak is whiter than English and sometimes of nearly as close grain. Indiana and Michigan ash has supplanted Hungarian on account of its superior figure. Our maple stands alone, as does Indiana blister walnut. Our birch, red or white, eighteen to twenty inches in diameter, grows throughout New York and Michigan, a fancy case-wood superb in beauty. The most exquisitely figured mahogany comes from Mexico, its grain of

unexampled elegance. Vermilion, amaranth, tulip and redwood are at hand for inlaid work. American ebony makes excellent piano keys. The West Indies furnish several good fancy woods, and South America pale satinwood, which makes exquisite piano cases.

When fashions change we have a dozen new woods for fancy case-work just as beautiful as those in vogue. American case-work is unrivalled in its durability, its good workmanship and good finish. Even our poorest instruments rarely fail altogether here. The feeling of the public would not tolerate obvious shortcomings in this matter. On the other hand, our ornamented cases far exceed the value of a duke's ransom. Every resource of art has been exhausted in the preparation of these superb instruments. Wood cured to stand an American climate will swell in Europe, but will not crack. American pianos will, therefore, stand in Europe.

Coming at last to the American tone itself, the first thing that strikes us is the superior evenness of the typical American scale. All our best pianos show a great surface-tone in the middle, and a correspondingly powerful treble and bass. Anything weak and tinkling is abhorrent to the American mind. The spirit of the old New England farmer's wife who saw the Atlantic in her old age for the first time, and said devoutly, "Thank God I see something that there is enough of!" throbs in all our veins. Americans instinctively despise "the day of small things." Therefore their piano must have power—power not only in the middle of the keyboard, but at the bottom and top. The American scale of tone is remarkably firm and large and even. It is also sweet. An American dealer in orchestral instruments, whose experience of American taste was as long as it was successful, once told me that, when foreign musicians came here to play brass instruments, they were forced to change the quality of their tone before they could satisfy an American audience. Americans require more smoothness and mellowness than other nations. "But," said he, "these same men always made a sensation when they returned to Europe. Our tone is attractive to Europeans, just as French art and German harmony are to us."

To come to piano-tone more particularly; while our pianos usually possess a great surface-tone, this is not the characteristic American quality which distinguishes them. It is rather that resonance especially resulting from prolonged vibration of the wooden sounding parts, the sustained singing tone, which America has developed. To this vibration she owes the breadth and fullness of her tone and a certain mellowness absolutely her own. The typical American beauty is a young beauty; she is fresh and naive at eighteen, rounded and youthful at thirty, young when she goes to see her son receive his diploma at college, and not at all old when a grandmother. So it is with our pianos. The tone must always be fresh and naive—the voice of Patti in her youthful triumphs. We chronicle no Récamiers, no Ninons de l'Enclos; we have no Salon. We do not care for emotions whose edge is a little jagged through hard use, and we have elaborated no tone in which to reflect them. We do demand purity of timbre, penetrating and carrying quality, delicacy, elasticity and sweetness—not the sweetness of beet sugar, but of honey—honey gathered from roses and jessamines, as full of perfume as of sweetness. It is this richness of quality which Americans cherish. It is this sweetness that is not dull, that yields a piquant flavour; this repose and breadth of tone which is not rigid, but elastic; this singing tone, stable as the ocean beneath a surface-tone, fine and volatile as ether, which makes our greatest pianos the noblest in the world.

American pianos are nearly all made by machinery. Many manufactories, especially those of the best piano houses, make a very large number of instruments yearly. There is no element of chance in the purchase of our best instruments. Wood and felt vary within certain limits, but our manufacturers act upon settled practice in construction so habitually that the product of any reliable house may be counted on to come up to its own certain grade of merit. Our high-priced machinery and large sales have combined to produce this most desirable condition of manufacture. This uniformity of product gives the best ground for supposing that American instruments may obtain permanent favour in Europe, and that their manufacturers may develop a successful export trade.

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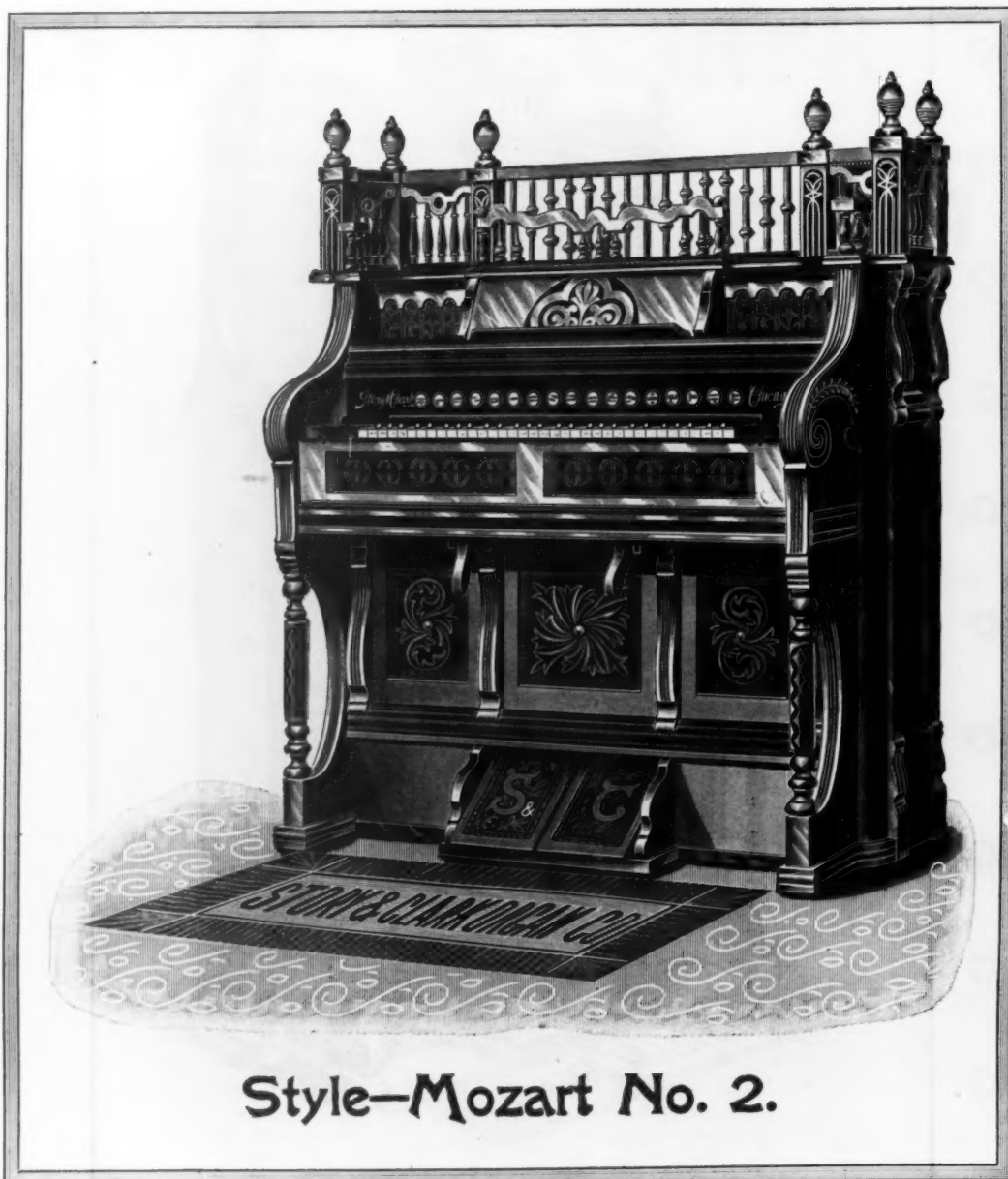
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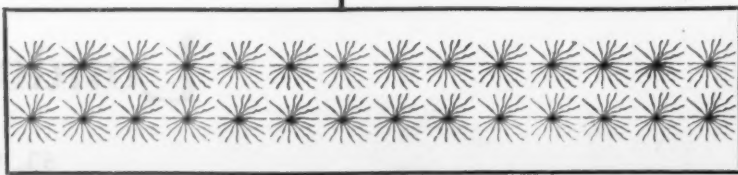
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A NEW COLLECTION IN LONDON.

"The Donaldson Museum."

[Photographs by Elliott & Fry, London.]



GEORGE DONALDSON.

THE advent of a new Museum of Instruments and objects pertaining to Music cannot fail in interest to all lovers and professors of the science of music. An aggregation of more than two hundred musical instruments and objects has been collected in all parts of Europe by Mr. George Donaldson during the past thirty years with enthusiastic knowledge, judgment and taste; many specimens are quite unique, and most possess artistic merit of a high order, and great technical interest for the student of musical history.

This collection, or selection we prefer to call it, has now been presented to the English nation by the owner, and forms the permanent Museum of the Royal College of Music at Kensington, and by Royal command will be known for all time as "The Donaldson Museum," and the donor has been appointed Honorary Curator for life.

Before alluding to the instruments in this famous collection, it is fitting that we should give a brief description of the Museum room which bears the impress of the donor's personal taste and knowledge, for we learn that the solitary condition Mr. Donaldson attached to his magnificent gift was that he should be allowed to decorate, fit and furnish the Museum entirely at his own expense and in a manner

he felt would be a worthy shrine for the beautiful collection it was to contain. This he has done with loving care, and in no museum in Europe that we know of is educational matter presented in such seductive form. Students will be hard to please if they do not return again and again to find ever some fresh object of interest in the rich, placid harmony of a room which recalls vividly the glories of the Renais-

sance. The style chosen is Italian sixteenth-century. The room, which is some 25 feet high, has a deeply coffered ceiling in cedar wood, supported on carved brackets at each intersection of the main beam. The coffers are enriched with carved mouldings, gold and colours. In the spandrels of the arches of the somewhat severe, but noble stone columns which support this rich roof are mosaic paintings on a gold ground of angels playing on musical instruments. The walls are hung with old Italian crimson silk, and there are two finely carved doorways of the Cinque Cento, above which hang bas-reliefs by the della Robbias.

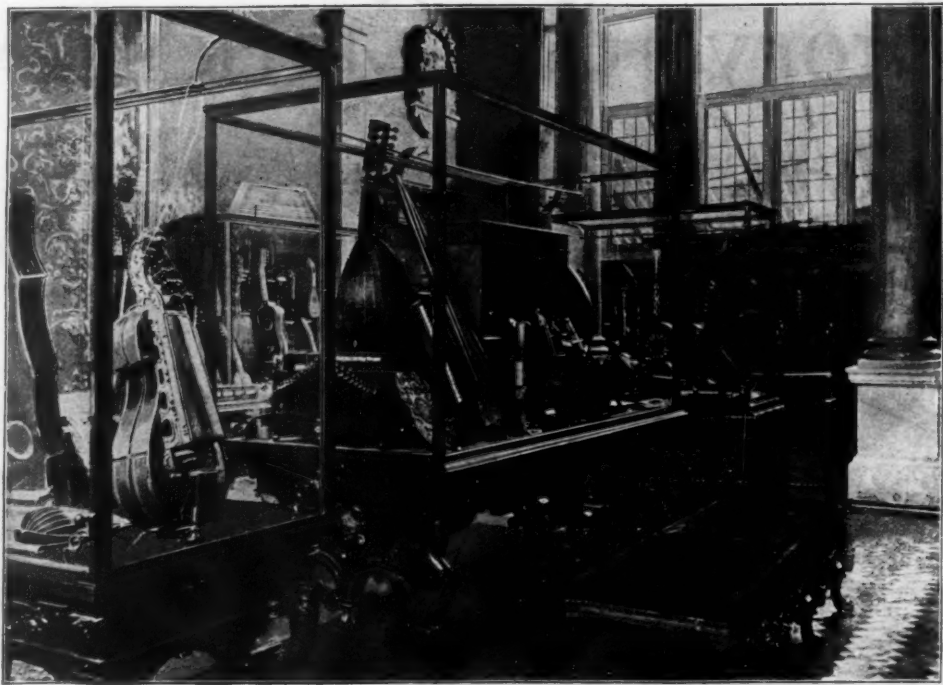
The furniture and glass cases are alone a liberal education in art, the cases being of steel, finished like a gun-barrel, and calculated to obstruct a minimum of light, and lined with old silks and velvets. These are placed upon charmingly carved tables, coffers and cassoni of the sixteenth century, in which the wealthy Italians were wont to keep their marriage trousseau. A happy feature in the room high up on the wall is a carved "cantoria" or minstrels' gallery, at the back of which are velvet curtains partially drawn to show the pipes of the organ. In this gallery are strange bass and other viols carelessly placed, as if the players had just left labour for refreshment.

The vast windows at each end of the room are fitted with panels of stained glass, many of which are old, but those of the Royal arms and the arms of the Prince of Wales, President of the Royal College of Music, the colleges and musical attributes have been admirably executed for the donor by Messrs. Clayton & Bell, of London.

Mr. Donaldson is to be congratulated upon his public spirit in having produced a monument of good taste and erudition, but his reputation in art matters in France and England is not a thing of to-day, for in 1892 the late President Carnot conferred upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honour for services rendered to art in France, and it is thought that some special mark of distinction will be offered to him in his own country—for it is unlikely such conspicuous gifts and self-sacrificing generosity could remain unrecognized.

Our space would not admit of a detailed list of the instruments and manuscripts in the collection. Those we illustrate are but a few of the many which must be seen to be fully appreciated.

Many of the instruments in the collection were shown at the Loan Exhibition at the Albert Hall nine years ago, and that they have now found a permanent home in the new Royal College of Music will be a matter for general satisfaction. Amongst them are an upright spinet, which is supposed to be the oldest



VIEW OF THE DONALDSON MUSEUM.



No. 5—HURDY-GURDY.

..... Established 1732.

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From the time of its founder—a Harpsichord Maker to to the English Court, and of European reputation—through five generations of uninterrupted tradition, prosperity and progress, the House has held, both artistically and commercially, a prominent and proud position in the history of Pianoforte Making. The business—to-day known as John Broadwood & Sons—was established in the reign of His Majesty King George II., in the year of Haydn's birth, 1732, at the identical house now indicated as 33, Great Pulteney Street, Golden Square, LONDON.

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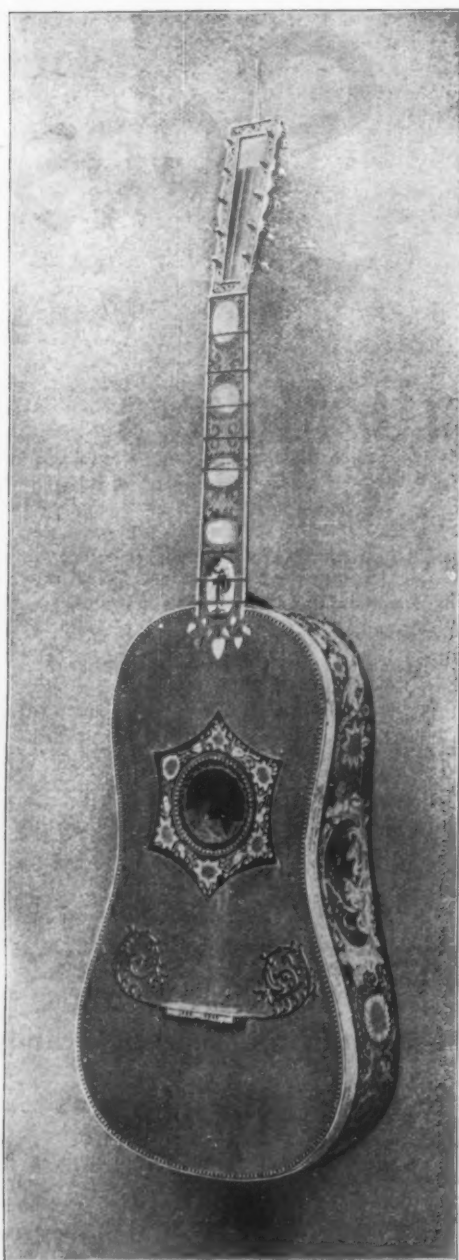
THE MUSICAL COURIER

of its kind, and probably one of the oldest precursors of the modern pianoforte in the world. It is of North Italian manufacture, dating from the end of the fifteenth century, and on the inside of the lid is painted a picture of a warrior with a spear. Another old spinet, by Johannes Celestini, is ornamented with small paintings on mother-of-pearl, with, on the lid, a picture of Orpheus and Apollo. There is a Venetian clavicembalo by Alexandro Trasuntino, dated 1531, and very handsomely painted, while there are also several specimens of keyboard instruments of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Another interesting instrument shown is a Bible organ of the seventeenth century, a Positive organ dating from the end of the sixteenth century, and an old portable organ in carved black wood, with, in

rious old fiddle-case, a citarone, dated 1612, by Duiffopruggar; lutes by Tielke and Amati, the Irish bagpipe which was presented by the Queen to

lected a good many manuscripts, among them one of seventy-four pages entirely written and signed by Mozart, and another of sixty-four pages in the handwriting of Spohr. The gold enamelled portrait-ring which formerly belonged to Handel is likewise in the Museum, together with some old carved music desks, and other things. In fact, it may be safely said that no school of music in Europe possesses a collection of ancient musical instruments, which for its size is more valuable or more interesting. This Museum is on the ground floor of the building, and it will immediately adjoin the new concert hall and theatre, which will be erected at the rear of the College.

Mr. George Donaldson, whose portrait, after a photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, we have the pleasure



No. 1—TIELKE GUITAR.

front, a curious cabinet of drawers. There are likewise two very rare examples of sixteenth century hurdy-gurdies, with quaint carvings; a specimen of Franklin's harmonica—the "musical glasses" of the "Vicar of Wakefield"—and a fifteenth-century cetera, which, according to the inscription upon it, originally belonged to Titian, the painter, and was formerly in the collection of Mario, from whom it passed into the possession of Rossini.

The Museum contains a beautiful pair of ivory and ebony mandolins, which were presented to the last Doge of Venice when he was Venetian Ambassador at Madrid; the tortoise-shell guitar of David Rizzio; an inlaid guitar with its crimson leather case, owned by Louis XV. when he was Dauphin of France; a seventeenth-century pochette or sordino, in ivory and ebony; a magnificently carved and cu-

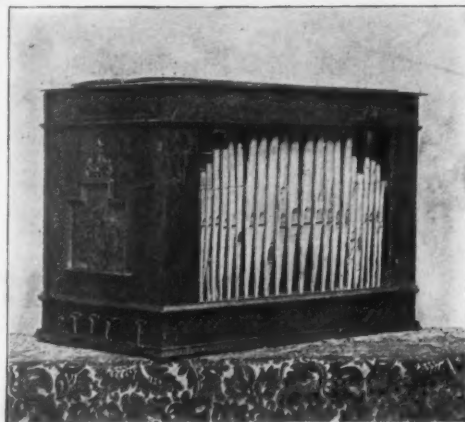


No. 6—HARP, LOUIS XVI.

the player when Her Majesty first visited Ireland, a curious old barrel organ, some fine specimens of the viol da gamba, an Irish and other harps, some an-



No. 3—POSITIVE ORGAN—Front.



No. 3—POSITIVE ORGAN—Back.

cient bagpipes, a quantity of flutes, ivory oboes and mandolins, a lyre, a dulcimer, a rebec, and numerous other treasures. Mr. Donaldson has also col-



No. 1—TIELKE GUITAR.

to reproduce, is an energetic man in the prime of life, modest in demeanour, but talking eloquently of the arts he knows, and full of enthusiasm to add to the glory and interest of the Museum he has created (and over which he is wisely deputed to watch during his lifetime) by the purchase of types of instruments the Museum does not yet possess. Our correspondent was shown two of a very remarkable character which he has acquired since making the gift.

This national conservatory, called the Royal College of Music, is, indeed, fortunate in having an entire Museum presented to it of a character which money could not purchase in the present day—for such highly ornate and interesting instruments no longer exist to be purchased. We understand that the Donaldson Museum will be permanently opened

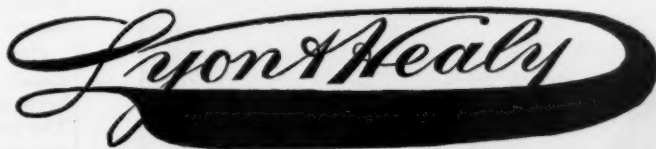


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THE MUSICAL COURIER

to the public after September, when the students reassemble for work.

Some Instruments in "The Donaldson Museum."

(No. 1) GUITAR.—The name of Tielke is associated with the most remarkable instruments of the lute, viol and guitar kinds, as far as rich ornamentation is concerned. Old German books contain glowing accounts of the magnificence of the instruments by Tielke, with elaborate designs worked in gold, silver and other precious materials. But where are they? It is believed that this instrument is unique in its condition and elaborate richness. Hart, in his book on the violin, says that this guitar was made for Henry IV. of Navarre, "a liberal patron of the arts, and lavish in his gifts." The subjects in the panel illustrate the stories relating to Orpheus and Apollo and Midas.

This instrument is from its form a marvel of the lute-maker's art, as in the body the alternate bands of red tortoise-shell and ivory are placed edge to edge without any backing or internal support. The rich floral decoration, the children playing, and the figures in the panels are finely engraved, and the centres of each of the flowers are expressed by diaper patterns in silver of intricate and varied designs, no two being alike. The pegs are fleur-de-lis, which support its Royal provenance, and a more regal instrument cannot well be conceived. Our illustration gives the front and back view, but does not show the panel of ivory on which is engraved the maker's name—Joachim Tielke, in Hamburg, Fecit 1592. The family of the Tielkes continued the trade of lute-making far into the seventeenth century, for an instrument bearing the same name, Joachim Tielke, is dated 1676. This also is richly inlaid and is in the Donaldson Museum called a chiterna or quinterna, a form of cistre, played with a plectrum.



No. 7—MUSETTE—POCHETTE—CLAVICEMBALO—TAMBOURIN DE BASQUE.

(No. 2) CETERA.—The instrument in Italian called "cetera," is in French called "cistre," and in England "cither." This exquisite instrument of the early sixteenth century is probably Brescian. Before

its acquisition by Mr. Donaldson it was in the Biblioteca Estense at Modena. It is richly carved in low relief in chestnut wood. Two similar instruments of similar date are in the Donaldson Museum, but the bodies are plain, the hands only being carved. One of these bears the characteristic stamp and the fine red varnish of the famous fiddle-maker, "Gasparo da Salo," and the other cetera carries a whole history of interest, it having belonged successively to Titian, the painter, Mario, the singer, and Rossini, the composer, at whose death it was purchased for Mr. Donaldson's collection.

(No. 3) POSITIVE ORGAN.—Five registers (one metal), draw stops on the right-hand side of case, keyboard four octaves C-C', with boxwood naturals. The bellows beneath the sound-board are worked by means of a treadle. The case is of marqueterie inlay, and a painting in front represents St. Cecilia playing on a similar instrument with two angels playing viols da gamba. German, end of sixteenth century.

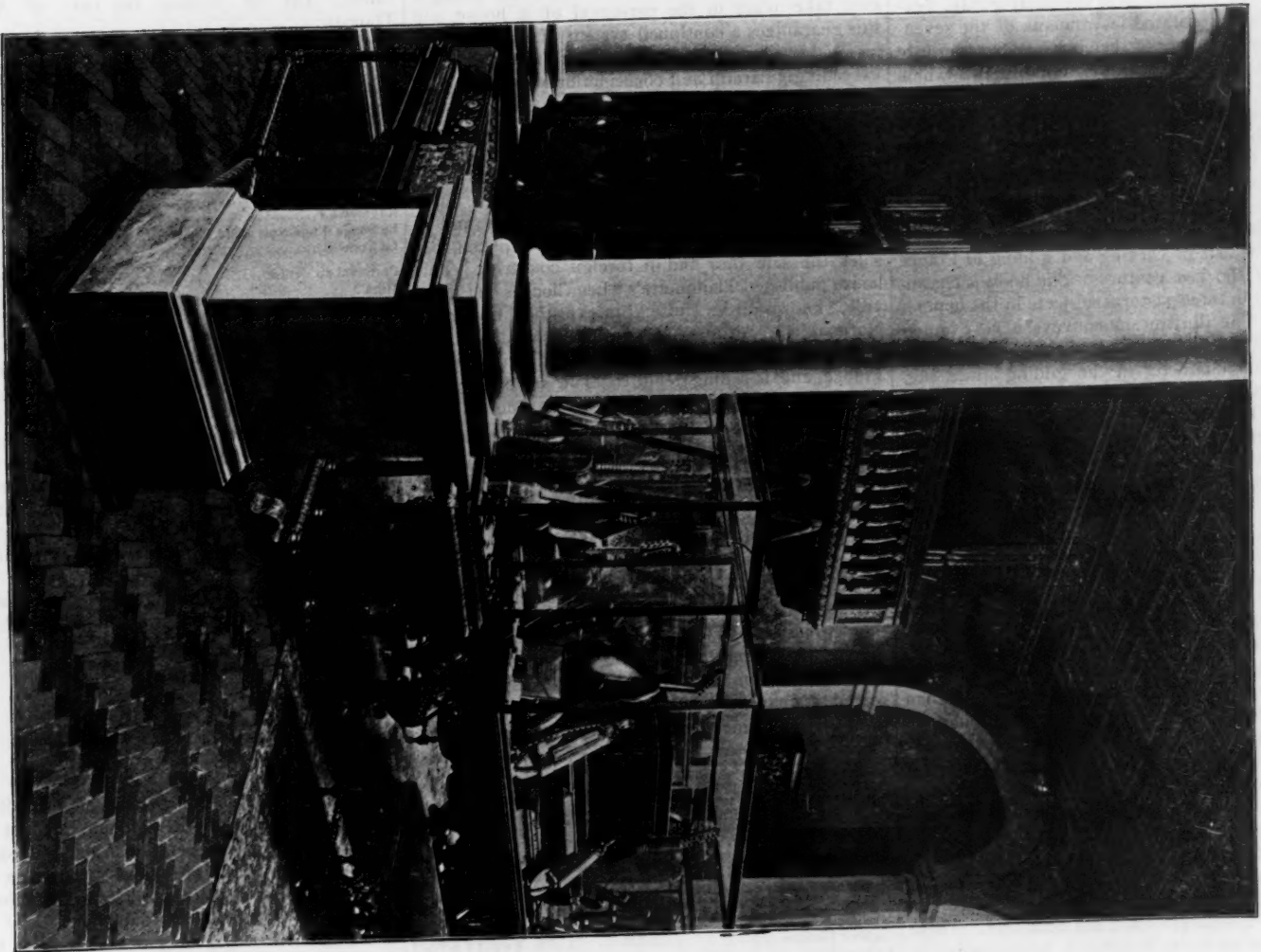
Our illustration gives the front and back view and one end, showing the coat of arms of the family for whom it was made, probably about 1600.

(No. 4) CLAVICEMBALO (Harpsichord).—The interior decorated with arabesques in colours and gold, the inside of the lid being painted with a reclining figure of Venus and Cupid in the manner of Paris Bordone. The outer case is painted in panels of figures in grisaille of later date. The compass is four octaves and an additional semitone in the bass—B to C". In the sixteenth century the lowest octave would have been a "short octave." The B tuned down to G, the C sharp to A, and the D sharp to B; but this last may have been used for E flat. The natural keys are of ivory and have been artificially hollowed for the touch. The belly is of cypress-wood and has three roses of carved interlaced ornament. Only one other instrument of this type of earlier date is known. Signed, "Opus Alexandri Transuntini, 1531. Venice."

(No. 5) VIELLE OR HURDY-GURDY.—The two instruments here represented are very remarkable for their form, ornament and character. The one on the left is thought to be Venetian, but of this Mr. Donaldson tells us he reserves judgment. The one on the right hand is undoubtedly Dutch. Both were made early in the sixteenth century, if not late in the fifteenth. Their primitive character offers a great charm to the painter of the picturesque. Much could be written about the vielle, or, as we call it, the hurdy-gurdy, for in France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it became very popular; the ladies of the Court of the "Grand Monarque," vying with each other in the acquirement of handsomely ornamented instruments, and the necessary knowledge to enable them to torture the ears of their will-



No. 4—CLAVICEMBALO.



VIEW OF THE DONALDSON MUSEUM.



No. 2-CETERA.

THE MUSICAL COURIER

ing or unwilling swains. But there were many professors of the *vielle* whose names became famous as the Joachims or Rubinstens of the hurdy-gurdy. Several beautifully decorated instruments of the seventeenth century and later of the improved hurdy-gurdy are in the Donaldson Museum, notably two which are called "*vielle organisée*," they having, in addition to the strings, organ pipes and mechanism giving the combined quality of tone of reed and string.

(No. 6) HARP.—French period, Louis XVI., signed, "Coursineau Père et Fils, Luthiers de la Reine."

This perfectly preserved instrument is a chef-d'œuvre of the arts of carving and gilding in France at the end of the last century. The body is charmingly painted in three pastoral subjects in the manner of Vernet. The illustration conveys a very imperfect idea of the refined beauty of the carving, which from the solid character of the gilding quite suggests the metal work of the famous Gouthière.

(No. 7).—This plate represents four instruments, viz., a musette or bagpipes, late seventeenth-century French; the pipes are of ivory and the keys of silver; the bag is of silk velvet richly embroidered in gold and silver with the arms of some royal or noble owner. The bellows is similarly treated, and the buckles on the straps are of silver and old paste diamonds—a dainty instrument indeed.

The small violin-shaped instrument is a "*pochette*," or dancing master's "*kit*." It is of ebony and ivory, and is understrung with wire sympathetic strings, in the manner of a viola d'amore.

The instrument of piano-form is an Italian "*clavicembalo*." It has two strings to each note, apparently the prototype of the "*spinetta traversa*," which eventually became the characteristic English spinet. Compass E to C flat, but the short octave common to all such instruments extended the bass to C. The case is of light wood, inlaid with plaques and ornaments in ivory and ebony.

The fourth instrument to the right hand of our plate is a "*tambourin de Basque*." It has six strings tuned alternately tonic and dominant. These are struck with an ebony drum-stick, accompanied by a small flute or pipe called "*galoubet*," played with the left hand only, analogous to the English pipe and tabor.

Paris Music Publishers.

Paris, August 1, 1894.



ESPIE the extensive list of music publishers in Paris the number of important firms is limited; but their transactions from the commercial point of view are vastly beyond the conception of those who are not acquainted with their sources of revenue and their causes of wealth.

The consumption of sheet music of a popular character, such as is played and sung in the vaudevilles, the chantants, the gardens, and the royalties paid to the Societies of Authors, Composers and Publishers, which will necessarily be over one million francs this year, as well as other royalties, the sale of operetta music, of arrangements of operas and operettas and the large sale of sacred music; the band music, nearly all of which is of a popular character peculiarly indigenous to France—all this amounts to transactions that give to the leading Paris publishers exceptional facilities for business, notwithstanding their lack of commercial instinct.

Most of the large houses are controlled by men who have a particular aversion to commerce as commerce and who are chiefly interested in producing good work, if not always good works. The editions are carefully published and are always artistic when the work is an art-work. In this respect the great and renowned Paris publishers vie with any others, the engraving process being characterized by such attention to detail as to call forth the greatest admiration. The publications of operas are attended with difficulties that need extraordinary circumspection and experience, and the method of retaining old and tried

servants and aides who have made a life-study of the subject is worthy of imitation. Very few changes ever take place in the personnel of a house, and this guarantees a continued system of scrutiny such as was introduced a century ago with some of these exceedingly careful and conscientious concerns.

The ownership of certain copyrights is in itself a source of constant income. Take, for instance, Bathlot & Joubert, 39, rue de l'Échiquier, who have probably the largest ownership of chansons—say, over 3,000, and the list constantly growing. These are sung nightly in Paris, in the provinces and in surrounding countries where French is spoken, besides the sale they find in foreign countries. This house published Planquette's "*Les Cloches de Cornéville*," known in the United States as the "*Chimes of Normandy*." Although seldom heard outside of the composer's native country, it is still produced in France, and is selling readily. The same firm also published Lecocq's "*Amour et son Carquois*," Godard's "*L'Amour qui passe*," Planquette's "*La Cantinière*" and "*Voltigeurs*;" Auber's "*Premier Jour de Bonheur*" and "*Rêve d'Amour*," and operas by Litoff, Ricci and Lecocq's "*Rajah de Mysore*," etc.

It is curious to note how some of the best known operetta and opera composers divided their favours among Paris publishers. Take, for instance, Offenbach. One would suppose that the late king of the *opéra bouffe* had one publisher; but the division and the degrees of chances as distributed among them may be noted from the following list, which gives so many works from his fertile pen that never represented a financial success, while others in the list produced great incomes:

OFFENBACH.

List of Works.

Les Bavards.....
Les Deux Aveugles.....
Les Deux Pêcheurs.....
La Grande Duchesse.....
Lischen et Fritschen.....
Mesdames de la Halle.....
La Nuit Blanche.....
La Périchole.....
La Princesse de Trébizonde.....
Robinson Crusoe.....
La Romance de la Rose.....
La Rose de Saint-Flour.....
Tromb-al-cazar.....
Vent-du-soir.....
Le Violoneux.....

Les Bergers.....
L'Île de Tulipatan.....
La Vie Parisienne.....
Boule de Neige.....
Vert-Vert.....

Belle Lurette.....
La Boulangère à des Écus.....
Les Braconniers.....
Les Contes d'Hoffmann.....
La Créole.....
Le Docteur Ox.....
Fantasio.....
La Fille du Tambour-Major.....
La Foire Saint-Laurent.....
La Jolie Parfumeuse.....
Madam L'Ardiduc.....
Madam Favart.....
Maître Péronilla.....
Le Roi Carotte.....
Le Voyage dans la lune.....
Bagatelle.....
Fleurlette.....
Moucheron.....
Pierrette et Jacquot.....
Pomme d'Api.....

Apothicaire et Perruquier.....
Barbe-Bleue.....
La Belle Hélène.....
La Bonne d'enfants.....
La Chanson de Fortunio.....
Le Château à Toto.....
La Chatte métamorphosée en femme.....
Croquer.....
Une Demoiselle en loterie.....
Dragonette.....
Le Fifi Enchanté.....
Le Financier et le Savetier.....
Geneviève de Brabant.....
Jeanne qui pleure et Jean qui rit.....
La Leçon de chant.....
Un Mari à la porte.....
Le Mariage aux lanternes.....
M. Choufleur restera chez lui le.....
M. and Mme. Denis.....
Orphée aux Enfers.....
La Permission de dix heures.....
Le Pont des Soupirs.....
Le 66.....
Le Voyage de M. M. Dunanan père et fils.....

It is readily understood from the above list by those who are at all acquainted with the various and varied fortunes of the above works of Offenbach how the publishers fared in the case of this one com-

poser; but with others a different condition prevailed. Let us itemize the case of Ambroise Thomas:

AMBROISE THOMAS.

List of Works.

Le Caïd.....
Françoise de Rimini.....
Hamlet.....
Mignon.....
Le Panier Fleuri.....
Psyché.....
Raymond.....
Le Songe d'une Nuit d'Été.....
La Tonelli.....

Names of Paris Publishers.

.....HEUGEL & CO
.....H. LEMOINE
.....A. LEDUC
.....PH. MAQUET & CO.

Ambroise Thomas seems to have been a mascot for Heugel & Co., who are now the sole publishers of the prolific Massenet, and whose working capital is estimated at two millions of francs, making the firm probably the wealthiest music publishing house in Paris, which, of course, means France. A. Durand & Fils, another Paris house, of which more will be said later on, originally published Massenet's opus 13, First Orchestral Suite; opus 11, dedicated to Saint-Saëns, and Deux Pièces pour Violoncello et Piano.

This same house of Heugel & Co. also publish of Léo Délibes the following works, most of which are in constant demand:

Le Roi l'a dit.
Jean de Nivelle.
Lakmé.
Les Six Demoiselles à Marier.
Coppélia (ballet).
Sylvia.
La Source.

But, if we are not mistaken, the Coppélia was originally published by Gregh, and Maquet & Co. own "*Les Deux Vieilles Gardes*" and "*L'Ecosais de Chatou*," while Leduc (Alphonse), 3, rue de Grammont, owns "*Le Cour du Roi Pétaud*," Délibes thus showing four different Paris publishers.

Through "*Faust*" the elder Choudens became historically associated with opera and with the name of Gounod, the profits from that same publication giving him at the time a remarkable prestige—which it is hoped will be maintained by the son—but on account of the competition of the latter day and the vicissitudes of the publishing business, affected so much by public taste, it is difficult to depend upon past prestige for present results.

In addition to "*Faust*" Choudens published the following works of Gounod:

La Colombe,
Gallia,
Jeanne D'Arc,
Mireille,
Philémon et Baucis,
La Reine de Saba,
Le Tribut de Zamora,
Les Deux Reines,
La Nonne Sanglante,
Romeo et Juliette,
Sapho,
Tobie,
Ulysse (Tragedy).

The "*De Profundis*" was published by Durand; the "*Méditation*," by Hengel; Henry Lemoine published "*Polyeucte*," and Novello, of London, "*Mors et Vita*" and "*The Redemption*."

The old house of Schott, of Mayence, Brussels, London and Sydney has had its branch here for years past, and the catalogue of the concern is a huge publication. Years ago they published a French version, by Victor Wilder, of Richard Wagner's "*Nibelungen*," "*Meistersinger*," "*Parsifal*," and hundreds of arrangements for piano, four-handed and two-handed, and for two pianos and piano and organ, and quintet and orchestral arrangements. Among those of interest to New York people is Siegfried's "*Rhine Journey*," fantasia for piano, two violins, alto, cello and bass, by A. Seidl.

A. Durand & Fils publish a French edition of Richard Wagner's works, by Ch. Nutter, beginning with "*Lohengrin*," followed by "*Tannhäuser*," "*The Flying Dutchman*" and "*Rienzi*." Besides the "*Partition*" and all parts, they also have arrangements of these operas in all conceivable forms for concert performance, the salon and the organ. They also publish three songs by Richard Wagner, one with words of Victor Hugo, "*L'Attente*;" the other, with words by Ronsard, "*Mignonne*," and the third called "*Dors, mon enfant*."

This firm also publishes nearly all the works of Benjamin Godard and of E. Guiraud, including the latter's three operas "*Piccolino*," "*Galante Aventure*," and "*Gretna Green*." They also publish Vincent D'Indy's "*Wallenstein*" trilogy and are the pub-



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lishers of Augusta Holmés. But it is chiefly as the publishers of the innumerable compositions of Camille Saint-Saëns that Durand are known. Besides the operas "Henry VIII.," "Étienne Marcel," "La Princesse Jaune," "Ascanio," "Proserpine" and "Samson et Dalila," the Saint-Saëns catalogue is a mine of musical wealth and the "editions" are nearly all in constant demand. Let us give a short résumé of important works, incomplete although it be:

Opus 2.....	First Symphony.
" 4.....	Messe Solennelle.
" 5.....	Tantum Ergo.
" 6.....	Tarantelle (flûte, clarinette, and orchestra).
" 7.....	Three Rhapsodies, sur des Cantiques Bretons.
" 8.....	Rhapsodie Bretonne.
" 9.....	Bénédiction Nuptiale pour grand orgue.
" 10.....	Scène d'Horace (de Corneille).
" 12.....	Oratorio de Noël.
" 13.....	Élévation ou Communion.
" 17.....	First Piano Concerto.
" 22.....	Second Piano Concerto.
" 25.....	Orient et Occident (military band).
" 29.....	Third Piano Concerto.
" 31.....	Le Rouet d'Omphale.
" 33.....	Concert for Violoncello.
" 34.....	Marche Héroïque.
" 39.....	Phaéton.
" 40.....	Danse Macabre.
" 42.....	XVIII. Psalm.
" 44.....	Fourth Piano Concerto.
" 45.....	Le Déluge.
" 46.....	Les Soldats de Gédéon.
" 49.....	Orchestral Suite.
" 50.....	La Jeunesse d'Hercule.
" 53.....	Deux Chœurs (on a poem of Hugo).
" 54.....	Messe de Requiem.
" 55.....	Second Symphony.
" 57.....	La Lyre et la Harpe (ode of Victor Hugo).
" 58.....	Second Violin Concerto.
" 60.....	Suite Algérienne.
" 61.....	Third Violin Concerto.
" 62.....	Morceau de Concert, for Violin and Orchestra.
" 63.....	Une Nuit à Lisbonne.
" 64.....	La Jota Aragonese.
" 65.....	Grand Septet.
" 68.....	Deux Chœurs.
" 69.....	Hymne à Victor Hugo.
" 71.....	Deux Chœurs.
" 73.....	Rhapsodie d'Auvergne.
" 74.....	Saltarelle (chorus).
" 78.....	Third Symphony.
" 82.....	La Fiancée du Tombalier.
" 89.....	Africa (fantaisie).

Add to these the operas, the many instrumental arrangements, the songs, the compositions in chamber music and for piano and two pianos, and violin and 'cello; the transcription of Bach and the organ music and religious music generally, and a conception of Saint-Saëns's fertility and application can be estimated.

Choudens published Saint-Saëns' "Le Timbre d'Argent." The house of Durand also has the exclusive control in France of the Peters Edition, and they are also the publishers of Waldteufel, whose innumerable waltzes and polkas, etc., etc., have had a remarkable sale.

Before we forget it we wish to say that all these French houses publish large numbers of works on instrumentation, solfeggio, études, harmony, counterpoint, and also text books consumed by the millions annually in the French schools.

Brandus, now Ph. Maquet & Co., were the Meyerbeer publishers, and published themselves into fame with some of the Berliner's great money making works. They had the "Huguenots," "Étoile du Nord," "L'Africaine," "Dinorah," "Le Prophète," "Robert le Diable," and "Struensee," and they

should have millions of capital to-day—and we hope they have. They also published many operettes of Lecocq and of Auber, any quantity, and, as shown above, many of Offenbach's. These operas of Rossini were also published by Brandus: "Le Comte Ory," "Moïse," "Robert Bruce," "Sémiramis," "Le Siège de Corinthe" and "Tancredi." Of Berlioz they published the Grande Messe, opus 5; the opus 14, the well-known "Symphonie fantastique;" the opus 15, "Symphonie funèbre et triomphale;" the opus 16, "Harold" symphony; the opus 17, "Roméo et Juliette," dramatic symphony (not played frequently enough); the big "Te Deum," opus 22, with three choruses; the orchestral transcription of Weber's "L'Invitation à la Valse" (too rare on concert programmes); "Carnaval Romain;" the arrangement of "La Marseillaise" for orchestra and double chorus, and the opera "Béatrice et Bénédict."

The old house of Henry Lemoine published Berlioz's immortal treatise on Instrumentation and the Art of Conducting, and, by the way, the same house published Paganini's Art of Playing the Violin and many theoretical works.

But to return to Berlioz. The house of Richault & Co., 4, Boulevard des Italiens, published the "Damnation of Faust" and "L'Enfance du Christ," and the demand for both of these works, but particularly the former, gives to Richault constant engagements for these publications. Richault was established in 1805 by the grandfather of the present proprietor, who succeeded his father at the time of the latter's death in 1877. It is one of the most renowned and respected houses in Paris, and controls a catalogue of inexhaustible wealth. The establishment is filled with music of every kind and description, rooms fitted up with alcoves divided by narrow passages containing old and modern publications of every conceivable variety and order. It would require an article much longer than this to cover the story and catalogue of the house of Richault and to tell all that can be seen

of historical value held by the over-burdened shelves of the establishment. The present M. Richault is highly esteemed and his office is the rendezvous of the most notable musical people of France.

Enochs, of London, have a house here, Enoch Frères et Costallat, and they publish the Litolf here. They are making a special feature of the works of Chaminade, who is enjoying a great popularity here. Chabrier is also published by this firm, who have a healthy modern catalogue, including Lacomme's works, which are also selling rapidly at present.

It should be said that Bizet's "Petit Suite d'Orchestre" is published by Durand. "Carmen" was published by Choudens; so were "L'Arlésienne," "Djamileh," "La Jolie Fille de Perth," "Les Pêcheurs de Perles" and the symphonic ode, "Vasco de Gama," and the opera written in collaboration with his father-in-law, Halévy, "Noë."

Choudens also published the following of Berlioz: "Benvenuto Cellini," the opera "La Prise de Troie," the lyric poem "Les Troyens à Carthage," the latter being the second part of "Les Troyens," the "La Prise" being the first. Notwithstanding that Durand is the Godard publisher, Choudens published his operas, "Dante," "Jocelyn," "Pedro de Zalaméa" and the "Symphonie Légendaire." Much of Audran, Lecocq and Hervé is published by this firm.

Henri Tellier, 23, Rue Auber, near the Grand Opéra, the old house of Meissonier, published Rubinstein's "Le Démon" and the "Paradise Lost;" also many Rubinstein songs, with translations into French by Victor Wilder, and the piano collection "Le Bal." This house made a great success with the many compositions of Olivier Métra.

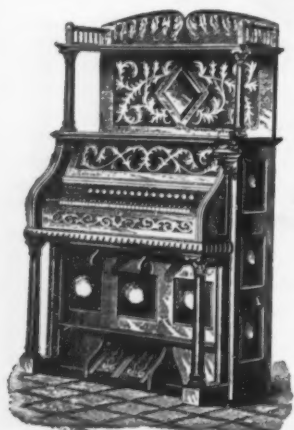
It is an utter impossibility in a sketchy notice of Paris publishers to do justice to even one department, such as operatic and orchestral, much less to devote any attention to the millions of compositions for the voice solo, or the piano, the violin, the 'cello, the organ, all the various orchestral instru-

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ments treated solo, and the many arrangements and transcriptions and choral works and theoretical works and popular publications, instrumental and vocal studies, etc., etc. I leave all this to someone who has time and inclination to go into the inexhaustible details of this feature of the music publishing business in this city. My purpose has been to give a résumé showing who were the publishers of the works of those composers best known as radiating with their influence from Paris, and whose names are associated in print with Gounod, Bizet, Saint-Saëns, Offenbach, Lecocq, Planquette, Massenet, Berlioz and Ambroise Thomas, and even as far back as Meyerbeer, and incidentally to refer to others whose works and memory impinge upon our time.

A Treasure-House of Violins.



HE popularity of the violin is seen in many directions. The most unpretentious concert is incomplete now without a solo on the instrument, where at one time the pianoforte was regarded as all-sufficient even in its function of accompaniment to the voices. In the streets one is struck by the number of fiddle cases proudly borne by youths and young ladies. Apart from the attractiveness of the instrument, ladies find it well adapted to display the grace and symmetry of the arm—thus fulfilling to some extent the mission the harp once served, and an escape from the monotonous despotism of the pianoforte, which "everyone" plays.

With so large a constituency interested in "fiddles and fiddling," some account of the remarkably fine collection of Cremona violins belonging to Mr. George Haddock, a gifted executant and an enthusiastic collector, cannot be other than welcome. The fame of this collection is widespread. Many of the musical celebrities from far and near who find their way to Leeds during the musical season pay a pilgrimage to Mr. Haddock's breezily perched, prospect-commanding home at Newlay for a glimpse of his musical treasures.

The pervading genius of the place is discerned at once. Those peculiar oblong cases in which violins pass their mute, inglorious seasons are on all sides and of all varieties of shape. They overflow the dumb-waiter, the sideboard and tables, and even take possession of the chairs, and some of the cases have a corpulence and bulk that betray a double tenancy. From the lot Mr. Haddock selects an open one. The violin is a Francisco Rugerius—a contemporary of the great Antonius Stradivarius, whose instruments have never been matched before or since his time. The label within the Rugerius, however, bears the date of 1673, that is, in the earliest years of Stradivarius's workmanship, when he had only just begun to sign his productions, and long before he had developed the form that distinguishes his "grand" period. This Rugerius could hardly be more tenderly cared for or handled. Mr. Haddock removes the richly embroidered yellow silk covering under which it reposes with sympathetic hands, and lifts it out for inspection from its couch of yellow plush. The rich, satin-like nature of the wood shows through a yellowish varnish of that tint and finish, the art of whose production the violin-makers of to-day know not. The modelling strikes one, for the back is rather fuller or higher than usual. Herein it differs from some of the instruments which have won Stradivarius his proudest days, in which the comparative flatness is noticeable.

There is a singular interest in comparing the workmanship of different makers. To the eye of the ordinary observer all violins have a pretty strong resemblance. They are "as like as two peas." But to the connoisseur instruments are full of ingenious and instructive degrees of difference. The wood, the colouring, the modelling, the size and thickness of the various parts have each an eloquence and meaning of their own. Woe to the amateur or violin-fancier who without the knowledge that detects and appraises those distinctions, ventures upon the thorny pursuit of "collecting!"

It is another Rugerius that is next brought to light—this time by Baptista, of that ilk; a beautiful

instrument, the varnish a fine reddish-brown, and the tone, as Mr. Haddock's tasteful bowing demonstrates, exquisitely full and sonorous. The very appearance of the next case suggests something "special." It is of uncommon size and shape, and richly lacquered over in quaint and intricate figures. The case was made in Paris for a celebrated London musical amateur and was sent to Japan to be lacquered, at a surprising cost. But the contents more than correspond with this valuable covering. This violin is the handiwork of Antonius Amati, son of the founder of the ever-memorable Cremona makers, in whose nephew, Nicholas, the genius of the Amatis reached its culminating point. This example of Antonius, which is dated 1615, is famous amongst collectors as the "Drummond," and is considered a perfect specimen of the maker's best style. It is of the order known as the "Grand" Amati, from the largeness of the pattern and its breadth at the top. The rich golden yellow of the varnish and the beauty of the wood excite admiration equally with its excellent state of preservation. No one would suppose it to be more than two centuries and a half old! When the bow is drawn across the strings the brilliance and the quality of the tone are delightful. Another Antonius Amati—a present—dated 1648, though not of the large pattern, it is also magnificent in modelling and in tone.

Joseph Guarnerius was a maker whose reputation is little inferior to that of Stradivarius; and the high esteem in which his instruments are held is shown by the large sums paid for them from time to time. Of this maker—who, to distinguish himself from his father and cousin of the same Christian name, signed his labels "Joseph del Jesu" or with "I. H. S.," and a cross over the "H."—Mr. Haddock produces several examples, all, like the others shown, carefully swathed in soft silk handkerchiefs and ensconced in luxuriously-appointed cases. Joseph del Jesu made violins from 1725 to 1745 and the first now brought out is dated midway in that period, viz., 1736. The next is dated 1739, and perhaps few finer specimens of his art emerged from his work shop. The wonderful rich red of the varnish is noticeable in both cases, in the earliest especially for its mellowness. In another Joseph del Jesu Mr. Haddock points out a peculiarity, referred to in Mr. Geo. Hart's curious and painstaking work, "The Violin: Its Famous Makers and Their Imitators."

Joseph Guarnerius seems to have exercised the keenest care in the selection of wood, especially for the bellies of his instruments. He seems to have obtained a large piece of pine of extraordinary acoustic properties which he regarded as a mine of wealth for this purpose; and all bellies made from this wood are marked by a singular stain running parallel with the finger-board on either side. Another peculiarity is the broad grain of the wood in the backs, and its upward slanting direction, giving exactly the impression of the marking on tiger skins. These appearances are plainly defined in the rich, golden, orange varnish of this third Joseph—a similar instrument to which was used by the great Paganini. That renowned but eccentric artist bequeathed his violin to the museum at Genoa, to be there inaccessibly locked up under glass and seal—where it may now be seen.

Two instruments by Joseph's cousin—Joseph Guarnerius *filius Andreae*—next claim admiration; the superb zebra-like marking of the wood gleaming through the varnish like brilliant rays of sunshine as the light travels over the polished surfaces. It is on the handiwork of the greatest of all violin makers that we next look—Antonius Stradivarius, the pupil of Nicholas Amati, himself the greatest genius of his class until eclipsed by his pupil. From 1667 to nearly the close of the century Antonius followed his master's pattern, so that his instruments for this period are styled "Strad-Amatis." But afterwards he altered his pattern by degrees in size, arching, thickness of wood, colouring, etc., until the perfected "Strad," the masterpiece of its kind, was produced. Mr. Haddock has one dated 1714, and one 1692. But the greatest of all, chief treasure in a treasured collection, is the celebrated "Emperor" Stradivarius, dated 1715—the very heyday of the powers of the master maker—and generally conceded now to be his crowning effort.

It was with no little enthusiasm that the owner relieves the "Emperor" of its silken coverings, and expatiates on the elegance of the modelling, the exquisite transparency of the red varnish, its irreproach-

able condition, and all the graces of the pattern. And then, taking bow in hand, he plays over a few bars of an *andante*, followed by a series of octave passages, bringing out its sweet, pure tone, and astonishing volume with captivating effect. There are many other violins still to see, but it would perhaps be only an anti-climax to allude to the examples of Gagliano, of Guadagnini, of Jacob Steiner, of Lupot, etc.

To enter on the subject of violin impostures would be too vast an undertaking. The number of alleged "Strads" offered for sale is enormous, but the great majority are "bogus" affairs. Some have this poor claim to respect—that some unimportant portion of their multifarious parts may once have belonged to a genuine Cremona. As a recent writer said, belly, back, ribs, varnish, bridge, pegs and bow of many a Stradivarius have been trained to acquiesce in strange new companionships since they wandered away from their native Lombardy! And because a single part, "made up" violins are styled "Strads." The value of a genuine "Strad," as of any good example of the famous Cremona makers, is, of course, enormous—it would indeed seem preposterous, but for the extreme rarity of the real article. The value of the Emperor "Strad" for instance, has now risen to some thousands of pounds. This of course is an exceptionally "long" price. But there are many instruments whose values run into the hundreds of pounds, and make a good approach to four figures. Nor can this cause surprise when all things are considered.

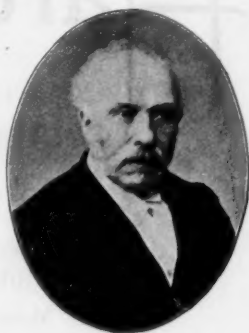
As the writer just alluded to has said, "A Cremona violin of the great period is a treat for the virtuoso in woodwork. There never was a more entire triumph of nicety of adaptation of parts to the whole, of means to ends. Alpine firs seem to have been exactly tempered by wind, frost, sterility, and sunshine on the Italian slopes of the Alps to provide the maker with his slabs and curves. Climate itself co-operated with the artist's conception of ways and means, and administered the atmosphere, neither too hot nor too cold, neither over-moist nor over-dry, which at once mellowed and braced. Artistic fancy and taste came forth just as they were needed, not to overlay construction but to complete it. Nowhere, in shape, decorativeness, and certainty of effects for eye, ear and touch, is there the least superfluity or deficiency."

Mr. Haddock has a fine collection of violin bows of which there are makers hardly less famous than the violin producers—including his superb group known as the Tourte collection, after their maker, François Tourte. Words can hardly describe their exquisite grace of shape and accuracy of "balance," or the beauty of finish and decoration in gold, tortoise-shell, and mother-of-pearl. This is undoubtedly the largest and most valuable collection of bows in the world. Indeed Mr. Haddock has a rich treasury, which it is the delight of his life to possess and enjoy.

Mr. Haddock, of Newlay Hall, near Leeds, was formerly a pupil of the famous Henri Vieuxtemps, and has composed several works for his instrument, and a violin method, in three books, published by Messrs. Schott & Co.

To define the precise functions of music, and to fix its place in a scheme of fine arts, has proved one of the most intricate problems in that intricate science, æsthetics.—James Lully, M. D.

It is admitted by those who have thought much on the subject that the people of our country allow themselves too little relaxation from business and its cares. If this be so, and for my part I think there is no doubt of it, they will find in the cultivation of music a recreation of the most innocent and unobjectionable kind.—W. C. Bryant.



GEORGE HADDOCK.
Photo. by W. Fred. Haddock.

THE artistic full-page advertisements of the Mason & Hamlin Organ and Piano Company appear in this issue immediately preceding the department of Musical Instruments.

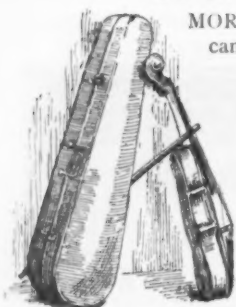


Accord.

PIANOS
RUD. IBACH SOHN
BARMEN

R. Brendamour

On the Violin.



MORE interesting study perhaps cannot be found than the early history of bowed instruments, and to follow the gradual improvements made in their form and method of stringing until we arrive at the highest point of perfection—the violins of Antonio Stradivari or Guarneri del Gesu.

Within the limits of a short sketch it would be impossible to enter into the question of the antiquity of instruments played with the bow, and we may say, speaking generally, that the violin in its present form does not date farther back than the middle of the sixteenth century, when Gasparo da Salò, who is regarded as the author of the violin as we know it, was sending forth his instruments from Brescia.

To the city of Cremona, however, attaches the distinction of being the place where such works of art as the violins of Stradivari, Guarneri, Bergonzi, the Amati family and many others were produced, and it would be difficult to find another city upon whose roll of honour so many famous names are inscribed. The name of Stradivari would alone be sufficient to throw a never-ending lustre upon any city so fortunate as to have it included in its list of citizens, and where that name is also associated with those of such artists as are mentioned above there is certainly much reason for the assertion that Cremona does and always will hold an exalted position among the places famed as having been the residence of great artists. It is a source of great satisfaction to the lovers of the "king of instruments" that recent research amongst the archives of Cremona has thrown much light upon the lives and doings of some of the giants of the fiddle-world, and it is so especially in the case of Antonio Stradivari, respecting whom many valuable facts have been unearthed.

Andrea, the founder of the Amati family, whose instruments were produced during a period extending considerably over one hundred years, dating from the latter part of the sixteenth century, established the school of Cremonese violin making. The most celebrated of this family, Nicolo Amati, was born in 1596 and died in 1684, and to him we are indebted for some lovely specimens of fiddle-making. It was from this maker that Antonio Stradivari received his instruction in the art of which he was destined to become so brilliant an exponent. Born in Cremona, in the year 1644, Stradivari at an early age entered the workshop of Nicolo Amati, where he remained some years, subsequently commencing business on his own account at a house in the Piazza Roma, Cremona. Fortunately this house is still in existence, and is visited with much interest by fiddle-lovers of all nations.

Here Stradivari worked upon those exquisite productions that are now the delight of violinists and others (for the homage paid to Stradivari is not confined only to those who play the violin) who are not fortunate enough to possess one of these gems. It is impossible to look upon such instruments as these without experiencing feelings that no other object would arouse, for, apart from their beautiful form and lovely varnish, there lingers around them an air of romance that has quite a fascinating effect, and this charm has been expressed in a delightful manner by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"Violins, too. The sweet old Amati! the divine Stradivari! played on by ancient maestros until the bow-hand lost its power, and the flying fingers stiffened. Bequeathed to the passionate young enthusiast, who made it whisper his hidden love, and cry his inarticulate longings, and scream his untold agonies, and wail his monotonous despair. Passed from his dying hand to the cold virtuoso, who let it slumber in its case for a generation, till, when his hoard was broken up, it came forth once more, and rode the stormy symphonies of royal orchestras, beneath the rushing bow of their lord and leader. Into lonely prisons with improvident artists; into convents from which arose, day and night, the holy hymns with which its tones were blended; and back again to orgies, in which it learned to howl and laugh as if a legion of devils were shut up in it; then, again to the gentle dilettante who calmed it down with easy melodies until it answered him softly as in the days of the old maestros; and so given into our hands, its pores all full of music, stained, like the meerschaum, through and through with the con-

centrated hue and sweetness of all the harmonies which have kindled and faded on its strings."

Antonio Stradivari, we are told, expended a vast amount of thought upon his instruments, which were eagerly sought after, and, unlike many of his less fortunate brethren, he was enabled to live in comfort upon the income he derived from their sale. There is evidence that Stradivari worked until the age of ninety-three, and even at that advanced period of his life his instruments bear the unmistakable sign of the great master's hand.

In December, 1737, Antonio Stradivari died, and was buried in the Church of San Domenico, in Cremona. It is much to be regretted that it should have been found necessary to demolish this edifice; but the stone which originally denoted the position of the grave is deposited in the Town Hall at Cremona.

Of the Guarneri family, the most brilliant member was Giuseppe Antonio, more generally known as Giuseppe del Gesu. This great artist was born in Cremona in 1683, and adopted the profession followed, as in the case of Antonio Stradivari, with so much success by other members of the family. His instruments are most highly prized, and, indeed, would it be possible to do otherwise than envy the possessor of a "Joseph?" His violins rank with those of Antonio Stradivari, and are made, in many instances, with a care and artistic finish almost equal to that bestowed upon the violins made by that great master. As in the case of all the other eminent makers, the copyists have endeavoured to follow the model of Guarneri del Gesu to a great extent, and perhaps the imitations, good, bad and indifferent, are more numerous in his instance than in that of any other maker. Giuseppe Guarneri died in the year 1745.

Another famous maker was Carlo Bergonzi, who also worked in Cremona. A pupil of Antonio Stradivari and a man who evidently brought much thought to bear on his work, Bergonzi produced many exceedingly beautiful instruments, and his varnish is held to be equal to that used by the two great masters named above.

To note even a few particulars relating to such great Italian makers as Maggini, Guadagnini, Santo Serafino, Ruggeri, Montagnana, and Storioni, the last of the makers of the old Cremonese school, would swell this paper to an inordinate length.

Germany, France and England have also produced artists of very high rank, and, indeed, at one time the instruments of Jacobus Stainer were considered to be finer and commanded larger prices than those even of Stradivari and Guarneri! This great German, who was born in 1621, made many violins of the greatest beauty, his chefs d'œuvres being those instruments known as "Elector Stainers"—so called by reason of their having been made for the twelve Electors. Stainer died in the year 1683, and it is sad to reflect upon the fact that the closing days of his life should have been embittered by poverty and trouble that ultimately deprived him of his reason. Other German makers, such as Sebastian Klotz and Albani, made violins of great merit.

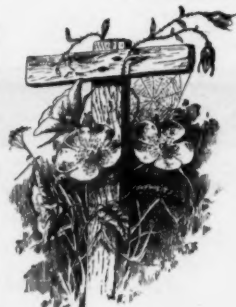
Among the French makers we find Nicholas Lupot, Pique and I. B. Vuillaume. The latter, who worked in Paris, made a great number of violins, said to exceed 2,500. It was this artist who purchased the collection of violins, etc., left by Luigi Tarisio, the celebrated Italian connoisseur.

Banks, Forster, Dodd, Betts and Duke are some of the best known among English makers, and their instruments are becoming more highly appreciated each year. The violins made by Benjamin Banks, who was born in 1727, and worked in Salisbury until his death in 1795, are delightful specimens of the art of English violin-making.

This short sketch would be still more incomplete without some reference to the Cremona varnish, although it is utterly impossible to attempt any description of it. The lovely colours, varying from amber to red, and even to a rich brown, are a source of never-ending delight and wonder, and, apart from its beautiful appearance, this varnish has been of inestimable value in preserving and mellowing the wood upon which the great makers expended so much care and skill. The composition of the varnish is shrouded in mystery, and, although the most indefatigable exertions have been made, all attempts to recover the secret have proved futile.

GEORGE HART.

A Memorial Tablet.



THE memorial tablet of Rud. Ibach Sohn's centennial, a small reproduction of which embellishes this issue, is the result of a public competition instituted by that enterprising old firm, and highly interesting in more than one respect. The object was to create a picture of high artistic merit, commemorative of the firm's second century of uninterrupted successful activity inaugurated this year, and to be used for a business placard. The jury, with headquarters at the Düsseldorf Art Hall, was composed of celebrated artists, Professor Hans von Bartels, Munich; Professor Emil Doepler, Jr., Berlin; Architect Bruno Schmitz, Berlin, of Emperor's monument fame; Th. Rocholl (Mr. Schmitz's proxy), and Carl Gehrts, Düsseldorf painter, and Walter Ibach representing the firm. One hundred and fifty-two competitors from all parts of Germany and neighbouring countries had submitted 174 paintings, and the jury deliberated for two days. The result was: First prize, Professor N. Gysis, of the Royal Academy of Munich; second prize, Max Länger, painter at Karlsruhe; third prize, Karl Schmidt, painter at Dresden; fourth prize, Karl Adam, at Strasburg. Several other meritorious paintings were moreover purchased by the firm.

Professor Gysis himself interprets his tableau as follows: "Harmony, victorious, upon the centennial throne of Rud. Ibach Sohn; the flame of Progress at her right; the Genius of Time, led by Pallas Athene, passing in a triumphal car in the background." The majestic woman representing Harmony is in white; the background is a deep brilliant red; the surrounding frame old gold. The original, with its classical repose and simplicity and beautiful colouring, is strikingly effective. It is at present with the others at the grand Berlin Art Exhibition, will thence go to Munich and other art-centres, and finally be reproduced life size in colours as a souvenir to the friends of the house of Rud. Ibach Sohn.

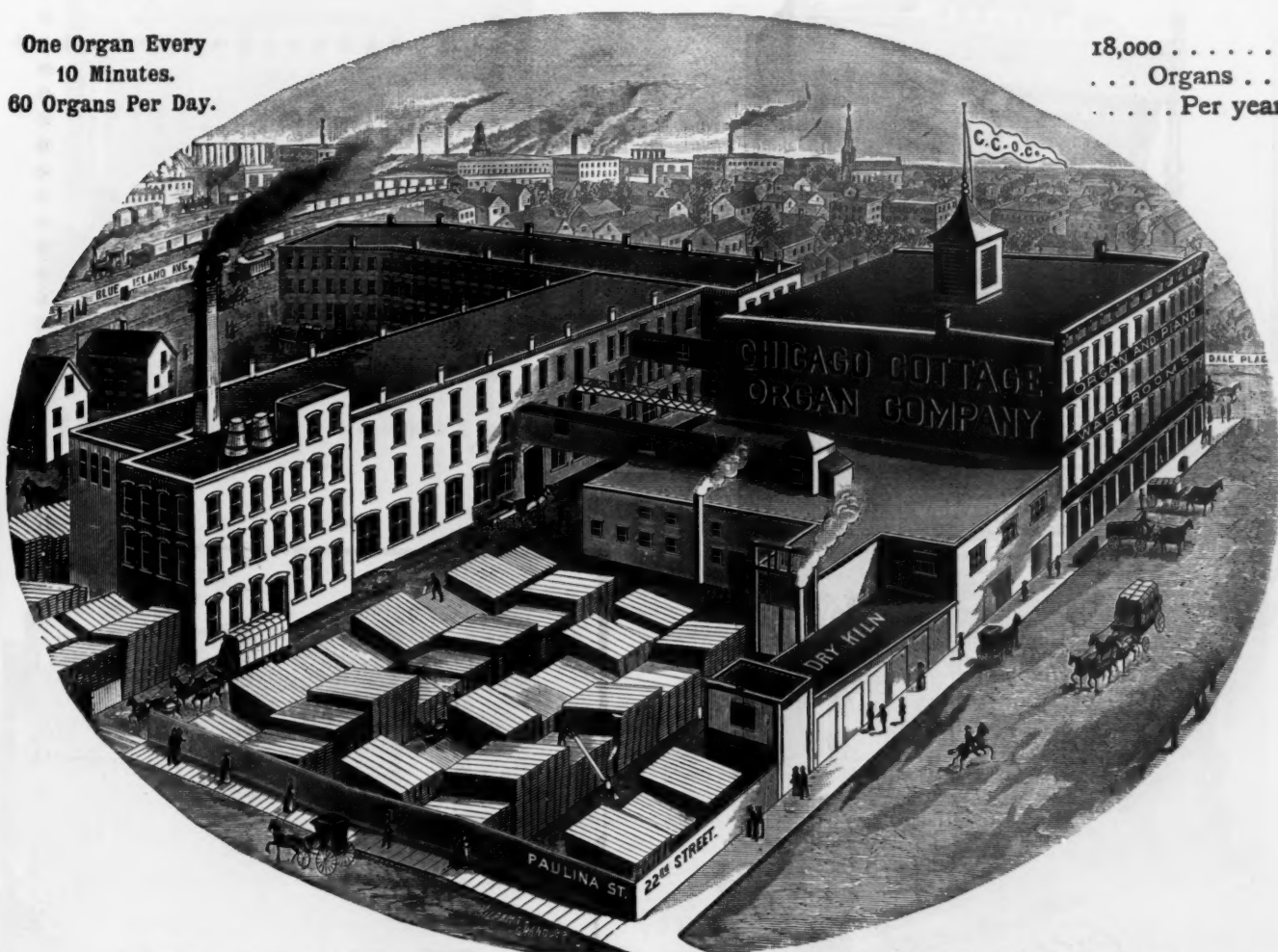
Such public competitions for awards are a specialty of Rud. Ibach Sohn, who has instituted not less than three of them at considerable expense during the last decade. They tend to interest Art in the pursuits of practical business life, heretofore foreign to her; and these relations between Art and Industry cannot but be beneficial to both. The great industries of our day are offering golden opportunities to the artists for productions of practical value, and shunning no sacrifice to have their own work ennobled and embellished by artistic genius. There is no fear of degrading Art by such association, since she is bound to maintain her ideal views and standpoints upon this field as well as upon all others, if she is to succeed; for, as soon as she stoops to cater to anything but true artist's taste and instinct, she loses caste and becomes worthless to herself and others. The example of Rud. Ibach Sohn is, therefore, well worth imitating. (See illustration on preceding page.)

WHATEVER may be the result of the recent tariff legislation in the United States on the importing of musical instruments to that country, the fact of the new classification, covering in one broad clause "all musical instruments and parts thereof (except pianoforte action), will save a great deal of labour to the American importers. Heretofore, that is, at least, since the passage of the McKinley bill, there has been an apparently inexhaustible combination of readings of the rules that in plain fact left the decision of the Customs' officials as the only definite rate that had to be paid. The phrase "according to materials," which had to be interpreted as "according to the component material of the highest assessable value" under the general specifications of the former tariff law, caused no end of confusion and often necessitated serious delay, which could be lengthened or shortened as the officials were obdurate or tractable. The new sweeping classification will save time and money heretofore spent in clerical labour.

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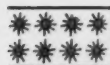
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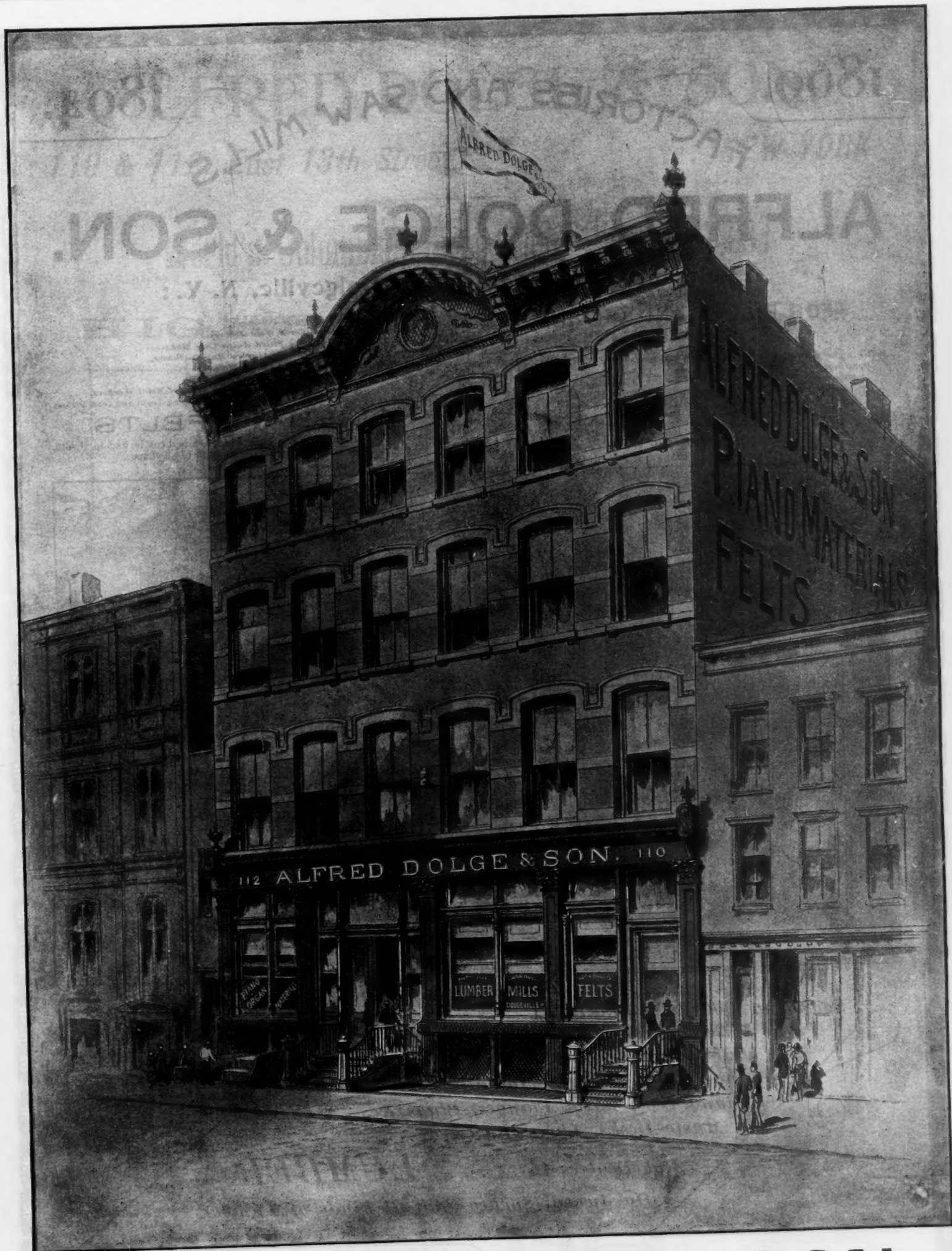
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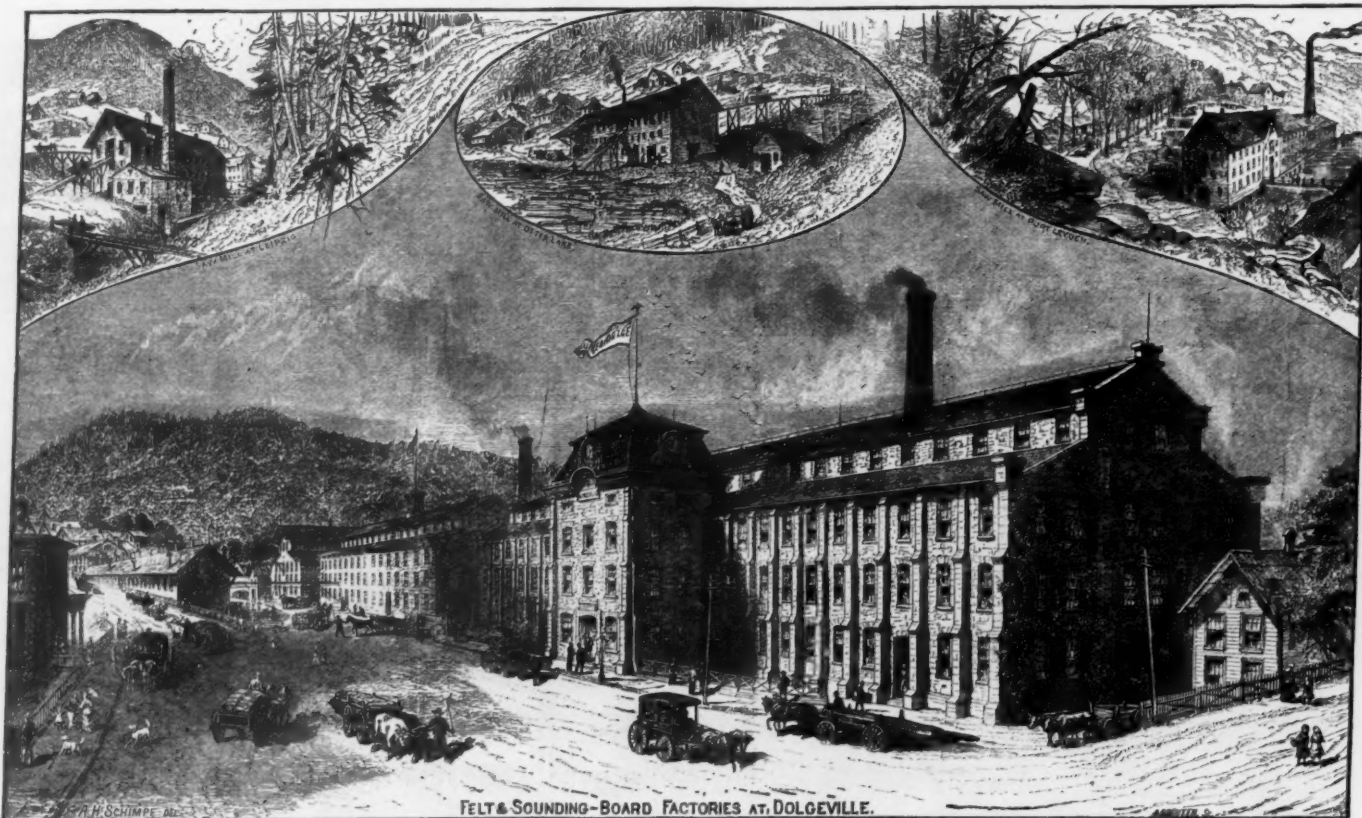
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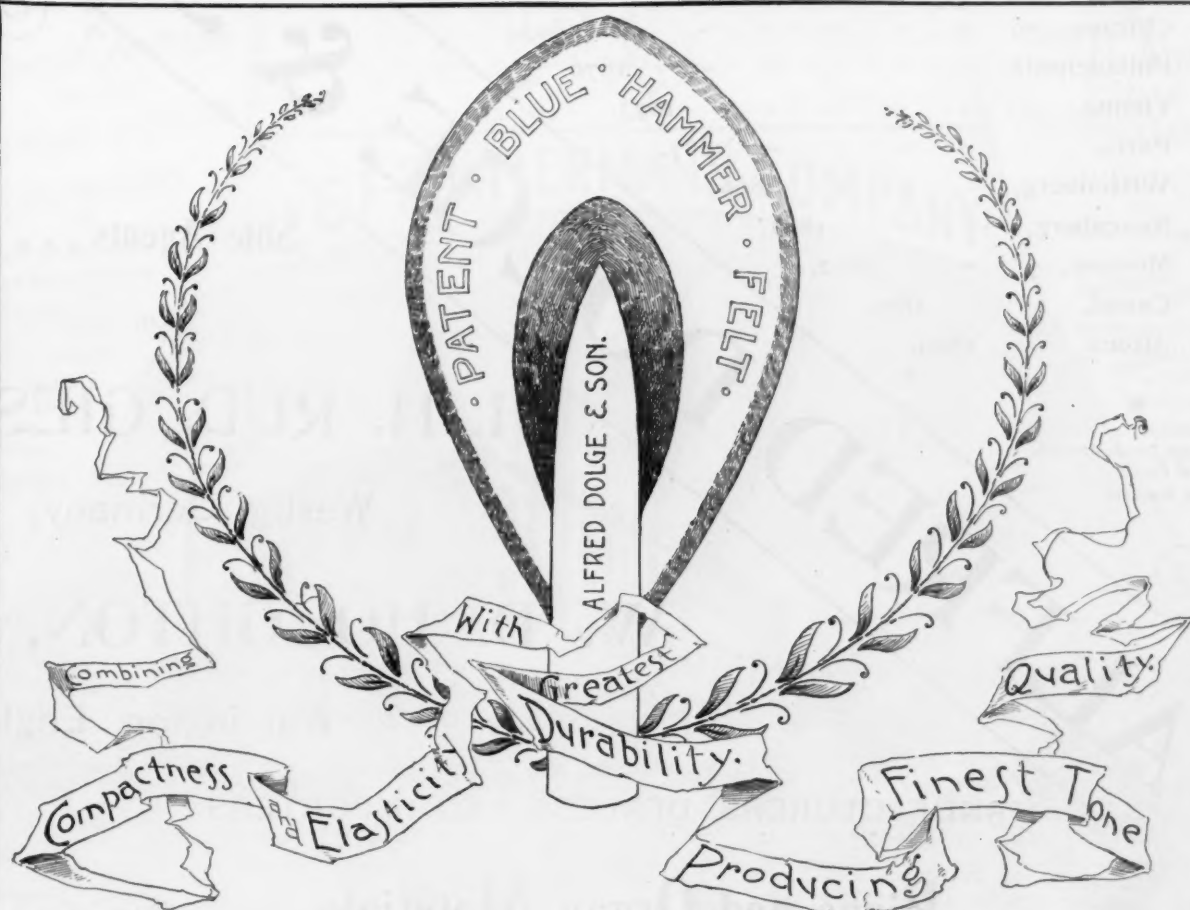
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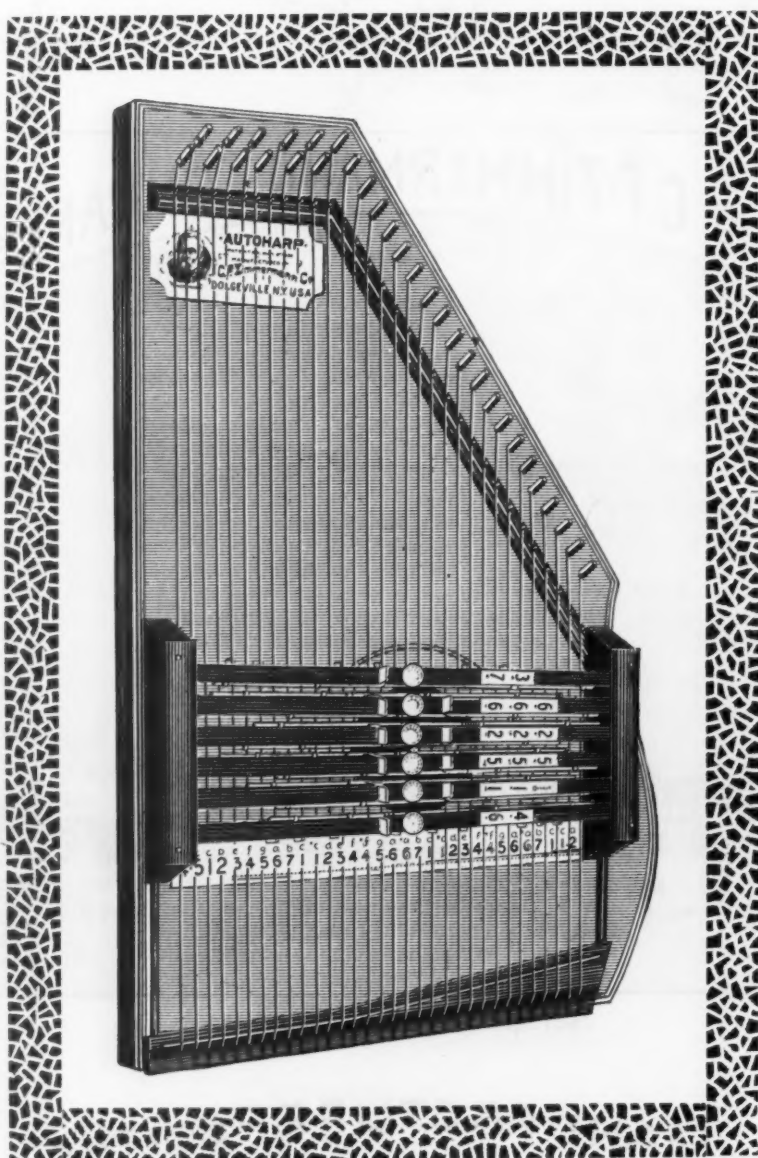
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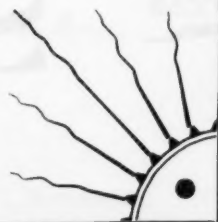
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The Art of Printing Music.



DURING the past twenty-five years such great changes have been made in the music publishing trade of the United States, that now it may be fairly said that American editions rival those of Europe in all essentials, and in some instances they are so superior that, with the exception of orchestral scores, it is difficult to say in what respect European imprints show an essential, marked or general superiority.

Second-rate houses in the States, like those of Europe, put out, of course, second-class work.

It may be argued that sheet-music is not intended to last for ever, or to bear being rolled backwards or forwards carelessly, or treated ruthlessly in the style often seen among amateurs. But suppose an organist wishes to play some orchestral works on his instrument. He procures, if possible, good pianoforte editions printed on tough paper, and having ample spacing and margin. Subsequently he obtains the full scores, and is able to write in particulars respecting the instrumentation: (this phrase is for clarinet, that for horns, etc.) Then at some orchestral concert he may notice many hitherto unsuspected effects, which he records. He hears another organist interpret these works and marks the passages which come out hazy, confused and otherwise unsatisfactory, and demand modification, or notices that other portions which at the keys are apparently altogether unfit for rendition, when heard at a distance, make an extraordinarily good impression. When all these experiences are noted down, as well as indications regarding his decisions respecting the choice of stops or rows of keys, or pedal entries, it matters much if the copy be already worn out or be still good for use.

It may seem that such particulars are too small and trifling to be worth such special consideration; but a little thought will teach otherwise.

Suppose a church organist has a slight appropriation for the purchase of music, and he buys the cheap English octavo editions, which are printed on reasonably good paper.

With careful treatment they may last a reasonable time. Should, however, he live in a distant city, and order from thence, and some American reprints of these very works be substituted and forwarded, he will probably find the paper so inferior in quality that no directions to the singer may be made clear in either ink or pencil, and that, with a choir of fifty voices and a librarian ever so careful, the entire set of copies may fall apart and become as so many separate leaves before the first rehearsals are over.

Hence, risk of failure whenever these copies are used from pages being duplicated, misplaced, etc. Possibly on account of this very annoying experience an American firm prepared at great cost, and offered at a low rate a large library of sacred music, with Latin and English words, in octavo size, convenient to handle and bind in folios with the English editions, but which were printed from engraved plates and on a paper so good that the copies would not split down the backs after being distributed several times. At a Catholic church on a high festival the numbers of copies of the various pieces used by a choir of the size above mentioned may run into the thousands. With the many distractions, contingencies, alterations of programmes, unexpected directions received from the altar, illness of singers, etc., it is no slight matter if such parts may be manipulated with speed and not become hopelessly mixed.

That energy, skill, capital and general resources of such a firm as this being brought to bear on such matters naturally leads to an excellence well appreciated and not soon forgotten, and especially by the German population which practises much concerted vocal music, cannot be gainsayed.

This is not merely shewn in the paper, engraving and refined appearance of the editions, but also in their great technical accuracy, which is an important factor when many copies are used, as in choral societies. Their proofreaders are the best to be found, and are not underpaid or overworked, hence the errors inseparable from all human effort are reduced to a minimum. Some of the greatest musicians of the day act as recensionists for this firm, and therefore the editions are not only revised, but enriched with valuable additions and emendations. All is brought up to date, while in Europe old articles are often re-

printed unchanged. The American edition is altered to suit modern requirements.

If great pianists or singers popularize by public performances any music whatever, and music publishers wish to supply the public instantaneously, perfect facsimiles of the European issues are immediately forthcoming, without fear of errors or of editions being refused as garbled, simplified, curtailed or otherwise changed unauthoritatively, because all is exactly reproduced by the photo-lithographic process.

Publishers of the second rank in America aim at cheapness, speed of reproduction, and seem to have little taste as regards title-pages, either with respect to fineness of line or choice of colours. This is also true of European publishers of the same standing. Inferior music is generally set aside by the best houses.

European publishers are gradually becoming aware of the fact that there are vast possibilities in the States, and hence the number of agencies that have come into existence since the passage of the copyright law. Musicians visiting there need no longer trouble themselves to provide more music than is required for their immediate wants. All may be readily obtained.

Certain publishers in London that strive to meet the wants of drawing-room amateurs, and compete with one another for the ballads of Tosti, Sullivan and other popular song-writers, increase their chances of success by using very thick paper, that is somewhat larger than usual, very bold notes, broad staves and leaving a large margin. The whole is "laid out" with ample spacing, and in such a manner that the eye is not confused at the first glance, and the turnover does not occur at a highly critical moment. Many such particulars and seemingly trivial details help to bring editions into favour.

It seems that there a miserable economy involving the use of one leaf of paper will not be practised. In England this half sheet is too often saved, and, therefore, its fellow falls out, sometimes falls down when rapidly turning over, or it extends beyond the other leaves, being loose; and soon tears or frays at the edges. It must be continually put in place; and if a connecting thread be passed through the other sheets to secure them, this leaf, not being dual, is not so easily secured. This economy is practised in editions which are well-nigh perfect. Mendelssohn's First grand trio, original folio edition, price eighteen English shillings, has fifty-four pages irrespective of single parts. It should have fifty-six pages. The paper is thick, rather than tough; and also stubborn to such a degree that the copy threatens to close persistently when it is required to remain as placed, and in a manner similar to badly bound books and pamphlets, which must be forcibly held open to be read. This stubbornness gives the half sheet additional freedom.

It must be borne in mind that the music desks of upright pianofortes rarely have the proper angle. This should be 90 degrees. When an obtuse angle is given, a heading intended to prevent the music from falling resists the rapid turning of the leaves and an acute angle makes this impossible. Hence,

a tearing of the paper, a fraying of the lower margins of every sheet and other annoyances follow. These may not be generally experienced, but they come home to artist's performing elaborate operations at a high speed, perhaps, from their own as yet unfinished manuscripts, and do not induce the angelic temper favourable for composition.

The highest praise must be given to the publishers of the best orchestral scores in Germany. An equal meed of praise may be awarded to American and European publishers generally for other works. When we come to the lowest grade of music, which attracts the lower grade of publishers, the greatest number of demerits must be given to firms in the United States. These, for the most part, use movable types, and not only for octavo editions, wherein many elaborate details (as, for instance, stage directions in operas) may be inserted in very small letters. Such music may be printed in an ordinary press, and on any ordinary newspaper press, and hence at a nominal cost. These copies vex the righteous souls of artists, not so much on account of the vulgar appearance of the publications as the shabbiness of the notation due to the unwarrantable liberties taken with the various signs commonly employed—and this is not only true of song printers, but also of hymn-book makers having apparently little or no regard for anything but business. All musicians should protest against the extreme arrogance displayed by publishers in tampering with a notation that has been devised with such marvellous skill, patience and experience, and which has hitherto proved able to meet all demands made upon it.

These users of movable type think nothing of placing clefs in spaces; of employing single bars somewhat thicker than usual instead of double bars; of putting lines mostly straight for continuous curves, etc. When to all such abominations, confusions, etc., we add that interstices occur between the types; that the tails of sixteenths in groups are not placed transversely across the stave, but parallel with it; that long legato lines, being mostly straight, appear often as sixth or seventh lines of the stave, etc., there is slight cause for wonderment that the eye, already overtaxed, is now doubly conscious of unusual effort, and that the difficulty of reading such music is greatly increased. A rich, powerful and well-known firm which has sinned greatly in these respects was found guilty of reprinting a standard score which used the tenor clef for the tenor voice in such a way that the notes of the tenor part were retained while the clef was placed in the third stave; every note was thereby placed one degree too high.

The best composers in America usually send their most elaborate works to Europe, because of the general gain that accrues. For, although much is said respecting the rapid advance in the States, dramatists and opera-composers prefer to have stage pieces represented first of all in Europe. This feeling is still very strong. But whatever takes definite shape in Europe may be reproduced in America with almost incredible rapidity, and whatever is badly done is soon improved.

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The Progress of a Great American Industry.

SINCE the year 1846, when the late E. P. Needham commenced the manufacture of Melodeons and afterward of Cabinet Organs, until the present day, the industry of manufacturing the Needham organs has steadily advanced, until to-day the Needham Piano-Organ Company is one of the leading houses of the world in this branch of manufacture.

THE PLANT.

Their enormous factory consists of a building over 400 feet in length, with four immense wings.

The lower or basement floor contains the four boilers and two engines of 125 horse power each; the veneering departments, the metal working and the packing departments.

The second floor is the general machine floor, and contains also the carving and cabinet departments.

The third floor contains the action and regulating departments for both organs and pianos, and the fourth floor contains the filling, rubbing, varnishing and polishing departments.

This great factory is arranged with the most perfect system, and enables the company to meet the constant demand from its agents all over the world with very little delay.

It has constantly in the process of manufacture over 1,000 organs and 500 pianos.

THE HOME OFFICE.

The general offices and warerooms of the company are situated on Union Square, New York, in the most convenient and prominent portion of the city, and from these offices the general business is conducted.

For many years this company built organs only, but during the past four years they have added piano building to their business, and the Needham piano now occupies an important place among the high grade instruments of America.

Samples of all the instruments they build can be found at their elegant warerooms on Union Square in the City of New York.

FOREIGN AGENCIES.

The business of the company extends to-day not only throughout the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, but its foreign agencies have developed rapidly.

The most important of these is that of Great Britain, which has been conducted by Mr. Henry Ambridge ever since it was first established.



HENRY AMBRIDGE, LONDON.

From the fact that Mr. Ambridge travels throughout the United Kingdom every year and visits his customers personally, he is probably one of the best known dealers in England, and at the same time one of the most popular.

Under his able management the business of the company has grown with great rapidity, until the Needham organ has become familiar to musicians in all parts of the United Kingdom.

Among other foreign agents who have made a great success with the Needham Organs may be mentioned Sutton Brothers, Melbourne, Australia; Milner & Thompson, Christchurch, New Zealand, and C. A. Goldschmeding, Amsterdam, Holland.

One of the latest and most promising of the Needham agencies is that of Gerhadi Frères, of Aleppo, Syria, who are making the Needham

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No organ company in America makes and carries in stock a greater variety of cases.

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Chicago Music Trade.



OWELLERS in the city of Chicago scarcely appreciate the rapidity of the growth of this great town. It is utterly impossible to realize that less than sixty years ago (1837) the little town of Chicago, containing not over 4,000 people, was incorporated, and that at the present time it has developed into a city of 1,700,000 inhabitants, all of whom will average as progressive and aggressive as the people of any portion of the country. If it is so difficult to realize that such is the fact by the people in her own community and by the remaining portions of the United States, how much more difficult it must be for the residents of the Old World, when never in the whole history of the world has such an increase in population taken place.

Although an infant in years, the city is already a giant in its strength of purpose and accomplishments; as a proof of which it is only necessary to point to the magnificent buildings which have been erected for commercial purposes, the many elegant private dwellings, its parks and boulevards, and, above all, to the famous World's Fair buildings, for which words are inadequate to describe their grandeur and beauty.

Without a love of art Chicago could never have accomplished such stupendous undertakings. In the way of musical instruments Chicago did little for many years. Pianos were made here, it is true, some twenty odd years ago, but in such limited quantities that the fact is hardly worthy of mention, and it is only in the last decade that these popular instruments have been manufactured in any quantity; but in that time the progress has been so rapid that in number and quality it has nearly overtaken one of the largest producing cities in the East; and, if the same percentage of increase obtains during the next decade, it is quite within bounds to say that it will fully equal, and perhaps surpass any other point, as it long has done in the production of reed organs; and, as in all industries Chicago has never been content to follow, the same may be inferred in the musical instrument business.

The city of Chicago is called the "Windy City," partly in derision and partly from the fact that there is nearly always a smart breeze blowing across the level country upon which the city is situated. The term, however, is mostly used to indicate that the people of Chicago are fond of exaggerating the importance of the city, and, in order to do justice, we give a statement from the last census report issued by the United States, which says:

"Among other important statistics contained in this report are those of the manufacturing industries of the 165 principal cities of the United States. Arranging these cities according to the value of their manufactured product, Chicago takes second place, the value of her product exceeding that of Philadelphia, the third city in rank, by \$87,333,477, and falling short of the produce for New York city by \$112,564,798.

"The increase in value of the product of the manufactures of Chicago during the ten years from 1880 to 1890 was 166.87 per cent as compared with 77.90 per cent in Philadelphia and 64.34 per cent in New York. New York has always been considered the leading manufacturing city of the country, but, if this rate of increase has continued during the past four years, Chicago now in all probability manufactures a product that exceeds in value that of New York."

Of the instruments made in this city, pianos naturally come first in importance, and in value the next most important is the reed organ, which was for many years the first; but it has been rapidly overtaken and surpassed within a period of three or four years. Violins, violas, violoncellos and double basses are made to some extent, but they do not compete in point of numbers with guitars, mandolins or even banjos. Drums are made in large quantities and in all grades, zithers, dulcimers, metal fifes, flageoles, cymbals, tambourines, mouthpieces for brass instruments, a great quantity of trimmings for band instruments, etc. The harp is also made here in constantly increasing quantities—and right here it must be acknowledged that the instrument which is produced is recognized as very superior.

Singular as it may seem, we believe there never has been any considerable number of pipe organs made here, with the exception of a small portable pipe organ, which is now being made by one of the largest reed organ manufacturers; but the reed or-

gans have been made, running all the way from small so-called baby organs with, perhaps, only one set of reeds up to large three manuals and pedals with no less than 36 full sets; this latter taking the place of small pipe organs in schools, chapels, halls, small churches and private houses, and these latter are in some ways superior to pipe organs costing much more money.

As to the quality of the pianos it must be granted that while at first the name of Chicago on a piano was synonymous with a cheap grade, at the present time, and in proportion to the number produced, they will compare favourably with the instruments made in the older centres; and it speaks volumes for one of them to say that, during the World's Fair, one of the German manufacturers of some prominence was seriously considering the advisability of purchasing the foreign patent from one of the progressive manufacturers in this city. It is also a significant fact that the only full concert grand piano which has ever been produced west of the Alleghany Mountains, and only a recent production of one of the progressive houses in the city of Chicago, was taken East on a concert tour by one of Chicago's pianists, and was well and even enthusiastically received and acknowledged as a satisfactory instrument in one of the most cultured cities of the East.

In all the various departments of the musical instrument manufacturing industries there must be some forty different establishments, some the largest in the country, others of small importance. In the retail business there are somewhere upwards of fifty places where pianos can be found, and various small stores where mouth harmonicas and small goods can be procured. The main avenue on which the greater part of the music stores can be found is Wabash-avenue, where, from Madison-street on the north to Harrison-street on the south, are some thirty stores, and everything can be had in them in the way of music or musical instruments, with the one exception—pipe organs.

This city can probably, without exaggeration, boast of the handsomest and largest music house in the world.

The store spoken of occupies a building on one of the principal corners of the avenue, and has a frontage of 80 feet and a depth of 172 feet. It is six stories high, with the addition of a light basement, and has four passenger and one large freight ele-

THE MUSICAL COURIER

vators. The store on the first floor is beautifully arranged, with a large lobby and rooms running round the sides, like small independent stores. The woodwork is carved oak; the ceilings and walls above the woodwork are elegantly frescoed. Incandescent and electric arc lights are numerous, and sufficient for any and all occasions. The other floors, while not so profusely and expensively decorated, are still elegantly and sensibly arranged, and, take it all in all, and judging from the testimony of travellers, it must be the handsomest store in the world.

There are other expensive and well-arranged warerooms which the writer knows are fully equal, if not superior to those of other and older cities.

Reliable and conservative people have for many years acknowledged the very exceptional advantages which the city of Chicago enjoys as a distributing point. It has been so patent to observing people that, even as far back as eight or ten years ago, one of the most noted magazines in this country had an article giving good and cogent reasons why this city would eventually become the largest city on the Western Continent. No typical Chicagoan doubts that such will be the case for a moment; but looking at the matter from a strictly unprejudiced view, it must be acknowledged that, taking into consideration the surrounding cities of New York, which to all intents and purposes, so far as the volume of local business is concerned, are a portion of that great city, it must, notwithstanding the rapid growth, be still many years before the city of Chicago can possibly compete with the city of New York in either population or the amount of business done; but that such a state of affairs as indicated will some time in the future occur cannot be doubted by any unprejudiced person.

At the present time there are probably in the city of Chicago some four or five houses who in the aggregate do much more business than any four or five houses in any of the Eastern cities combined. We do not know that there has ever been an estimate made as to the number of Eastern pianos which are disposed of from this point, nor do we know just exactly what amount of imported musical merchandise is disposed of here; but it is acknowledged that there is one house in this city which does as large a trade in foreign and domestic small goods as any of the Eastern houses. It is also acknowledged that a very large proportion of Eastern-made pianos are distributed from this point.

These facts prove, when one takes into consideration the extensive quantity of Chicago's own manufactures, that the city has a trade which must nearly equal the largest trade centres of the East. It would be a very difficult matter to discover just exactly what the amount of trade in musical instruments amounts to in this city. We know, of course, that the music business in its financial extent is, after all,

a somewhat limited one, and some "wiseacre" remarked in the hearing of the writer that the peanut business in the United States of America was more important from a financial standpoint than the whole music business; but this statement is very much to be doubted, and cannot be proved, providing all the larger points of the United States of America do as much business in proportion to their size as the city of Chicago. We do not think that \$10,000,000 is a large estimate. In fact, if you take into consideration that four concerns in this city do about half of that amount, at least, we think that it is rather an underestimate.

In their methods of doing business the dealers in the city of Chicago are united only in one way, and that is, that they all sell on the instalment plan, as it is called—a certain amount down and a certain amount per month, which varies according to the quality of the instrument sold or the ability of the purchaser to pay. This method of disposing of goods has become so universal that even those people who are well able to pay cash for their pianos take advantage of the situation and buy on time the same as the poorer classes, and there are only a few who are so old-fashioned as to wish to buy and pay for their goods as they receive them.

Houses which have made the largest amount of money in the business are those which combine both the wholesale and the retail in their scheme. In the wholesale trade it may almost be said that the business is done on about the same plan as that of the retail, or, in other words, goods are consigned to be paid for when sold, or, in some cases, to be paid for when the consumer has agreed to pay the consignee; and, notwithstanding the prejudice that some of the conservative houses have of doing business in this way, it still remains a fact that the richest houses in the city, and, consequently, the largest concerns, are the ones which follow out the consignment plan most consistently. This naturally involves a larger number of travelling men, the expense of which is more than offset by the larger prices received for the goods which are consigned.

Like all other large distributing points, this city has suffered from the depression in business which overtook this country something less than a year ago; but as other parts of the world have suffered from the same causes, it cannot be said that this country is the sole source of the situation. During the spring just passed a reaction for the better seemed to inaugurate itself. This, however, was interfered with by the enormous labour strikes which then took place, and consequently the majority of dealers as well as manufacturers are not anticipating their usual profits for this year's business. Ordinarily, however, the United States is quick to recuperate, and it is hoped that the coming fall will see the music trade in its usual normal and profitable state.

In conclusion, it may be interesting to give an idea of the number of European pianos which have been brought to this city during the last nine or ten years. It may be said, *en passant*, that the number has been so inconsiderable as to be hardly worthy of mention; nevertheless, the experiment has been tried in several instances of bringing from abroad pianos of considerable reputation, all of which experiments have proved to be failures. Several years ago a certain house in this city, which is not now in existence, made an endeavour to introduce a good make of German pianos, which, however, soon came to an end. A gentleman also who is connected with one of the manufacturing concerns here, and is himself a European, made a trial of some celebrated German grand pianos, thinking that, as his house was not manufacturing grands, by such a move they might compete with other houses in this city which were agents for well-known Eastern-made grands. This experiment, however, ended in the same way as the first-mentioned one, as much probably for the reason that the demand for the grand piano at that time was not as extensive as the house supposed, as because of the well-known prejudice of the people in this country on the score that the European-made pianos were not calculated to withstand the climatic changes of this country. There was still another attempt made to introduce some German upright pianos here. These latter instruments were made on what is called the American plan, and instead of being finished by the French polish process an American varnish was used. This latter attempt might possibly have been successful, had it not been for the increase in the tariff.

These few attempts which we speak of have been the only ones that had any chance of success, and with a very few scattering exceptions they have been the only European pianos which the dealers in this city have ever endeavoured to introduce. Even should the tariff be lowered to a point where foreign instruments might be brought here profitably, there still comes the question as to whether the reduction in wages, which would be likely to ensue from such a cause, would not, perhaps, work the other way and give the American manufacturers a chance to make a larger number of instruments and export them to all parts of the world.

In the above summary the writer forgot to mention that within the last few years there were a few English pianos sent to one of the large houses in this city, with, of course, the idea of creating a trade for them. These pianos, however, as highly recommended as they were, were either not fair samples of English instruments or were the result of an attempt to make a cheap instrument for the American trade. Whatever the reason was even these instruments were not sold in this city, but were sent back to the manufacturer.

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STYLE H.

7½ Octaves. Grand Upright—Extra handsome carved case, overstrung scale, patent action, continuous hinges.
Height, 4 feet 9 inches; width, 5 feet, 2¼ inches; depth, 2 feet 4 inches.

THREE PEDALS.



STYLE 9.

Full Iron Plate. Upright—Sustenuto pedal; automatic swing desk; folding fall; polished back.
Height, 4 feet 6 inches; width, 5 feet; depth, 2 feet 4 inches.

THREE PEDALS.



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7½ Octaves. Ebonized Case—Plain moulding on plinth and lower edge of case; legs and lyre of new design; patent repeating action, same as Concert Grand; continuous hinges; polished back.

This piano can be had in Light or Dark Mahogany at an advanced price.

Length, 6 feet 3 inches; width, 4 feet 11½ inches.

SUSTAINING PEDAL.



STYLE B.

7½ Octaves. Upright—Overstrung scale, three strings, patent action, continuous hinges, swing desk. This Piano may be had in Mahogany, Oak, Walnut or Rosewood at an advanced price. Height, 4 feet 5 inches; width, 4 feet 11 inches; depth, 2 feet 2¼ inches. THREE PEDALS.



STYLE 2 1-2.

7½ Octaves. Grand Upright—Extra handsome case, overstrung scale, three strings, patent action, continuous hinges, swing desk. This Piano may be had in Walnut, Mahogany, Oak or Rosewood at an advanced price. Height, 4 feet 9 inches; width, 5 feet; depth, 2 feet 4¼ inches. THREE PEDALS.

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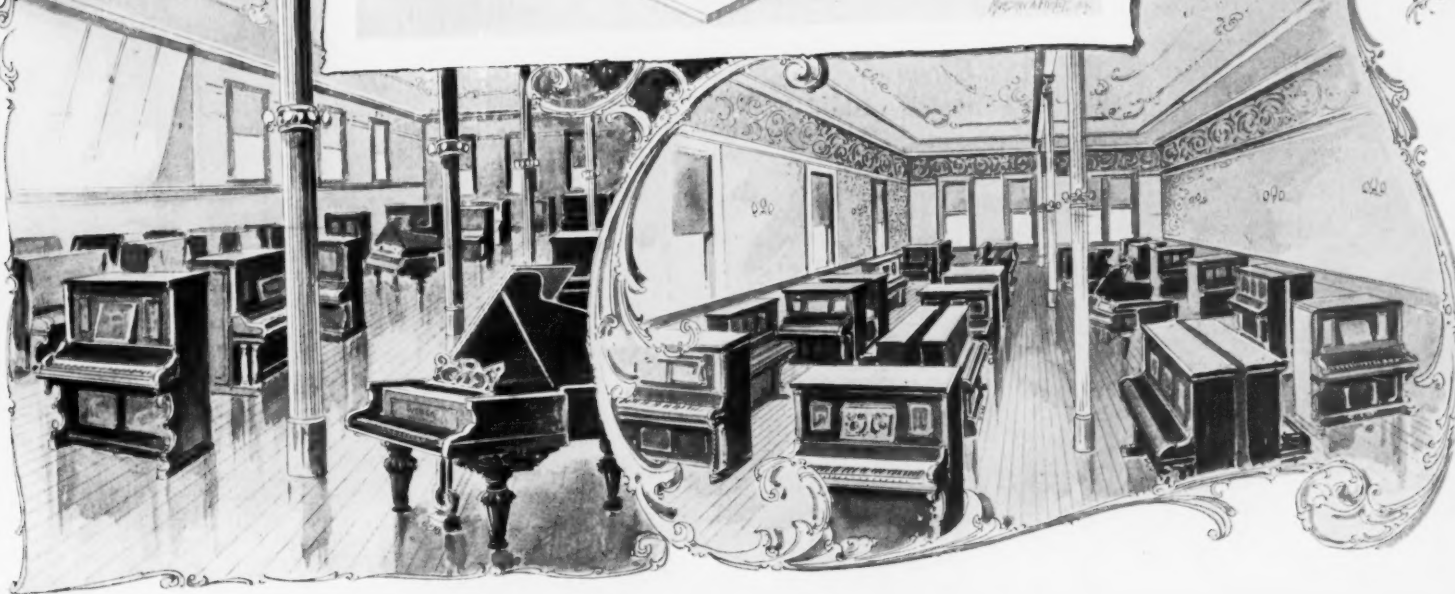
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E. FACCIO, Grand Director of the Music and Conductor "La Scala," to Campanini:

MILAN, September 18, 1879.

MY DEAR CAMPANINI:

I have seen and examined the Superb Grand Piano you have just purchased from Weber, New York, which for beauty and robustness of tone, as well as for elegance of design, is truly remarkable, and must be classed among the foremost pianos of our day. Present my compliments to Mr. Weber for his admirable work, and you I congratulate on your enviable acquisition.

E. FACCIO.

G. LUCCA, the eminent musical critic and publisher, to Campanini:

MILAN, September 24, 1878.

ESTEEMED FRIEND CAMPANINI:

I have seen your magnificent Grand Piano from Weber, of New York, which you have lately purchased, and congratulate you on the possession of such a splendid instrument.

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CÉSAR THOMSON.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

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The Musical Courier.

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ESTABLISHED JANUARY, 1880.

No. 759.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1894.

IT will be remembered that as soon as the tariff bill passed into the statutes as a law Brown & Simpson dispatched their roadmen to see if there was any business to be secured. They tried the experiment, found the business and secured their share of it. Their factory at Worcester, Mass., is busy, and the season of 1894-'95 for the Brown & Simpson piano opens splendidly.

THE Vose & Sons Piano Company advertise in this issue that "there are over 34,000 Vose pianos scattered throughout the country." This is only another way of utilizing the old saw about the proof, the pudding and the eating. It is a proud record for any piano manufacturer, particularly when the fact

is borne in mind that the Vose business has been increasing rapidly year by year. It's the test of time that is the surest one.

NO wonder the Merrill pianos are such excellent sellers. The instruments are satisfactory to the cultivated musical sense. That's why Mr. John N. Merrill has been able to do so much with this piano. It's an instrument that can be sold to musicians and through their efforts to their pupils, who will profit by having an instrument on which to practice that satisfies the musician.

MUSICIANS are appreciating the advantage of the A. B. Chase octavo pedal. The great effect in volume it helps to produce is something to recommend it to all players. This octavo pedal, as far as the dealers are concerned, is a great talking point and it is therefore popular with them. Doubtless it helps many an A. B. Chase sale. But it is something beyond a talking point. It is of practical utility.

DEALERS holding the agency for the Carpenter organs are a unit in praise of the instrument, both from a financial and an artistic standpoint. This organ, made up in Vermont, has always been noted for the qualities dealers praise. The organ is built to give pleasure to the cultivated musician, and commercial efforts enter into it so largely that it can be sold at a price to fit all people. Its prestige is in an excellent condition, 1894 promising to increase it materially.

THE work done for the A. M. McPhail Piano Company in a wholesale way has brought them into contact and business relations with dealers all over the country. Now comes the rounding out and filling work. Agencies far apart and scattered divide force of prestige. This matter is being looked into and a good fall campaign amongst agents will be the result. The McPhail piano is popular, is a seller with the dealer, and the purchaser is delighted with it not only for its musical qualities, but because of its price.

THE statement made by the Emerson Piano Company in their full page advertisement needs no comment here. It is strong and to the point and can be cheerfully indorsed. The Emerson piano has achieved a popularity that is tremendous. The trade knows this well, and there is hardly a dealer in the United States that will not admit it. No concern handles its agents with more business liberality and none have a more satisfied clientèle, both among the ranks of the dealers and the great mass of the general public.

HAMMACHER, SCHLEMMER & CO. are having great success with Felten & Guillaume's wire, for which they are the sole agents for the United States and Canada. This great firm have a splendid trade among piano and organ manufacturers. They have the goods, can sell them right and employ popular men to dispose of them. No more pleasant men can be found than Jones in Chicago, Miller traveling, and Sternberg in New York. This house knows how to treat its customers so that they do not leave them. Their piano hardware is of the first quality, therefore they enjoy a good trade.

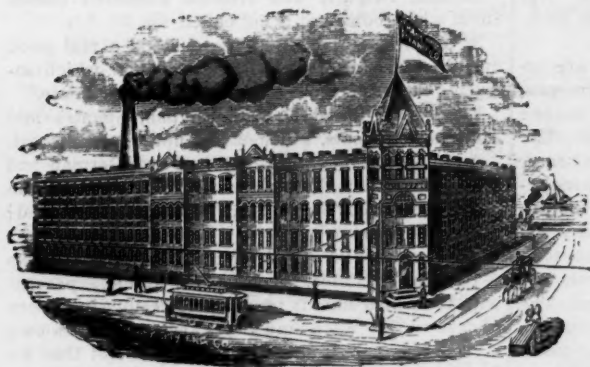
MR. JOHN LUDWIG, of Ludwig & Co., is still on the road. The letters he turns into his house are only equaled by the orders they contain. He writes that business is immense, and his partner, Mr. Erickson, wonders how he can attend to all the orders and push them out. This young concern is young no longer when volume of business is taken into consideration. It has just caught the dealers' fancy with a piano which is proving a splendid seller and larger things are yet in store for them.

ONE thing particularly noticeable about Decker Brothers' office is the air of business. Everybody from Mr. Wm. Decker down is there for business. That is what is expected of them and they exert themselves to meet this expectation. Their retail business is showing a decided improvement; so is the wholesale. This is in accord with the prophetic views of Mr. Wm. Decker published some weeks ago in THE MUSICAL COURIER. The present stock of Decker Brothers pianos on their Union Square floor is the handsomest they ever exhibited.

THE Hallet & Davis Piano Company say: "When you are in the piano business why not handle a piano of reputation, easy to sell, and one that will make your business a success?" Then they go on to state that the Hallet & Davis piano is all this. Right here let it be remarked that there is no piano concern in all Christendom that has so little to upset its equipoise as that of Hallet & Davis. They go ahead and make their quota of instruments, no matter how hard the times are, and yet you cannot find them ever having too great a stock on hand. The Hallet & Davis piano is a seller and this accounts for it.

TO be able to advertise that "the Davenport & Treacy piano plates form the backbone of the great majority of good pianos made in America" must be an immense satisfaction to Davenport & Treacy. This position they have won through hard work in both the manufacturing and the commercial ends of the house. Those of the trade who come in contact with the commercial end of the house, Mr. Daniel F. Treacy, must not forget that he is as clever with his sand rammer working over a flask as he is in securing their orders. The heads of this house can mold a piano plate as good, if not better, than any man in their employ. It is this expert knowledge of their business, coupled with sound commercial sense, that has enabled them to climb to their present position.

SIX stories and basement (excepting small office space) devoted to a retail stock of pianos and organs is what the New England Piano Company are announcing from Boston. Think of this great space! Every style made by the New England Piano Company will be on view, as well as a full stock of Woodward & Brown pianos and New England organs. Purchasers who cannot be satisfied as to styles there will be hard to please. This immense retail stock is another illustration of the way Mr. Thos. F. Scanlan goes at everything he takes in hand. His force of character is stamped on everyone in his employ; they begin to look for big things, they work for big things and they achieve big things. The motive force is also the guiding force. Surely it is a great house.



CHASE BROS. PIANO CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Grand and Upright Pianos.

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NEW ENGLAND PIANOS

LARGEST PRODUCING PIANO FACTORIES IN THE WORLD.
MANUFACTURING THE ENTIRE PIANO.

Dealers looking for a first-class Piano that will yield a legitimate profit and give perfect satisfaction will be amply repaid by a careful investigation.

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Have you seen
THE NEW
SCALE

STERLING
Pianos

FACTORIES
DERBY, CONN.

C. BECHSTEIN

GRAND

AND

UPRIGHT

PIANOS.



By Special Appointment to

His Majesty the Emperor of Germany, King of Prussia,
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Her Majesty the Queen of England,
Her Majesty the Empress-Queen Frederick of Germany,
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THE VOCALION ORGAN.

THE MOST IMPORTANT AND BEAUTIFUL INVENTION
IN THE MUSICAL WORLD OF THE NINE-
TEENTH CENTURY.The Music Trade and Profession are invited to hear and inspect
this charming instrument as now manufactured at WORCESTER, MASS.

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Mehlin Pianos

Are the Most Improved &
BEST SELLING
HIGH GRADE PIANOS.
Strictly of the Highest Class and
just what you want for a LEADER.

Have you seen
OUR PATENT
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ALL our Instruments contain the full Iron Frame with the Patent Tuning Pin.
The greatest invention of the age; any radical changes in the climate, heat or
dampness cannot affect the standing in tune of our instruments and therefore we chal-
lenge the world that ours will excel any other.

AUBURN, N. Y.



JACOB DOLL,

SUCCESSOR TO

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Southern Boulevard, East 133d St. and Trinity Ave.

NEW YORK.

MANUFACTURER OF GRAND AND UPRIGHT PIANOS.

JUDGE SCHIEDMAYER'S REPORT

ON THE
Musical Instrument Exhibit
AT THE
CHICAGO EXPOSITION.

STUTTGART, Germany, September 8, 1894.

MR. MAX SCHIEDMAYER, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at his own office to-day, gave me a copy of his report on the Musical Instrument Exhibit at the Chicago Exposition, where he acted as one of the judges, the appointment carrying with it the necessity of making this report to the German Government. I translate literally from his report.

TRANSLATION.

The Chicago Exposition can boast of having shown much that is good and deserving, and some things that may be considered as new in the line of Musical Instrument manufacture. It must be said, regretfully, that there was little opportunity to compare the productions of the various countries, as the articles were distributed too much, and in many cases the room set apart for musical instruments was not always adapted for them.

The participation of the Musical Industry might have been or should have been more general and universal. The reasons that probably constrained so many from exhibiting and prevented the sending over of their products are quite apparent. Primarily it was the high duty of the McKinley tariff, which made competition with American goods impossible, and then it was generally known what efforts were being made on the part of certain of the lines of Musical Industry to impart the impression, particularly against German manufactures, that our instruments could not endure in the American climate. The idea of offering to South American purchasers the advantages to see the latest of our products and to renew old commercial associations had to be abandoned because of the industrial and financial depression that has existed for such a length of time in those countries. Added to this must come the fact that International Expositions have in late years followed each other too rapidly. Hardly had the Paris Exposition been closed than the propaganda for the American Exposition was inaugurated. A period of at least ten years should separate International Expositions, if they are to indicate real progress between each other. Besides this, the eventual benefit no longer stands in proper proportion to the expenditure of money, time and effort. These and probably many other reasons contributed to the fact that there was no large participation of members of our Musical Industry at the Chicago Exposition.

As to Germany particularly, we find a large array of prominent houses that took no part at all. The reasons given above prevented the attendance on the part of German piano manufacturers; besides this, America itself is suffering from overproduction, and its manufacturers are now seeking to dispose of their goods in foreign countries so that we must be prepared for powerful competition in all outside countries where we are disposing of our goods; yes, even in Europe we must be prepared for it. As an example it is only necessary to call attention to the American Reed Organ which is flooding, since years, the whole world and particularly Germany, so that it is to be feared that our German Harmonium Industry which produces substantial products will in the near future be completely choked off unless we protect ourselves with some kind of duties. Should the Americans begin to put their pianos in this manner in the European markets we should have to prepare ourselves for an earnest struggle. Let us now compare the work of the single countries and begin in the first place with

I.—Keyed Instruments.

(a) PIANOS.—The great representation came naturally from the United States and the number of instruments exhibited was enormous. We found

Grand pianos, Uprights and a few Squares. Apparently the latter style is drifting in the background in America also.

Speaking generally, the American pianos are excellent instruments. The overstrung system prevails universally, and the iron plates, cast in one piece, are more or less similar to the German. The whole instrument is built firmly and the Sound board, heavily ribbed, gives forth a full, strong tone; we believe much could be saved in material without militating against their quality or durability. Many experiments are made with the Sound board, but we find that in the better grade of instruments the board is treated similarly to our German system. The Action is in most instruments properly constructed, made of the best material and frequently luxurious in appearance, which can, however, be intended particularly for the eye.

Some large firms make their own Actions whereas the great bulk of the houses get theirs from domestic Action manufacturers who make really excellent goods. German and French Actions are not used as much, notwithstanding that they can be furnished cheaper and were formerly imported in large quantities. The touch of many American pianos is heavier than with ours. Much is expended on the exterior of pianos by the Americans and cabinet work was to be seen that combined refined taste with magnificent ornamentation, constituting gems in the real sense of the word. All instruments are treated with the well-known varnish system, which is far preferable for that climate to the German polishing, although more costly.

Novelties were not to be seen except in the various stringing systems, the claims of which are debatable. Then we find the third pedal, mufflers, sustaining actions of various constructions and a fourth pedal—the octave coupler. The real practical value of all these is questionable.

In the attachment of swing desks in Uprights the Americans show versatility; the centre of or sometimes the whole upper frame is used for the purpose; some original and practical swing desks were to be found. Some Uprights that had no wooden standards or braces in the back and whose Sound boards were glued on a round bent rim, were interesting; the tone of these was particularly good, clear and sympathetic. Some oddities, such as "gold" strings, were also seen.

In America piano manufacturing is much simpler than with us, for most manufacturers purchase the various parts, such as Actions, Sound boards, Hammerheads, Keyboards, nay, even cases, all ready made. In Dolgeville, in the State of New York, there is a unique and unequalled giant industry, which furnishes the manufacturer with all that is necessary for the manufacture of pianos.

Next to the American it is probable that the German pianos were most prominently exhibited. The German piano is distinguished from the American on account of its simplicity in appearance, which we are not exactly prepared to praise; in addition, our German polish does not give to the wood that wealth and depth of finish which the Americans secure by means of their varnish. The German pianos, however, unquestionably excel the most American pianos because of the careful regulation of the action and the sympathetic, full, soft and appealing tone. Nearly all the German pianos were above criticism and in every respect model instruments; some firms had pianos on exhibition in magnificent carved cases that must be termed works of art. It is also well to mention here a square piano built for transportation by mules, and which was very practical.

The Russians astonish us with their excellent exhibition. Grands as well as uprights have the overstrung full iron frame system, are practically planned, and the work is clean. The tone is full, clear and sympathetic, the touch remarkably light, and of the exterior, with the exception of a few elaborately made grands, there is nothing particular to be said. The polish seemed to have suffered from the long sea voyage. Less attention is paid in Russia to up-rights than to grands.

France had a place for its instruments in the gallery of the Electricity Building, which placed them at a disadvantage; little progress can be noted in these instruments since the last Paris Exposition. The interior and exterior of all the pianos is typically French and little can be gained for the Germans from observing their methods. The number of their pianos was not large.

Canada, Belgium and Austria exhibited pianos about which comment is not called for.

In the Swedish pavilion there stood a real good upright made after the German system, which attracted attention through its original carved case.

Finally we found Danish, English, Spanish and Italian instruments, which offered nothing of interest.

Automatic pianos were exhibited by a German and an American firm, both working well, the American being operated by electricity. What more is wanted?

We now come to

(b) HARMONIUMS, or better still, COTTAGE ORGANS.—The United States, together with Canada, present with their instruments remarkable results in variety of case work. Each and every factory has its own styles—let us designate them Indian. Not that we find these cases made by machinery adapted either for buffets, chiffoniers, or dressing cases handsome; some of the more prominent firms exhibited luxurious cases, real works of art elaborately finished. The inner or interior construction does not deviate between the firms to any extent, a system sufficiently well understood. The tone is soft and appealing or sympathetic (Mr. Schiedmayer uses the word *ein-schmeichelnd*, which I should call insinuating—an insinuating tone; not bad at all), the touch pleasant. In blowing the pedals it has been noticed that sufficient wind cannot be obtained, which exhausts the player and which deserves censure.

A Harmonium of one of our German factories showed us a great variety of registers which can be attained by means of the German system; we heard a whole orchestra. Attached to this magnificent instrument was a percussion mechanism which gave to the Flute register a most peculiar charm. By means of the expression stop the player, by merely pressing his foot gently, is enabled to produce every impression or interpretation of a composition, and this attachment, which is not found in American Reed Organs, is in reality the soul of the Harmonium. (Harmonium is the German generic name for reed organ.—M. A. B.)

France exhibited several small Harmoniums of no particular merit. One instrument called the "Céleste," which produces a kind of bell-like tone, had already been seen by us in Paris in 1889; good effects can be gotten from it when played in combination with other instruments.

In the Harmonium section we include the Peloubet organ and the Vocalion, both reed instruments.

The Peloubet organ has a large but somewhat rough tone, and its interior construction and mechanism are so much complicated that repairs are frequently unavoidable.

The Vocalion is not altogether a new invention, which was brought to America in recent years, it being the improved invention of an Englishman named Hamilton, and is characterized by a full, round sympathetic tone; as regards refinement of tone and thorough workmanship it belongs in the category of the best things exhibited in the Department of Musical Instruments.

(c) PIPE ORGANS.—We regret to say that the pipe organ industry was represented in a rather weak manner; two large American organs were exhibited. The larger and by all means handsomer organ was in the Festival Hall and was used for the great concerts. It cannot be denied that the Americans have made great progress in organ manufacture, although they cannot measure lances with the works of our masters. The intonation leaves much to be desired.

II.—Wind Instruments.

(a) WOOD WIND INSTRUMENTS.—German and Austrian instruments were chiefly exhibited, which, both in regard to tone and thorough workmanship, represent prime goods. The instruments suffered to such an extent from heat and dust that judgment was interfered with. As novelty, there was a

Nothing Gained

By saving a few pennies and using an inferior grade of Action.

The Action is the most important of any of the parts of the piano and should be only of the best. This best is the

Roth & Engelhardt,
St. Johnsville, New York.

Pedal Clarinet made by a celebrated French-English firm and an Italian flute with a new finger-board. The future can only say whether the novelties can find room in place of the old established methods that have proved their usefulness. Worthy of note is a large number of mouth-pieces for wood wind instruments of Austrian manufacture.

(b) BRASS INSTRUMENTS.—America was represented by several important firms with a wealth of display. The instruments were thoroughly constructed and produced a clean, clear and good tone. It is said that some American manufacturers derive their brass instruments from Germany and sell them as of their own manufacture; it was even claimed that some of the exhibited instruments were of German origin. Proofs were not at hand to substantiate this, although the matter could explain itself through the fact that if made in America the instruments would cost very much more. By far the most perfect in brass instruments was displayed by one Austrian and one French-English house. Both manufacturers deserve the predicate "select." Germany had hardly any representation. Italy and Sweden exhibited some insignificant instruments.

III.—Stringed Instruments.

Whereas the manufacturers of Brass instruments are seeking for improvements and invention, the makers of violins are looking for glory in continuing to copy and follow as closely as possible the models of the Italian masters of the past century. Old violins of celebrated masters were not exhibited. Very good violins were seen of French, German, Austrian and Russian makers, and among the many exhibited by America there were some that deserved praise. A Saxon firm exhibited violins of a new patented system. The violin mutes of an Austrian appeared to be very practical. An Austrian also exhibited a fine assortment of bows.

The celebrated Paris harp house which exhibited a splendid collection of its wonderful instruments has found a dangerous competitor in a Chicago firm, whose harps must be denominated as remarkable in every respect. In the construction of their mechanism many noteworthy improvements have been made. The exterior shows the work of the artist.

The Zither was largely displayed, chiefly relegated to German and Austrian houses. Germany's representation was particularly limited to Munich houses. The Austrian zither is the counterpart of the German.

Particular attention should be called here to the table harp, which, under the name of Autoharp, is made in enormous quantities by an energetic concern in Dolgeville. Playing upon the instrument can be learned rapidly and it has a tone of the zither quality.

Guitars and Mandolins were exhibited in large quantities. The Americans have already acquired considerable dexterity in making these instruments. Tone and Workmanship are beyond criticism. Besides these, carefully made Austrian, Italian and French instruments were exhibited.

The Banjo, which luckily has not yet been introduced extensively in Europe, was found in all sizes, forms and with numerous improvements. The tone is necessarily a matter of taste.

Miscellaneous Instruments.

Most of the manufacturers of Band Instruments also exhibited Drums, Tympani and Cymbals; nothing of special merit was seen. One Berlin house distinguished itself with a Giant Drum.

The instruments of tropical countries, such as Ceylon, belong to the same category and are naturally of interest, but adopted for Southern ideas. Japan sent an astonishing quantity of peculiar and original instruments. Judging from these the Music Industry has a great future in Japan.

Mouth harmonicas and accordions made in Germany and Austria were elaborately displayed. Russia showed very little in this line. Any judgment in these lines must unquestionably favor Germany.

Automatic and Mechanical Music Works.

Orchestrons have their home in the Black Forest. A South German firm which has had many victories to its credit exhibited several of these instruments. They sing their own praise. Two Berlin firms vied with each other in playing orchestrons, caroussel and street organs, embellished with figures and gaudy ornamentation.

Smaller instruments, such as symphoniums, &c., were exhibited in quantities by German firms. The

Swiss music box industry was represented by well-known firms in that line.

Music Publications.

In a manner similar to other Expositions, a contention took place in Chicago on the question whether Music publications belonged to the Class of Book printing or Music; but it was finally determined to put them in charge of the Jury on Musical Instruments. It must stand to the credit of Germany that it was represented by many Music publishers, who in the artistic and the technical directions displayed themselves remarkably. Nearly all enlightened nations exhibited in this department, but Germany carried off the victory.

Closing Remarks.

As to the success of the Chicago Exposition, it will necessarily be applied in various manners and degrees by the respective branches of the Musical Industry, in accordance either with the estimates placed upon America as a market or the general markets of the world.

A future commerce in keyed instruments can hardly be looked for to any extent; in fact it is to be feared, for reasons already stated, that the American market will be entirely closed to us and that the Americans will compete with us on our own territory. German manufacturers should therefore prepare themselves and by means of solid and thorough workmanship attract foreign trade. We cannot compete with the American system of wholesale production, but, on the other hand, we can always maintain our position when artistic and technical perfection is called for.

Conditions are much more favorable for our manufacturers of small musical instruments and musical merchandise. The German exhibitors have demonstrated that, notwithstanding the low prices, they can produce substantial products, which leads to the hope that Germany has not only secured its former trade, but opened up new connections.

To the careful observer it must have been apparent in the Musical Department that German ideas and endurance have brought musical instruments to the perfection with which nearly all of them appeared at this Exposition, German intelligence was manifest everywhere; in fact most of our competitors are of German extraction.

In reading this report the first and fundamental conclusion must be reached that Mr. Schiedmayer labors under the impression that the very features of piano construction that call for most praise from him—the full iron plate and the overstrung system (in fact, the modern piano)—are German inventions. He has probably forgotten that for a quarter of a century and more German piano manufacturers have been advertising that they were making pianos on the "American system," and, if I mistake not, Stuttgart manufacturers were among them.

As it is generally conceded that these two revolutionizing inventions are of American origin there is no necessity to re-open the old controversy. As an

industry there was no German piano industry prior to the beginning of the American piano industry. Pianos, as we now know them, were made in a desultory fashion in England, France, Germany and the United States until about the opening of the second quarter of this century, when the whole industry began to get into some kind of presentable shape. The full iron plate, the overstrung system, the enlargement of the scale and the introduction of steam as a motive power combined to make the present piano, to which Mr. Schiedmayer gives the greatest praise, for he ignores the oblique and the flat scales still made by great European houses as altogether unworthy of notice.

As to Mr. Schiedmayer's strictures and criticisms on American methods and products, I should think that among the many men who were constantly at the Chicago Exposition in the various departments of the Musical Industry there must be some who would find it necessary to analyze closely what he says in this official document.

Mr. Schiedmayer was one of the judges whose signature is now in constant use by many firms as an evidence of the merit of their products. To disagree with the same judge whose certificate is utilized in that manner might appear paradoxical, and yet there are so many definite statements made by him affecting individual interests that, as it appears to me, they can hardly remain silent under these strictures.

Although Mr. Schiedmayer mentions no names, yet it is quite apparent that he is in error regarding the importation and use of foreign actions, and the firm interested may explain this to him. American reed organ manufacturers may also have something to say after reading his remarks, and so may others similarly affected by this official report.

Mr. Schiedmayer is a gentleman who evidently observes things carefully, and endeavors to do justice; but as a German piano and organ maker (using, strange to say, the American systems in both of his instruments) he cannot avoid looking at things as he has looked at them in this official report. That he is endeavoring to do his best is apparent. M. A. B.

THE Sterling piano has been recognized for a long time as one of the most rapid sellers of its grade. Try to get territory and you will find that the piano's agents are numerous, but, like all pianos, its territory is not exclusively taken. Should there be a dealer anxious to get a piano that will sell rapidly and satisfactorily, he should not overlook the Sterling. Business relations with the Sterling company are of the happiest kind. They know how to treat good agents. Nor should the Sterling organ be forgotten; but that can't be, as the company would not allow it even if the public's growing demand for it should fall off. This house does business in a business way.

The Wonderful WEBER Tone

■ IS FOUND ONLY IN THE ■



■ PIANOS. ■

WAREROOMS: Fifth Avenue and 16th Street, NEW YORK.

ANTWERP EXPOSITION.

Awards.

ONLY CORRECT LIST.

THE following is the first correct list of awards granted to the exhibitors in the music line at the Antwerp Exposition. I have seen a number of printed lists purporting to be official or semi-official, but in them will be found names of concerns that do not exist at all. There has been considerable confusion at Antwerp, and particularly in the lists of awards of all kinds, but out of it I believe I have finally managed to get a correct list of awards.

Grand Prize.

August Mustel (fls).....Paris: Reed Organs.
 Evette & Schaeffer.....Paris: Brass and Wind Instruments.
 Becker & Co.....St. Petersburg: Pianos.
 G. Chevrel.....Paris: Marquetry.
 C. M. Schroeder.....St. Petersburg: Pianos.
 Roeslau Wire Works.....Roeslau: Piano Wire.

(Outside of the Erard and the Blüthner pianos, both of which were *hors concours*, there were no pianos that ranked with the two St. Petersburg "makes," as I have already reported, and there was no judge present at Antwerp and no connoisseur who would fail to agree with the jury in their decision regarding these two pianos.)

Diploma of Honor.

J. Gunther.....Brussels: Pianos.
 Christophe & Etienne.....Paris: Small reed organs.
 Léon Pinet.....Paris: Organ reeds.
 S. E. Bernadel.....Paris: Violins.
 Lyon & Healy.....Chicago: Harps.

(As Mr. Adolf Schiedmayer, of Stuttgart, one of the judges, has already published over his signature a letter stating that the Antwerp Exposition was more of a Belgian-French than an International Exposition, it is only necessary to cast a glance at the list of awards to see the nativity of the houses to confirm this in so far especially as the musical instrument line is concerned. It is all French—that is to say the overwhelming bulk of it.)

The Lyon & Healy house also had the advantage of finding upon the jury its only competitor, and no doubt this cannot be looked upon as an unfavorable situation when the character and standing of the man is concerned; yet on general principles a competitor is not the one to look to for justice to one's product in awarding a prize which will conflict directly with him in future transactions. The Lyon & Healy harps and the whole exhibit far surpassed anything in its line at Antwerp.

Carl Mand.....Coblenz: Pianos.
 Georges Mougenot.....Brussels: Stringed Instruments.
 M. Thibouville.....Paris: Brass Instruments.
 (Not to be confounded with M. Jerome Thibouville, who did not compete, as he was President of the Jury.)
 Henri Herz.....Paris: Pianos.
 Gavoli & Co.....Paris: Orchestrions.
 Lochmann's Musik Works.....Leipzig: Symphonions.
 Kriegelstein & Co.....Paris: Pianos.
 Berden & Co.....Brussels: Pianos.
 Link Brothers.....Giengen: Pipe Organ.

Gold Medal.

Cottineau & Tailleur.....Paris: Organs.
 C. Römhildt, A. G.....Weimar: Pianos.
 C. Focké.....Paris: Pianos.
 Dumont & Co.....Les Andelys: Organs.
 Ph. Henr. Herz neveu & Co.....Paris: Pianos.
 Florence Balthazar.....Namur: Pianos and Organs.
 Amédée Thibout & Co.....Paris: Pianos.
 C. Rich. Ritter.....Halle: Pianos.
 A. H. Francke.....Leipzig: Pianos.
 Alph. Beullens & Co.....Löwen: Bells.
 B. Causard.....Tellin: Bells.
 Van Engelen freres.....Lierre: Brass Instruments.

Gold Medal—(Continued).

Schott freres.....Brüssel: Sheet Music.
 E. Gallet.....Paris: " "
 Alfred Massau.....Verviers: " "
 N. N. Alferaky.....St. Petersburg: Sheet Music.
 A. Van der Ghinste & Co.Brüssel: Sheet Music.
 J. Lary.....Paris: Pianos.
 Burgasser & Theilmann.Paris: Pianos.
 Carl Ecke.....Berlin: Pianos.
 Anton Kiendl.....Vienna: Zithers.
 Julius Heinr. Zimmermann.....St. Petersburg: Brass Instruments.
 Görs & Kallmann.....Berlin: Pianos.
 Th. Mann & Co.....Bielefeld: Pianos.
 Rummel, Mrs.....Antwerp: Piano Pedal arrangement.
 M. J. H. Kessels.....Tilburg: Brass Instruments.
 Custodio Cardoso Pereira.....Lisbon: Musical Merchandise.

(There are some doubts even now about this Gold Medal list, particularly the awarding of a gold medal to a man who publishes a few pieces of music in or near Antwerp and brings them in to the Exposition simply because its proximity enables him to bring them in, but who otherwise would never be known as a publisher.

Another peculiar point is this: It is absolutely true that some of these Gold Medal recipients among the Paris piano makers do not average ONE piano a week. I do not propose to injure the feelings of any of these people and therefore will mention no names; but there are in this Gold Medal list six Paris and Belgian piano makers, and all six put together do not produce 1,500 pianos a year, and if Focké is excluded, not 750 a year.)

Silver Medal.

Bollée.....Le Mans: Apparatus for Tuning Tuning Forks.
 Ed. Pruvost.....Paris: Pianos.
 J. Staub.....Nancy: Pianos.
 Hillier Organ Company.London, Canada: Reed Organs.
 M. J. Lieshout.....Roosendaal: Pianos.
 Ludwig Hupfeld.....Leipzig: Mechanical Piano.
 Ernst Geiser.....St. Petersburg: Violins.
 P. Hansen.....St. Ouen: Pianos.
 De Cart Brothers.....Lierre: Musical Merchandise.
 Emile Jaulin.....Paris: Musical Merchandise.
 Gasparini Foucher.....Paris: Musical Merchandise.
 Mamert Hock.....Saarlouis: Orchestrion.
 Jos. Cornand.....Antwerp: Orchestrion.
 Bohman.....Chicago: Violins.
 Gebr. Perzina.....Schwerin: Pianos.
 Franz Coveliers.....Antwerp: Pianos.
 Alexis Pierloz.....Hasselt: Publication.
 Poulalion.....Paris: Publication.
 Anne Bogayewsky.....St. Petersburg: Publication.
 J. Piroli.....Antwerp: Orchestrion.
 Julius Hauber.....Stuttgart: Pianos.
 Eugène Fortin.....Clermont: Felts.
 Jaccard freres.....Ste. Croix: Music Boxes.
 G. A. D. Buschmann.....Hamburg: Double Bass.

(You should really take a look at some of these Antwerp "piano factories" to appreciate the award of silver medals to them. The few retail customers that will call at the little shops during the next few years will be the only ones to see the awards on little pianos made with hand saws and hand planers at the rate of about 25 a year, with the bedroom and kitchen adjoining the factory. It is really too absurd to treat this phase of the situation seriously.)

Silver Medal (Continued).

A. Blondel.....Paris: Pianos.
 Paul Izabal.....Barcelona: Pianos.
 Henri Klein.....Paris: Pianos.
 Beyer, Mrs.....Gent: Pianos.
 L. Pierrard.....Brussels: Violins.
 Alph. Cottereau.....Paris: Mouth pieces for oboes, &c.
 G. Heyl.....Leipzig: Piano Harmoniums.
 Freidrich Hotz.....Knittlingen: Mouth Harmonica.
 Melchior De Vries.....Lierre: Musical Merchandise.
 Moritz, Paulus.....Brambach: Violin Bows.
 Clemens Müller.....Dresden: Pianos.
 B. Van Hyfte.....Gent: Pianos.
 Ostlind & Almqvist.....Göteborg: Reed Organs.
 A. Guth.....Antwerp: Violins.
 Brachhausen & Riessner.Leipzig: Polyphons.
 Gebr. Stigl.....Vienna: Pianos.

Bronze Medal.

Tchaporopoulos.....Philippopol: Prepared Guts for Strings.
 Th. Mortier.....Antwerp: Orchestrion.
 Léonide Chpanovsky.....Odessa: Melo-harmonics.
 Th. Manborg.....Leipzig: Reed Organs.
 Ch. Königsberg.....Antwerp: Orchestrion.
 Loewenthal Star Works..Berlin: Violins.

Bronze Medal—(Continued.)

A. Lantz.....Ath: A Repaired Bell!
 Ernst Böcker.....Cöln: Musical Instruments.
 Cocchi, Bacigalupo & Graffigna.....Berlin: Street Organ.
 P. Frey.....Antwerp: Musical Merchandise.
 Heinrich Fiehn.....Vienna: Ocarinas.
 Boden & Schunemann..Halberstadt: Pianos.
 C. Ronco.....Antwerp: Musical Merchandise.
 Bishop & Sons.....London: Pianos.
 J. Ullmann.....Paris: Electric Pianos and Orchestrion (but not supposed to be built by him; only application of Electricity by him).

Honorable Mention.

(Equivalent to Dishonorable Display.)

Némery.....Montigny: Flutes.
 Colony Mayotte.....Tamtams.
 Colony Pondichéry.....Guitars.
 Colony Saigon.....Instruments.
 Colony Sénégal.....Tatalas and Tamtams.
 L. Bex.....Turnhout: Publication.
 A. Morhange.....Paris: Musical Merchandise.
 A. Schindler.....Paris: Pianos.
 Jean van den Eynde.....Antwerp: Accordions.
 Bourne.....London: Veneers, &c.
 Dacke von Haupt.....St. Petersburg: Publications.
 Mierowsky.....St. Petersburg: Publications.
 M. A. B.

Briggs.

As Mr. Harger
 Would say,
 Mr. Furbush is
 Out West.
 For the want of
 Space
 It may be truthfully stated
 That
 Mr. Furbush is
 Out
 West
 For Business.
 For Business.
 It is well to repeat,
 For Business,
 Because
 That is what Mr. Furbush went
 Out West for.
 For Business
 And
 He
 Has
 Got
 It.

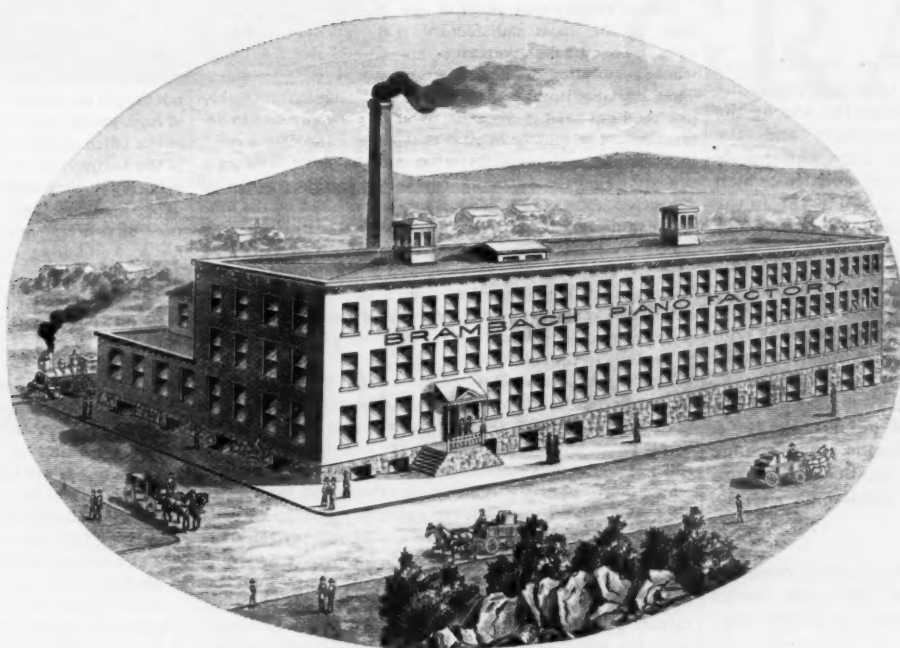
Among the many things that Mr. Furbush has accomplished is the assignment of the agency of the Briggs piano to the Hockett Brothers-Punttenney Company, of Columbus, Ohio, for that place, all their other places and their Cincinnati place in particular. Already a complete line of Briggs styles has been shipped to the various branches of the Hockett Brothers-Punttenney Company, and that they will be made to do business is a surety, since the Briggs styles are of exceptional attractiveness this season, and since over 1,200 Briggs have been sold in Cincinnati, the best influence the piano could have in that city, as every owner of a Briggs is an advocate and advertiser of the piano.

Besides this it may
 Be stated
 That
 The B. Dreher's Sons Company,
 Of Cleveland,
 Are doing what may well be called
 A Fine Business with
 The
 Briggs.

ANERVOUS, active man has an office, wareroom and a factory on South Canal street in Chicago. He is always busy attending to the details of a business of large magnitude which he has built up in a comparatively few years. The success of the Crown pianos and organs has been great. Two things are directly responsible for this success. The goods are built on lines that attract, and are pushed with an energy that carries all things before it. There is no use in giving this "hustler's" name, yet as there are a few new dealers going into the business here it is—Mr. Geo. P. Bent.

THE BRAMBACH PIANO

Is manufactured in one of the
most perfectly equipped Piano
factories in the world.



This is one of the reasons why it
contains so many attractive points
that dealers should investigate.

The Brambach Piano Co.,
DOLGEVILLE, N. Y.

MR. RUDOLF DOLGE, of Alfred Dolge & Son, started West on Monday night to call upon the trade in all of the large cities as far west as Omaha. He is traveling in the interests of the Autoharp, and expects to remain away a month or six weeks.

MR. H. D. CABLE, of the Chicago Cottage Organ Company, is authority for the statement that his concern has not consummated any new deal in Cincinnati, as has been announced in the trade papers. It is fair to assume that Mr. Cable is a better authority on the subject than the trade papers referred to.

THE illustration of an organ presented in the full page advertisement of the Waterloo Organ Company in another part of this paper is an example of the style of casework that this enterprising concern is turning out. It is worthy of the attention of those who deal in organs, and it will doubtless cause sufficient interest with many to suggest the writing for a catalogue.

KELLER BROTHERS & BLIGHT have ever endeavored to furnish their dealers with a piano that would sell and at a good price. This firm believes in supplying their agencies with pianos frequently. They don't want any last year's stock left on hand. To do this they make a piano that has good qualities, the dealer sells them, and asks for more. How many dealers with antiquated stock would appreciate this!

MR. BLUMENBERG writes to us from Europe: "One of those surprises that impressed me most was the reputation of the Dolge felt among the leading European piano manufacturers and the quantity used by them. There are European grands and uprights made and sold every day in which the American Dolge felt is used, and right in the very heart of European felt industries it apparently stands in the highest favor."

THE National Mahogany and Cedar Company, organized in 1893, has been dissolved, each concern in the combination continuing business under its old style. There were in the "trust" Wm. E. Uptegrove & Brother, Willard Hawes & Co., P. M. Dingee & Son, of New York, and Palmer, Parker & Co. and Owen Bearse & Son, of Boston. The change takes effect at once, and all real estate each concern put in the combination will be deeded back October 1.

WE must compliment the young firm of Strich & Zeidler, piano makers, on their new design for case, which appears in this issue. It shows originality and is handsome.

They have reason to feel gratified at the progress they are making in producing instruments so full of artistic merit. They have an advantage in being thoroughly well grounded in the principles of piano building, as their apprenticeship was spent with some of the best piano mechanics in this country.

SMITH & NIXON are putting forth great efforts to sell their Smith & Nixon piano in all of the large territory controlled by them. Their piano factory at Columbia Heights, Chicago, has been put in the best possible shape for fall work, and has been producing some elegant cases. The immense force of this concern backing their own product is bound to win for the piano a large trade. The piano has been improved in every way so as to meet the requirements they demand for it. The Smith & Nixon piano is bound to have a good season.

A TYPICAL Massachusetts concern is that of the Jewett Piano Company. They go along from year to year in a quiet, conservative manner, but their balance at the end of the year is all right, and they don't worry during the months preceding the holidays. An agent once secured for the Jewett piano means one to be retained. They don't believe in changes. Better wait a while and get the man you want than take an order from one you know cannot give the goods the representation they merit is a policy of this house. Their agents are all firm friends of the Jewett piano, and make honest efforts to push them. That is why dull times are rare around the Jewett factory.

IN a full page advertisement in this issue will be found an excellent illustration of the large Brambach piano factory, located at Dolgeville, N. Y., the heart of the manufacture of piano material. Much has been said and written about the location, the dimensions and the equipment of this factory. The location as to advantages is too fully known to be enlarged on here; the dimensions of the exterior of the factory can be seen by the illustration and the equipment can be imagined when the statement is made that there is perhaps no better piano factory equipment in the United States.

The Bothner House.

THE proper time to call on Mr. Geo. Bothner, Jr., is from 7 in the morning until 6 in the evening. He is there almost invariably between those hours, excepting perhaps a half hour for dinner. The only departure from this rule is when he is called up to some piano manufacturer's place to renew or make a new contract for piano actions. It is just as well right here to write a few lines about George Bothner, Jr. He celebrated his twenty-ninth birthday last Wednesday. That made twenty years he has worked in the Bothner factory. This would give nine years as his advent into the shop, which is correct. At that age he spent all his spare time while he was not in school in learning the rudiments of the action making business. During his school vacations he worked at the bench, this continuing until he left school and entered the factory to learn in detail the work of an action builder.

Now at twenty-nine years of age he is running the business in the most satisfactory way, and has done so ever since illness overcame his father, the news of whose restoration to health we printed some time since. That Mr. Geo. Bothner, Jr., learned his business thoroughly one need but to sit in his office one half hour any day to determine. The master mind is that which can detect error in work and tell instantly what must be done to effect a remedy. Strictly speaking the latter quality is one of executive ability and need not be possessed by the man who can detect the incorrect work; when it is possessed it makes the master mind of greater power. You sit talking with Mr. Bothner, a door opens and a workman comes in holding in his hand a portion of an action. Holding it out before he can hardly speak Mr. Bothner has seen the error, if error there be, and at once informs the workman what is to be done in the matter.

This is his system. Any question about his house's product is referred to him; no chance is taken in any part of the Bothner actions. Certain requirements have to be met by all parts, and the work that in the slightest degree falls short of the house's standards must be shown Mr. Bothner, who either suggests a remedy or rejects the faulty part altogether. This work goes on every day and the care displayed in this personal supervision is impressive. The system is not weak from the well known aversion some workmen have to showing the "boss" bad work and thus delay them in their labors. Any workman in the Bothner factory who would not attend to these regulations regarding work would be detected; as a personal inspection of all Bothner actions is made by Mr. Bothner before said actions leave the factory, all imperfections would be instantly noticed and traced to the offender and he would be disciplined.

The above is but an imperfect showing of the manner in which the details are attended to in the Bothner factory. The Bothner action is one of the old established ones and its value has been certified to time and again. Its popularity among piano manufacturers is evinced by the running of the Bothner factory all summer. Another thing about this action house, it does not lose a customer after the latter has given its product a good substantial trial.

Weaver Organs.

THE Weaver Organ and Piano Company, of York, Pa., make a very clever point in their attractive advertisement appearing in the European portion of this issue when they say: "You cannot return organs to the factory for repairs when the factory is thousands of miles away; hence the importance of buying Weaver organs, which are made to meet the requirements of the musician at all times and in any climate."

A great deal can be said on the first four words of the above sentence, "you cannot return organs," which will as aptly apply to the American as to the foreign trade.

Don't understand for a moment that the Weaver Organ and Piano Company wish it inferred that it is a literal impossibility to return an organ to the factory, although the distance be a thousand or more miles. Anyone who has the inclination and means can ship an organ anywhere they please. You cannot return an organ. Why? Because you are not disposed to cause anyone the annoyance and trouble involved in such a transaction. You are invariably inclined to arbitrate the matter with a customer who is dissatisfied with the purchase and patch the matter up by

sending the repairer to make the deficiencies good. You can save all such unpleasant complications by handling an organ which you know to be thoroughly well made in every particular; an organ which has a reputation for durability; an organ which is manufactured by competent, reliable mechanics and business men. Such an organ is the Weaver, and you will make no mistake in securing territory if you are in need of a fine toned, reliable instrument.

Steck in Cincinnati.

ONE of the important transactions consummated by Mr. George Nembach, of Geo. Steck & Co., during his recent Western trip was the transfer of the Cincinnati agency to the Hockett Brothers-Puntene Company, where it will take its proper place among the numerous other agencies that this enterprising concern has recently acquired. The Steck had been handled in Cincinnati for over thirty years, by the former representative, and the results of the change, so far as the number of Steck pianos that will be sold is concerned, must be problematical, since from its former position as a leader it must now take rank with the several other makes that will be handled by the Hockett Brothers-Puntene Company.

Wessell, Nickel & Gross.

THE above three men, Messrs. Wessell, Nickel & Gross, furnish an object lesson in partnership agreement. All manner of stories are told of the manner in which partnerships are run, and many unfortunate tales are related of the ending of business relations between men so associated. Copartnership relations are very uncertain at best, and it is all the more refreshing to find three men who agree as one in the manner of conducting their business, as do Messrs. Wessell, Nickel & Gross.

Mr. Wessell is known far and wide. It is his especial forte to meet the piano forte manufacturers. No pun is intended, but the phrase is used as it is best understood by the makers of high grade pianos. Mr. Nickel in attending to the detail of the office and Mr. Gross in looking after the many affairs of the factory, in conjunction with Mr. Wessell on the outside, make a remarkable trio, heading as they do every department of their business with competent men from their own firm. But the characteristics of these three men are so well known to the trade that to enlarge is unnecessary.

The business of Wessell, Nickel & Gross is the producing of the highest grade of actions. From the inception of the firm their work was recognized as being of the most complete character. All of the members of the house understand action making. By this is not meant a superficial knowledge of action building as a product for commercial barter, but the thorough understanding of every part of the action from its drafting to its completion. The developing of a piano action is not the work of a moment, but is the result of much serious thought by the best of mechanics. Not depending on anybody outside of themselves for this work, and being fully competent to attack and successfully work out any serious problem that presents itself in their line of manufacture, these three men occupy a position that is a wall of strength. They are the fort and its garrison. Having no internecine strife to mar their work, their deliberations go on until the work to be accomplished is done. The record of this house, which has been one of honor, is one of the proudest. It shows that a carefully planned policy has been pursued, and that the men mapping out these lines of conduct were foreseeing and wise.

Of their product there is but one opinion. It is of the highest known. Nothing but the very best of material enters into it. Nothing but the highest grade of workmanship is put upon it.

The working of the Wessell, Nickel & Gross action is positive. All gradations of touch are instantly and accurately responded to. No touch is too light not to find a corresponding co-worker, or, more correctly, a responder in the action. There is a unity between the player and this action. Could there be better praise? When a performer wishes to do a certain thing and knows that he can do it provided the mechanism of the action will accurately translate his thought expressed on the key to the piano wire, to have at his command an action that is an assistant to his labors is surely a delight.

A great business has been built up by these three men. By their united efforts they have succeeded in getting the Wessell, Nickel & Gross action in a position of prominence. Still young men, they are all the more to be congratulated for arriving at their present position when they are in the prime of life and able to thoroughly enjoy the results of their labors.

As to present business, their factory is exceedingly busy, and the outlook for the remaining months of 1894 is excellent.

—Mr. Freeborn G. Smith has returned from a rapid trip among his many stores.

—Mr. Otto Wissner, Mr. Edward H. Colell and Mr. Frank King will go to the Worcester festival this week.

—Albert Roenisch, of the old established piano manufacturing firm of C. Roenisch, Dresden, Germany, has been nominated consul of the Republic of Costa Rica.



THE
Pease Piano Company

BEGS TO ANNOUNCE THE COMPLETION OF THEIR NEW

SMALL
PARLOR
GRAND,

STYLE A,

7 $\frac{1}{3}$ OCTAVES, 6 FEET 6 INCHES LONG.

Dealers wishing to handle a Grand Piano that is a Grand Piano in every sense of the word, will do well to call and examine the NEW PEASE, STYLE A, or write for particulars. _____

PEASE PIANO COMPANY,

316-322 W. 43d Street,
NEW YORK.

46 East Jackson Street,
CHICAGO.



CHICAGO OFFICE OF
THE MUSICAL COURIER, 236 Wabash Avenue,
September 22, 1894.

Business in Chicago.

THERE is such a difference of opinion in relation to the stability of business by the manufacturers and others, who seem to permit their political complexion to bias their judgment, that we propose to give a few facts which cannot be gainsaid regarding this all important question, and to begin with we shall simply make the statement that there is no doubt, from the testimony of the most conservative and best judges of such matters in this city, that at the present time the volume of business will average above 75 per cent. of the largest business that has ever been done here.

Your correspondent was told by a very reliable salesman of one of the largest houses in this city that the business of the house with which he was connected in the month of August was positively the largest he had ever known the house to do. One of the heads of this house when applied to for information remarked that the report was not true. It may be that the salesman simply referred to the retail department of the business, and we are disposed to believe that taking this view of the matter the salesman was right; and that taking the business all together, that is the retail and the wholesale, the proprietor was also right. However, it is an excellent sign when such a reliable salesman as the one we refer to makes such a statement.

The retail business of the Chicago Cottage Organ Company possibly may not be taken as a criterion from which to judge of the increase or decrease of that department of the trade, because so far they have not made the most strenuous efforts in this direction—in fact nothing to the energy which they propose employing in the future. Nevertheless, the report from this portion of their business is that it is increasing constantly month by month.

Messrs. Lyon, Potter & Co. seem to be thoroughly well satisfied with the progress of their business, and long before the end of August we were told that if the concern sold no more pianos that month they would still have done a very satisfactory business.

The head salesman for the Estey & Camp house also reported that their business had never been better during the same month.

It is true that some of the smaller houses appear to be dissatisfied with the amount of their business, which would lead one to suppose that, to use a very common quotation, "the big fish are eating up the little ones."

As the manufacturers seem to be all busy, some of them feeling so much encouraged as to put new men on the road, it seems to the writer that to make a claim for the present condition of things of 75 per cent. of the amount of the largest business ever done in this city is not extravagant; in fact, if anything it would be too modest a claim. We certainly hope to have even a better report of the current month and the few subsequent months, in which the largest amount of business is usually hoped for.

The Chickering, Chase Brothers Company.

For several months past this house have been advertising under the name which heads this article and also under the title of the Chase Brothers Piano Company. The Chickering, Chase Brothers Company is an incorporated concern, and while it had the agency for the Chickering piano had naturally spent a great many thousand dollars in advertising under its legitimate name. Gradually they have been dropping the name of Chickering with the determination to eventually do away with it entirely.

One of their recent advertisements announces a change of name as well as a change of location. From a legal standpoint it is still the Chickering, Chase Brothers Company, but will undoubtedly soon become better known under the title of the Chase Brothers Piano Company.

It is natural to presume that when the house have fully completed their anticipated change the Chase Brothers Piano Company will do business in the city of Chicago in conjunction with the Chase Brothers Piano Company, of Muskegon, Mich.

That Commission Case.

The case of Mrs. Cook against Messrs. Lyon, Potter & Co. for commissions has been, so far as Messrs. Lyon, Potter & Co. are aware, dropped. This was caused by the death

of Judge Scully, before whom the case was brought. If the lady in question still wishes to bring suit against the house a fresh motion will have to be made before another justice. It is doubtful if it will ever be brought again.

Mr. Branch Makes Money.

Mr. Horace Branch was met by your correspondent a few days ago, and in a course of conversation with him in relation to business he remarked that he was probably making more money now than most of the dealers.

Mr. Branch is a very fortunate man, or else he was not aware of the fact that business has very greatly revived recently, and that most of the houses instead of complaining of bad business are congratulating themselves upon the number of their sales.

Mr. Clark Returns.

Mr. Melville Clark, of the Story & Clark Organ Company, returned to Chicago from his extended European sojourn last Monday. Mr. Clark is decidedly of the opinion that trade is better in Europe than it is in this country.

In relation to their own business abroad he says that, although it was practically stopped for a short time subsequent to the destruction of their London factory, it has now fully recovered, and is far better than ever. A new factory is in course of construction in the same location as the old one and will be rebuilt in the same way, and as soon as possible thereafter they will take possession of it. Their temporary quarters in London are at No. 53 City Road.

Mr. Clark says he obtained some new ideas while abroad which he thinks will materially assist his house in their foreign business. He has no idea of returning to London for some time to come. Their London manager, Mr. C. H. Wagener, is also expected in Chicago in about a week's time.

Some Triumphs for Mason & Hamlin.

The Mason & Hamlin Organ and Piano Company have contracted to furnish the State University at Lincoln, Neb., an institution which promises great success, with one of their large organs and 10 pianos. This is supposed to be only a beginning, as we are credibly informed the university expects to be furnished with and use 50 of these instruments.

The same house has also made arrangements to supply the Northwestern University, at Evanston, Ill., with 11 uprights and a grand piano. In the catalogue of the department of music of this university, or, as they call it, their circular of information for 1894-5, in speaking of the pianos they made use of the following words: "The Mason & Hamlin pianos have been selected both for practice and concert use on account of their general superiority, and especially for their capacity to stand in tune, owing to their improved system of stringing."

The same company has also made arrangements to furnish the Armour Institute in Chicago with pianos.

Newman Brothers.

Mr. A. H. Sweetland, of Newman Brothers Company, has just returned from an extended trip in Texas, where he went to settle up the affairs of his company with the late firm of the Alcott & Maynor Company, and also to look up future trade for his house in that State. He was so favorably impressed with the organ trade in that section that he suggested the idea of having a representative in that State, and on his return to Chicago he completed arrangements with Mr. J. R. England, who was formerly in the employ of the Alcott & Maynor Company, and previously of the Collins & Armstrong Company, to represent them in Texas.

Mr. England has a large acquaintance among the music trade in Texas and will represent Newman Brothers, making his headquarters at Dallas. Mr. England also will superintend the exhibit of the house at the State Fair in Dallas. Mr. Sweetland was so favorably impressed with the future trade in Texas that he believes his house has a large field before them.

Mr. Bent's Business Good.

An excellent account of business is reported by Mr. Geo. P. Bent, who remarked that his business in August was the largest in the way of piano sales that he had ever enjoyed, and the business still continues. He is behindhand on orders, but he says this is accounted for by the fact that the supply men are backward in sending supplies as promptly as usual. Can it be possible that the supply men are having such a boom that they cannot supply their orders?

Leaves the City.

Mr. Denning D. Luxton leaves Chicago to-night for the East. As is well known he has been connected with the Julius N. Brown Company for three years, during which time he has shown so much ability as a salesman that Mr. Colby is sufficiently impressed with him to offer him a still more responsible position.

He will hereafter work under the direct supervision of Mr. Colby. All Mr. Luxton's friends, and he has many in this city, both in business and social circles, wish him success in his future career.

Another New Store.

Mr. A. H. Rintelman, a gentleman who has made very many moves in the business in the few years that he has been in Chicago, it is now announced has arranged to start business at 165 Wabash avenue. The gentleman who is to back this new concern is Mr. Gustav L. Reimann, who is reported to have large means.

The new house will be known under the name of the Rintelman Piano Company. Their line of goods has not as yet been determined upon. Mr. George J. Kurzenknahe will have charge of the accounts of the new concern.

Personals.

Mr. James S. Cumston, of Boston, made a short stay in the city this week, and will visit other points in the West before he returns home. Mr. Cumston made very wise use of a portion of his time while he was here in acquainting himself with the merits of some of the noted Chicago made pianos. We use the word wisely advisedly, as notwithstanding the reputation the Chicago piano obtains in the East, we still claim that there is something to learn by examining a few Chicago made instruments, but we acknowledge the difficulty of impressing an Eastern manufacturer with this fact.

Mr. G. B. Brigham, for many years with Mr. Thomas Floyd-Jones, has taken a position with Messrs. Tryber & Sweetland as traveling salesman. Mr. Brigham will undoubtedly be kept busy, for it must be borne in mind that Messrs. Tryber & Sweetland make two grades of pianos and an excellent organ, which is sufficient to keep any traveling man hard at work.

Mr. A. L. Jepson, of the Schiller Piano Company, of Oregon, Ill., also made a brief visit to Chicago.

"Mr. John Goggan of Texas" was also a visitor to the city. We presume this title that we have applied to Mr. Goggan is one to which he is amply entitled. At least he says himself that it is more than likely that a letter addressed in that way would reach him.

Mr. O. A. Kimball, of the Emerson Piano Company, of Boston, has been visiting with Mr. Northrop, the manager of their business here. Of course he is pleased with the business of the house in this city. How could he fail to be, when a success was made of it from the very beginning?

Mr. S. H. Cowan, representing Messrs. Clarence Brooks & Co., of New York, made the rounds of the city on behalf of his house this week.

Mr. George Nembach, of Messrs. Geo. Steck & Co., New York, is on a Western tour, and naturally remained in Chicago a day or two. His concern have a good, reliable agent in Mr. J. O. Twichell. Mr. Nembach made a very extraordinary claim for the Steck piano. He says the house have never been obliged to take back a single piano from any dealer in the whole course of their existence for any defects of workmanship or material in their piano, and he asked very significantly: "How many manufacturers can make a statement like that?"

Mr. Chas. C. Curtiss, president of the Manufacturers Piano Company, returned at the time announced he would, and can now be found busy at his desk in the office of the company at almost any hour. As Mr. Curtiss went to Europe simply for pleasure and as an entire relief from business cares, he naturally has nothing to report on the subject of trade. It may be remarked that he is looking as well as usual in consequence of his vacation.

—F. A. Pelton, of Boston, will change his location to 144 Tremont street next week.

—Peck & Son, of this city, and Tryber & Sweetland, of Chicago, charge Jas. T. Elliot, of Sullivan, Ill., with fraud.

—Hugo Worch & Co., of Washington, D. C., had an awning destroyed last week by brands from a nearby burning building.

—Mr. A. H. Fischer, of J. & C. Fischer, has been traveling through New England during the past week, visiting the principal cities. He is at present in Boston.

—The old firm of Dyer & Hughes, of Foxcroft, Me., having been dissolved by the retirement of the senior partner, Mr. Hughes and his son will continue the business under the firm name of J. F. Hughes & Son.

SUPREME!

After a thorough and exhaustive test of the Musical and Mechanical features of the Phelps Harmony Attachment for Pianos, the A. M. McPhail Piano Co., of Boston, wrote to the inventor, "IT IS A SUPREME SUCCESS."

Furnished to order in Pianos by:

Newby & Evans, New York.
Malcolm Love, Waterloo, N. Y.
James & Holmstrom, N. York.
A. M. McPhail Piano Co., Boston.
J. H. PHELPS, SHARON, WIS.

WESER BROS WONDERFUL PIANOS



The Weser Brothers Pianos contain more valuable, practical improvements than any other piano on the market.

The factory is one of the largest and the best equipped of any in the United States.

The Weser Pianos are rated among the best sellers to be handled by practical, enterprising, business like dealers.

Write for new Catalogue just issued.



WESER BROTHERS,

520, 522, 524, 526 & 528 W. Forty-Third St.,

NEW YORK CITY.

Baumeister.

MR. CHAS. BAUMEISTER, formerly the practical partner of the old firm of Augustus Baus & Co., who went into business on his own account some time last spring at 333 and 335 West Thirty-sixth street, New York, is offering to the trade some handsome instruments bearing the name of Baumeister. These pianos are built in the same manner as the old Baus piano, which achieved such a good name among piano purchasers, particularly here in the East. The old Baus scale is used in their construction. Mr. Baumeister gives as his reason for using it that he drew it, and is therefore entitled to the results of his handicraft. In redrawing this scale the practical experience he had acquired working with it for years stood him in good stead, and he was enabled to remedy some of the little defects in it.

The same quality of workmanship put upon the old Baus piano is put by Mr. Baumeister in this instrument. Action regulation, tuning and the numerous details he superintended in constructing the old Baus piano Mr. Baumeister is attending to in the manufacture of the Baumeister. In an interview Mr. Baumeister states that:

"I am manufacturing a piano which will make money for dealers who handle it. The Baumeister piano is made with special reference to the requirements of dealers, which is to give satisfaction to their customers. The general public needs a piano which will satisfy its musical taste and which can be purchased for a price commensurate with the value of the instrument."

H. Lehr & Co.

TO build a lucrative and prosperous business on new ideas commands respect and admiration. H. Lehr & Co., of Easton, Pa., claim that the seven octave piano case organ originated with and was introduced by them. Although this has been disputed, the fact remains that they lead all concerns in the number of this particular style of instruments made.

They have never manufactured any but seven octave organs, piano cased, and have never felt that it was necessary in order to sustain a factory and build a business to manufacture any other style of organs. In following these ideas they are certainly original.

That they have been successful there is no doubt. Their well constructed, commodious factory, always full of activity, their corps of skilled mechanics furnish evidence sufficient to convince the most skeptical that there has been a demand created for seven octave piano case organs and of H. Lehr & Co.'s make. Such is surely the fact, and to further substantiate that these goods are popular, it is the exception when one of their finished instruments can be found in stock. They are shipped immediately upon completion, to fill orders, which are always on the books in advance of the manufacture of the goods.

Dealers find much satisfaction in handling the Lehr organs. The goods themselves bear out any recommendation which the dealer gives them. Then the firm of H. Lehr & Co. is a pleasant one to do business with. They make prompt shipments by keeping their orders well in hand and not attempting more than can be accomplished, and all transactions are adjusted upon lines of equity and justice toward their agents. Mr. Horace Lehr, the head of the firm, is a young man, and the future of the business under his management promises much—even greater development than has been shown in the past.

The Pease Small Parlor Grand.

THERE is on exhibition in the factory warerooms of the Pease Piano Company their recently produced small parlor grand. It will be remembered that this piano was spoken of when it was in process of construction some weeks ago. Then comment on the work put in it was made all favorable to the concern building this small parlor grand piano.

The work in detail has been examined as it progressed, and nothing but praise can be given the manufacturers for the manner in which they have proceeded with its construction. It was their aim to produce a small parlor grand which would be between the ordinary baby and the present parlor grand. To do this they laid out their scale for a six foot six piano. The scale was drawn with the idea of making an instrument that would bring credit on the Pease Piano Company. The material ordered was of the best, and the workmanship put upon it was to be of the highest. Such were the artistic lines laid down.

The Pease Piano Company have produced an instrument that does them distinguished honor. The scale is even, the tone musical, the action regulated to the nicest touch. In volume the piano is remarkable. The bass is deep in quality, with the sonority best befitting that quality; the middle rich in singing quality, while the treble is intensely brilliant. The capo d'astro bar runs entirely through the scale up to the last notes in the treble. Agraffes are entirely dispensed with. The work of regulating the dampers has been well done. You strike a chord, take your fingers from the keys, drop the damper suddenly and an instant cessation of tone is found.

This piano answers the requirements of dealers who de-

sire a small parlor grand to sell to people with musical tastes.

Right here comes in the principle that will make this piano a seller. The Pease Piano Company believe in doing everything possible for the dealer. This piano is planned to be sold at a figure which the company considers right. "We did not intend to build a small parlor grand piano and then sell it for prices beyond the reach of the public." That is what they said when the piano was under construction; that is what they stuck to as it neared completion; that is what they say now that it is finished, and that is what they are instructing their traveling man, Mr. Chas. Becht, to say as he books orders. They have made the best small parlor grand they were capable of, and they propose in the future as in past years to give the dealer a chance to make a handsome profit on this, their latest achievement.

The Miller Organ Company.

THIS enterprising firm of organ builders at Lebanon, Pa., are keeping well to the fore in handsome styles and meritorious work.

Their new style organ No. 300, in a piano case, a cut of which appears in this issue, is one of the best furnished and most desirable of this style of organ on the market. They use the stops and pumping feet the same as on their other organs, believing that it is more business-like in appearance and more practicable than what has been generally adopted by the builders of piano case organs, i. e., small pedal feet and knee swells in operating the different sets of reeds. No. 270 is also a piano style of case, not so elaborate as the No. 300 mentioned above, but equally as well made, and is proving a good seller.

In response to a number of requests that have come from dealers the Miller Organ Company are building a small, plain low priced organ which they catalogue No. 290. This organ is thoroughly well made and fully guaranteed for five years. In making it all ornaments have been discarded, also style and everything not absolutely essential, except quality of work and quality of tone. This organ is intended for those who want an instrument for service only. It is 4 feet 5 inches high and of neat appearance. Many of them are being sold both in this country and abroad.

The Younger Generation.

MASTERS WILLIAM AND THEODORE Steinway, aged respectively 13 and 11 years, the young sons of Mr. Wm. Steinway, returned from Europe last week in charge of their tutor, Professor Herman H. Schmitz, instructor in the German language at Columbia College.

—Smith & Crossman, at Tyndall, S. Dak., have dissolved partnership. Mr. Smith will continue the business alone.

Weser Brothers.

THE new catalogue of Weser Brothers is out and being mailed to the trade. It is a handsome list of sixteen pages and cover gotten up in Weser Brothers' usual handsome style.

This firm has indeed had a remarkable career in the few years, comparatively, they have been manufacturing. All the trade knows its history, dating from 1879, when a small beginning was made. The success of this house was apparent from the first. This grew until now they have one of the largest plants in New York.

Their pianos have always been a favorite with the dealers. They have a great many talking points which effect sales easily when properly handled by competent salesmen. At present the business of Weser Brothers is feeling the fall stirring, and the future prospects for the house this fall are exceedingly good. They believe in advertising in their catalogue the facilities they possess for producing pianos, and the story of these facilities is best told in their own words, which follow:

FACTORY.

Occupies five city lots; eight story building and basement, making nine complete floors; lighted throughout with electricity from our own plant; two large engines furnish power for the different machinery, all of the latest improvement.

CAPACITY.

Over one hundred (100) pianos per week.

DESIGN.

The designs of our pianos are distinctive in character, always keeping pace with the changes of styles. Especially modeled to appeal to people of a refined and cultured taste.

SKILLFUL WORKMEN.

We are in a position to command the services of the most skilled workmen in the trade, as our factory is operated throughout the year steadily. We never "shut down" on account of "dull times," &c.

—S. S. Newton, located at Columbus, Wis., has sold his business to G. A. Buhrman.

—Murray & Williams, of Guthrie, O. T., have been closed up by their creditors.

—Mr. John Friedrich, of John Friedrich & Brother, violin makers, of Cooper Union, this city, who has been in Europe for several weeks, will return about the first of the month. He has purchased a select stock of old violins, strings and other goods which will go to complete a well assorted line for the fall business.

MALCOLM LOVE PIANOS.

A High Grade Piano, equal to any!

MANUFACTURED BY

WATERLOO ORGAN CO., Waterloo, N. Y.

We invite correspondence from Dealers in localities where we are not represented.

MILLER ORGAN CO.

No. 310. PIANO STYLE. CASE SEVEN OCTAVE ORGAN.

Unlike most seven octave Organs hitherto constructed, our Organ has all necessary stops and swells, so that it is under the perfect control of the performer. It is considerably cheaper to make a seven octave Organ without stops, and many claims are made in order to hide this defect; but if stops are necessary in five and six octave Organs—and no one disputes this—then they are also necessary in seven octave Organs. We also use the ordinary blow pedals, because this is the best arrangement ever invented for this purpose. It is the only natural way of blowing an Organ. No one pretends to use anything else on five and six octave Organs. Another reason usually given for discarding stops and blow pedals on a seven octave Organ is to give them a piano appearance. An Organ, however, is not a piano, no matter what its pretensions are or how near it resembles one on the outside; hence the closer it is made to appear like a piano the more disgusting the final discovery of the sham will be. We do not pretend to make a "piano organ." We simply clothe our seven octave Organ in a fine piano style of case and do not sacrifice any essential of the true Organ for the sake of cheapness or sham.

MILLER ORGAN CO., Lebanon, Pa.

AMERICA'S GREATEST SUCCESS!

❖ ❖ ❖ THE ❖ ❖ ❖

Hardman & La Grassa

PIANO.

INDORSED BY THE FOLLOWING EMINENT ARTISTS:

MANCINELLI,
BEVIGNANI,
SCALCHI,
GUERCIA,
VIGNAS,
MARZO,
A. J. GOODRICH,
TETEDOUX,
BEN DAVIES,
W. C. CARL,
MARIE MERICK,
H. S. PERKINS,
F. DEAN,



B. YOUNG,
HENRIETTE S.
CORRADI,
CARL HECKER,
ISABEL DE
SALAZAR,
PARSON PRICE,
S. N. PENFIELD,
AMELIO
CERNELOS,
D. PROTHEROE,
W. H. BARBER,
REV. J. B. YOUNG, S. J.

FACTORY AND WAREROOMS:

615, 617, 619 Tenth Avenue,

NEW YORK.



BEWARE OF INFERIOR ARTICLE BEARING
PARTLY SIMILAR NAME.

The Braumuller Company.

THE new catalogue of the Braumuller Company is out and going to the trade this week. In view of the past this time seems most fitting to write of this house and what it is doing, as it will most certainly interest many dealers. First and foremost, then, here is a reproduction of the catalogue's

Introduction :

This catalogue is intended to interest persons in the Braumuller piano, who contemplate the purchase of an instrument. We set forth in as few words as possible the merits of our piano, and the following handsome and accurate illustrations will serve to assist the descriptions given. Our object is to impress upon the reader the fact that the Braumuller piano is absolutely first-class, particular efforts having been made to avoid technical terms, which only tend to confuse buyers.

No expense has been spared to produce a piano as nearly perfect as it is possible to make one, and those best qualified to judge of the results unite in pronouncing it all we claim it to be—viz., absolutely first-class.

In asserting that the Braumuller piano is absolutely first-class, the full meaning of the claim is borne in mind, and the fact can be easily proven by an examination of the instrument in comparison with other high grade pianos. In its construction only the very best of material is used, and the most skilled workmen are engaged in its making. In addition to these two points, a brief glance at the special features as described in the following pages will demonstrate that the Braumuller piano is equal to any instrument now manufactured, and that in many respects it surpasses all others.

Our company is incorporated under the laws of New York State, with capital stock fully paid in, and is officered in the business department and mechanical department by men of long experience in their respective branches, who have shown their ability by placing our corporation in its present high position.

Such an organization gives to its product a value in addition to the intrinsic worth of the article manufactured by it, and it guarantees the excellence of its instruments in full confidence of their merits, and issues with every piano a five years' warranty. Our factory and warehouses are of easy access, being convenient to a large number of car lines and ferries. Respectfully yours,

THE BRAUMULLER COMPANY.

NEW YORK, September, 1891.

After the introduction comes a setting forth of the special features to be found in the Braumuller piano, while a page of the catalogue is devoted to the tuning pin support, and as there may be some dealers not familiar with this feature of the Braumuller piano we append the description :

The customary manner of stringing full iron plate pianos is either to pass the tuning pin through the iron plate free, without its touching the plate, or to have the tuning pin fit close against the plate. If the first system is adopted, the powerful leverage resulting from the draught of the string on the tuning pin (the strain on the tuning pin being from 125 to 225 pounds) has a tendency to bend the pin over against the plate. This not only causes the piano to get out of tune very quickly, but, from the fact that the tuning pin comes against the plate, a disagreeable metallic quality of tone is produced. This metallic quality of tone also follows when the pin is made to fit close against the plate. A further disadvantage in these two systems is that the tuning pins are difficult to set in place, as they jump in tuning.

Our tuning pin support, which is designed to overcome all these evils, is a maple collar which fits close around the tuning pin, and not only reduces the heavy leverage on the tuning pin between the surface of the pin block and the pull of the string, but also prevents the pin from coming in contact with the iron plate, thereby doing away with any possibility of the undesirable metallic quality of tone. Besides, where the leverage is reduced, as by our tuning pin support, the piano stands much better in tune.

Next come illustrations of their patent tone deflector, more about which will be found below. Following is a list of "other patents and improvements" as well as a description of their patent music desk, &c. We come now to the description of "the new harmonic scale" found in the new Braumuller piano. As this company are practically making everything new this season, what they say about this new scale is of importance.

In drawing the new scales for the Braumuller piano every effort was made to arrange on scientific and acoustic lines and string lengths, so as to produce vibrations as perfect as possible in conjunction with the most evenly balanced strain power, and these efforts have been successful. An important feature of the scale is the harmonic complement, which adds acoustic peculiarities to the effect. This harmonic scale is perfectly new in its arrangement. The peculiarity is that the mathematical length of the hitch extends from the treble and to the centre bar, these being the only sections where advantage can be had by acoustic lengths, so that every note has from one to five sympathetic vibrators in the upper notes.

This is a very valuable improvement in the construction of the Braumuller piano, and is evidence of the skill and care which have been expended in the manufacture of the instrument. In conjunction with this a full iron plate is incorporated (see illustration on opposite page), the construction of which gives special strength to the centre of the instrument and forward of the line of greatest strain or tension. This is accomplished by a thorough brace system, consisting of a centre bar so arranged as to have great strength over and forward of the bridge on the sounding board, so as to obviate the usual method of cutting away the portion of the bridge under or opposite the iron bars.

Generally the notes on either side of the iron bars in many up-rights differ in tone quality, and this difference is due to the practice of cutting away on the sounding board bridge where the bars cross it. In the Braumuller piano this has been obviated by the construction of the plate.

From this point one is surprised to see that only two styles are made by the house. One a Boudoir upright style B and the other a 4 foot 9 inch upright style D cabinet grand. But then it is possible to obtain the Braumuller piano in all the woods which when obtained will make a fine showing of instruments. So much then for this catalogue, which is neatly gotten up and graphically describes everything relating to the Braumuller piano.

As the trade knows, the Braumuller Company was incorporated in 1889 and commenced at once to forge to the

front. During 1892, late in the fall, several large agencies were secured, who contracted to take so many pianos that the capacity of the Braumuller factory was strained.

An era of prosperity was inaugurated. Then financial disaster overtook the country, agents were unable to take contracted orders, and this was the reason for the cloud on the sky of Braumuller prosperity. This cloud has in a great measure vanished. All know the history of the Braumuller settlement, and we reported the prompt payment of the first notes. The Braumuller company have a motto, a war cry, or whatever you will. It is "absolutely first class." This appears on all of their stationery as well as their advertisements. It is a good and wise plan to adopt a motto and then blazon it thoroughly. No one who is familiar with the Braumuller goods and the advertising methods of the company but thinks of these words whenever the word Braumuller enters his mind.

The Braumuller piano is a special favorite among what is usually called the small dealer, yet the company has on

oughly satisfied with their bargains hundreds of letters in the possession of the makers testify.

Again, the Braumuller piano is popular with the larger agents, in fact with the largest handlers of pianos in the United States. There must be something in a piano to make its agency acceptable and preferable to all classes of dealers. There is a quality in the Braumuller piano appreciated by every dealer, be he big or little. The piano is built on commercial lines. By that is meant in this case substantial value is given for every dollar the dealer invests, and the price is such that the dealer can sell readily, making a handsome margin.

Another reason why dealers appreciate this piano: The Braumuller Company assert that they have trouble with less than one quarter of 1 per cent. of their manufactured product. Dealers know the vexations attending the closed sales of pianos when there is trouble with case work, and the thousand and one things which can occur to pianos. The record as asserted by the Braumuller Company above is a splendid one.

The work on Braumuller pianos is done in the most honest and thorough manner. Their varnish work now being turned out is exquisite and the veneers on cases in the varnish room are certainly beautiful. The first oak case will be finished in a few days and its appearance is even now exceedingly handsome.

As to business Mr. Turner asserts that their retail trade in New York has trebled this month. Many prospects held by the company have been closed up and sales effected. Business in a wholesale way is very satisfactory. There are on the books of the company over 300 agents who have handled Braumuller pianos in the past, and who can now be truthfully called Braumuller agents. There is no big bid being made for the large dealer. If he wants Braumuller pianos he is sure of as good treatment as the small dealer, but need not expect any great discrimination in his favor.

Mr. Otto Braumuller will probably be back from his extended Western trip while this issue is on the press. He has done well and will return satisfied. Mr. Herman A. Braumuller, his son, having completed his college course and enjoyed a good summer's vacation, entered the factory last Monday. It is the purpose to put the young man through the various departments of piano manufacture and graduate him a piano man for the perpetuity of the Braumuller name.

The house is exceedingly happy in its description of the different features of their pianos, a chapter of which we use from their catalogue in closing.

Another feature of the Braumuller piano is that the action, which is set upon strong and neatly designed metal brackets, is attached to the plate by means of wood dowels and screws, so that the metallic connection is separated, thereby rendering it slightly elastic and not liable to be noisy or subject to atmospheric changes; also, by means of being attached by three screws, is easily moved, and for regulating there is no necessity to take the action out of the piano.

Instead of rockers regulating the jack lengths of action, we use in all our pianos, except Style B, a pilot screw made especially for us, and which is a great improvement over all other devices for regulating action.

A new and excellent innovation is the trapwork attachment, which is simplified by the use of short lifting rods running only from the key-bed line to the action, and meeting at the lower end a lever attached to the bottom of the key-bed, and swung in a fulcrum, the attachment to the pedal foot being completed by a steel rod. The entire contrivance has about one-third of the usual centres or bushing points, and squeaking and other defects are reduced to a minimum.

The backs of our pianos are open, and with a natural hardwood finish, which is a great advantage over the painted backs with a wire cloth covering, intended chiefly to hide defects in workmanship and materials. We use a special nickel plated screw for packing purposes, thus doing away with the necessity of driving nails and screws into the back, and thereby disfiguring same. After the piano is unpacked these special screws are replaced in the original holes for future use, and at the same time giving the back a handsomely finished appearance.

As all of our pianos have our patent tone deflector, the top or lid of piano can be taken off the same as a square or grand piano, which is a great convenience in moving the instrument.

The bottom panel frame goes in on corner guides instead of dowels, so that it can be easily taken out, and not in any way mar the bottom rail.

The case bottom is screwed to the plate so that it cannot be in any way affected by any climatic changes, but is firmly fixed. The back of the key bottom is also screwed to the plate.

The key slip in all of our styles is concave, instead of square, preventing any interference with the performer, as is often the case with the old style of projecting key slip.

Solid raised panels, handsomely engraved and of elaborate designs, are used in all our styles.

Bradbury Piano in India.

SOME years ago Mrs. M. Sutherland went to Burmah with her husband, who is a Baptist missionary, and they took with them one of the Bradbury pianos, which has been used all these years with the utmost satisfaction. A few months since Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland returned for a visit to the United States, and before leaving Burmah a missionary lady from Boston insisted upon having their piano and it was sold to her.

As soon as Mrs. Sutherland arrived in New York she looked up the manufacturer of her old favorite piano and bought another Bradbury to take back to India with her on her return. She assures Mr. Smith that among all the pianos she saw during her travels through India none stood the trying climate better than the Bradbury.

KELLER BROS.

Pianos



THE DESIGN AND
MAKE UP IS
OUR OWN.

BUILT ON SCIENTIFIC
LINES THAT CAN'T
GO WRONG.

**OUR TERMS ARE A SATISFACTORY
FEATURE TO ALL RESPONSIBLE
DEALERS.**

*An Authority, says that more practical
improvements are developed in the
KELLER BROS. PIANOS in a year than
in any other pianos that he knows of.*

MANUFACTURED BY
KELLER BROS. & BLIGHT CO.
BRUCE AVE.—EAST END.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

its books one of the usually called small men who sells sixty Braumuller pianos a year. This agent is doing business on a small capital, yet gets such good prices for Braumuller goods that he is accumulating money. It is not every dealer who is so thoroughly en rapport with the instruments he handles that he goes to the trouble of securing a testimonial from every purchaser possible, and then furnishes the manufacturer with hundreds of copies of the secured testimonial. Mr. Braumuller has in his desk hundreds of letters of which the following is a good sample. It shows just what is thought of the Braumuller piano in Iowa.

MOUNT VERNON, Ia., June 15, 1894.

DEAR SIRS—Some time since we imprudently let it become known that we intended to buy a piano.

We won't relate all our experience.

We permitted five of these instruments to be left at our house for approval.

Our dilemma continued to grow greater until you came with your beautiful Braumuller.

Its clear, pure tone and lovely action captivated us from the start. None of the pianos we examined was so vigorously attacked by competitors as the Braumuller, yet with no other aid than its continued show of the perfection it so prominently possesses it won its way to a permanent place in our home.

We are very, very proud of it.

Yours very cordially,

GEO. KLEINKNECHT.

Most of the Braumuller agents make it a point to secure testimonials from purchasers. That purchasers are thor-

EMERSON PIANOS are a strictly legitimate product, made legitimately and sold legitimately.

A record of more than FORTY-FIVE years of legitimate industrial and commercial life stands back of the **EMERSON** Pianos.

The instruments are a representative example of the advance in the progress of piano manufacture.

Their construction, their musical qualities, their durability, their appearance, their finish are unquestioned by all unprejudiced judges.

EMERSON Pianos are a source of pleasure to the pianist a source of profit to the dealer.

EMERSON Pianos are sold in nearly all sections of the country.

Dealers who desire to handle the **EMERSON** can address the

EMERSON PIANO CO.

at BOSTON, where the factory and main office are located; or at CHICAGO or NEW YORK, where direct **EMERSON** branch houses are located.

A Remarkably Successful Man.

IT is one of the characteristics of the men of the United States to set in the distance of fancy a stake and then by persistent effort work up to it. The toil but increases the value of the prize when it is finally won. Such a man is the subject of this sketch.



MR. OTTO WISSNER

is one of these men who believe in working for an end that lies in the future. Things of the present interest him only from their bearing on things yet to be attained. In other words the present is but the stepping stone to the future and not to be enjoyed as a fruition of work.

Mr. Otto Wissner, who is coming so prominently forward in the trade, was born at Giessen, Germany, March 2, 1853, and is therefore in his 43d year, hardly yet attaining the prime of life.

It was in 1869 that he came to America. His tastes were for piano manufacture, which business he studied, working at the bench and graduating as a fine tuner and tone regulator. He worked at his profession until 1878, in which year he embarked in piano manufacture. Shrewd and far seeing, he realized that Brooklyn would be a source of great profit to the man who could succeed in controlling a trade in that city. On this he worked, and has succeeded in building up one of the best retail trades in the vicinity of New York. Figures of the magnitude of this trade have been given in former issues, and a repetition is of no moment now, as we are dealing with Mr. Wissner's career since 1892.

As Mr. Wissner's business grew the thought of a grand piano presented itself to him. Now he is not of the class of men who rush right off and do a thing the instant an idea suggests itself to him. As a ponderer, long and methodical, Mr. Wissner is a character. Not that he does not possess the faculty of acting quickly. Quite the reverse is the case, he does his thinking rapidly, but turns matters over in his mind so thoroughly that a complete sifting of the subject obtains and the result is pretty nearly apt to be correct.

During 1892 and 1893 the Wissner baby grand idea was given thought and a piano manufactured.

Its success was instantaneous, the manufacturer having compliment after compliment showered upon him. This but started Mr. Wissner at work all the harder on the Wissner concert grand piano—something few knew he was engaged in producing. Then came the christening of the concert grand, done by no less a man than the eminent conductor Anton Seidl, at the Seidl Society's concerts given under his baton at Brighton Beach. This week this piano will be played in concert at the Worcester Musical Festival, Mme. Rivé-King playing it. Of the piano THE MUSICAL COURIER spoke critically a few weeks ago. Its success in concert is certain to come; the piano will force it.

This in brief is a short summing up of the life work of Mr. Wissner up to the present time. We have spoken nothing of his enterprises in Jersey City, or of the new branch house to be opened in Newark, or of the many things yet to come, all of which will interest the trade.

Mr. Wissner is 6 feet high in his stocking feet, broad shouldered and well proportioned, and of a quiet demeanor. Present a proposition to him and he will not interrupt you until you have exhausted the topic. In fact his manner in this regard is so disquieting that one fancies success is simply out of the question. Then comes the answer—given in a matter of fact and direct manner. The answer shows by its directness that he was conscious of everything you said, as well as of a great many other things you little dreamed of. His natural conservatism comes into good play when plans for embarkation on varied lines are proposed, and he is pretty sure to select the line that will do him and his piano the most good. Yet Mr. Wissner is broad in his views. He has proved this to the trade during the past year. His intimates knew it

before. To reiterate, he believes the present is but a stepping stone to the future, and will look on the coming success of the Wissner concert grand, to be played by Mme. Rivé-King in conjunction with the Boston Symphony Orchestra this week, as but another step added in his piano's climb to fame.

Testimonial to John Friedrich.

CHICAGO, September 7, 1894.

Mr. John Friedrich:

DEAR SIR—I have the pleasure in handing you herewith the Diploma of Honorable Mention to which you are entitled under a resolution of the Congress of the United States directing that such a diploma may be conferred upon those who assisted in an important way in the production and perfection of an exhibit which received an award in the Columbian Exposition.

A certificate, signed by the exhibitor, is now on file in this office declaring that you were connected with the exhibit as indicated in the diploma.

With congratulations, I am,

Yours very truly,

VIRGINIA C. MEREDITH,

Chairman Committee on Awards Board of Lady Managers.

In this issue of THE MUSICAL COURIER will be found a reproduction of this diploma which was awarded John Friedrich & Brother for the exhibit of violins, violas and violoncellos made by John Friedrich.

The Washington Trade Association.

THE Piano and Music Trade Association of Washington, D. C., will hold its next regular meeting the second Tuesday in October, when the question of the annual banquet and other matters will be discussed.

A Glimpse of Mr. Charles W. Keidel.

THERE is one visitor to New York the hour of whose coming no man knoweth. Mr. Charles W. Keidel, of Wm. Knabe & Co., is this gentleman. Perhaps it is not strictly correct to characterize him as a visitor to New York, for few men outside of this city are better known or spend more time in Gotham than Mr. Keidel. However, visitor or not, as the case may be, Mr. Keidel runs in on us at all times, and although unheralded is none the less welcome.

Mr. Keidel arrived in New York last Friday and spent that and the following day looking over business in this city. He is looking bronzed from his long pleasure trip abroad, and seems contented with all things of earth and especially the Knabe business, past, present and to come.

His little jaunt across the water is well called a pleasure trip, for during three months Mr. Keidel entirely eschewed business and gave himself up to recreation. In search of

divertissement he visited London, Paris and took pleasure trips through Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

Mr. Keidel is looking splendidly, feels as he looks and is ready to do strong, full work for the Knabe piano. Business with his house is good, it having felt the reviving influence of returned confidence. The Knabe factory at Baltimore is in a state of activity. Some of the handsomest cases ever turned out from this producer of exquisite work are going to dealers on orders.

Business Opportunity.

A LARGE wholesale and retail piano and organ concern doing a business of from \$75,000 to \$100,000 per year, established quarter of a century, fine, widespread reputation, will sell out their entire business for cash. Good reasons. A thorough examination solicited. Grand chance for someone. Address, "Cash offer," care this office.

—When a man can in the first five minutes of acquaintance convince one that he's a first-rate, level headed fellow, and by a lucidity of expression and general character make a forcible impression, it is safe to count that man a potent factor wherever he may be placed. Such a man is Mr. Reginald B. Andrews, superintendent of agencies for the Morris-Field-Royers Company, Limited, of Listowel (Ont.), piano manufacturers. Anything he says goes.

WANTED—An energetic and competent piano salesman wants to make a change—a position to travel for manufacturer, or as floor salesman for a well-established house desired. Address A. B. C., care of THE MUSICAL COURIER, 19 Union square, New York.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

X 4 ft. 9 ins. High X

IS OUR LATEST STYLE—OF IMPOSING AND ELEGANT APPEARANCE.

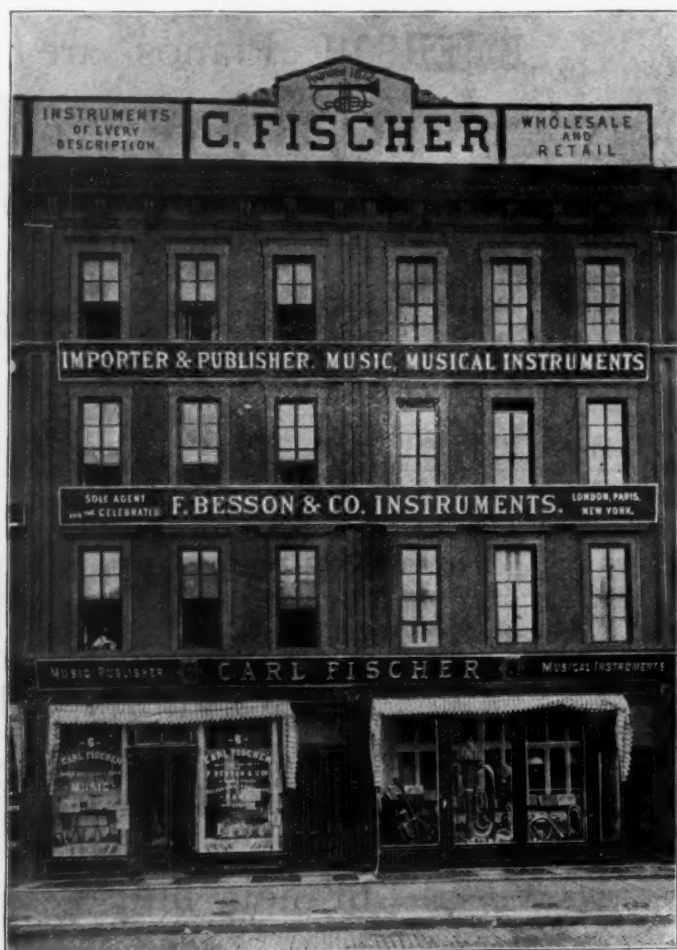
The first glance convinces buyers that it offers more in musical value and artistic results than any Piano before the trade.

Unquestionable durability. Very tempting prices are offered for this and other styles.

The Clafin Piano Co.

517-523 West 45th St., New York.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX



Catalogues and Price Lists mailed free on application. Complete stock of all European publications. Peters' Editions a specialty

CARL FISCHER, 6 & 8 [Fourth Avenue, New York City.

THE WONDERFUL

A. B. CHASE PIANO

Increases . . .

THE LOVE FOR PIANO MUSIC,
THE NUMBER OF FRIENDS,
AND CASH IN BANK.



The Wonderful Octavo Pedal

Increases . . .

THE VOLUME OF TONE,
DELICACY OF EXPRESSION,
VARIETY OF MUSICAL EFFECTS,
AND ENTHUSIASM FOR THE BEST PIANO MADE.



Several Strong Agencies Secured the Last Three Weeks

Even in these Times Territory is Taken Rapidly.

Write at once to

The A. B. CHASE CO., Norwalk, Ohio.

HOW TO GET TRADE.

UNDER this head we expect to give each week valuable suggestions to dealers in pianos, organs and musical merchandise. We will try to answer any questions about advertising which our subscribers send in, and will reproduce and criticise advertisements which they now use if it is desired.

We are also prepared to furnish bright and original advertising matter to those who wish it, daily, weekly or monthly, at very moderate charges.

The original ads. published each week may be readily adapted to suit any store and any locality. If such use is made of them we would be glad to know it, and to receive marked copies of the papers containing them.

HINTS FOR ADVERTISERS.

By Charles Austin Bates.

No. XLIX.

In Newark, N. J., the "Daily Advertiser" recently offered \$5 to the person selecting the best written advertisement appearing in the paper during a certain time. It was very gratifying to the S. D. Lauter Company to find that, although the advertisement of a dry good's house was decided on as the best, quite a number of people selected one or another of their advertisements. Here is what two of them said:

S. D. Lauter & Co.'s advertisement of August 30 was thought to be the best because "it has a line on the top which is incomplete, and this would make any one curious to find out what was advertised and so he would read to the end." Another writer speaks of the same advertisement as being more attractive because of the border surrounding it, and the fact that the matter in it "is so arranged that it looks easy to read, and while there is a great deal of it, it does not look as though there was very much." Continuing, this writer says: "The advertisement is particularly good for the business it represents, because the most a piano advertisement can do is to draw people into the store; this one is well calculated to do this, because it removes the idea that a great many people have, that they must not go in a store unless they are prepared to buy; the advertisement has a simple, honest ring to it that would be sure to create a favorable impression on the reader's mind."

Unfortunately I have no copy of the advertisement mentioned, but here is one which I reproduce because it is a little bit different from any I have seen recently. Of course it was only allowed to appear once or twice.

DOES ANYBODY IN NEWARK KNOW WHAT

**S. D. LAUTER CO.
SELLS?**

STEINWAY,
HARDMAN,
GABLER,
VOSE,
STERLING,
SYMPHONY.

S. D. LAUTER CO.,
657-659 Broad St.

Another of their advertisements treats of a subject which probably presents itself with annoying persistence to every legitimate dealer in the country.

The "Private house" annoyance is probably as bad in Newark as it is in any place else. It may be that it is a little bit worse, because Newark is so near the base of supplies.

(This ad. appeared in a Newark paper recently):

A party giving up their home will sell elegant, nearly new, full grand upright piano; cost last spring, \$530; unsurpassed for tone and elegant design; perfect in every respect; price, \$175; also superb marble statuary (Flower Girl) with pedestal, cost \$300; price, \$75.

Address Ludlow, Box J.

BOX "JAY"

Is very suggestive of the idea this advertiser must have had of the character of the people of Newark. There is no reason under the sun why a virtually new piano, one that "cost \$530 last spring," should be sold for \$175. It could be taken to any music house in Newark and sold for more money than that. If "Ludlow" can't get more money than \$175 for it, and it really "cost \$530 last spring," Ludlow got cheated last spring.

It's a pretty safe rule not to give attention to such ads. Once in a while you'll find a bargain, but it's more than likely that the ad. is a pure "fake." We have better bargains in our "bargain room" every day than are ever offered by any "parties giving up their home."

S. D. LAUTER CO.,
657-659 BROAD STREET.

There may be some meat in this ad. for other dealers who have similar things to contend with.

* * *

I have mentioned before the skill and taste which the W. W. Kimball Company display in writing their reading notices.

This method of advertising is one of the very best, if it is done properly. The trouble with most business men in writing such matter is that they make the advertising feature show too prominently. Their names and businesses are so obtrusive that the reader has no chance to believe that the notice is a pure news item. The advertisers cannot grasp the idea that it is wise to pay for 20 or 30 lines of reading matter for the sake of getting in one line of advertising.

This "Minnie Hauk" notice may well serve as a model:

MINNIE HAUK DECORATED.

The Sultan of Johore Confers Marked Honors on the Distinguished Artist.

Minnie Hauk, the distinguished soprano, whose "Carmen" is the acknowledged standard, was lately decorated by the Sultan with the order of the Crown of Johore, this making the eleventh order that the charming artiste has received from royal hands.

But these many royal favors have not made the fair singer any the less American in her ideas and preferences. In her beautiful chateau at Lucerne, where she passes her seasons of rest and preparation, is an American piano (a Kimball), which is put to constant use in accompaniment to the voice that has swayed the world in the great operas.—Chicago "Tribune."

Otto Sutro & Co., of Baltimore, have obtained very good display for this advertisement. It seems to me that it is wise, however, to put in each advertisement a little talk or suggestion of the great desirability of having a piano in the home. This is a point that I have made frequently before, and I have reason to believe that it is as important a thing as can be done.

There is one mistake in this advertisement which will probably not be noticed, but which, if it is noticed, will make the reader think that Messrs. Sutro & Co. are careless in their statements. This is the place in which they say: "Either instrument is guaranteed to be satisfactory, and to be the best value for the money in the market."

Now, as a matter of fact, only one of these pianos can be the "best value for the money in the market." There are never three of the "best."

This little mistake does not amount to much probably,

but it shows want of care on the part of the writer, which may at some time lead him into a more grievous blunder. An advertisement ought to be read and reread very critically.

**Pease,
Briggs,
A. B. Chase.**

**Three
Pianos
of Merit
for a
Choice.**

Either instrument is guaranteed to be satisfactory and the best value for the money in the market.

If your idea is a good Piano at a moderate PRICE, examine either of these three.

Sold on favorable terms.

OTTO SUTRO & CO.,
119 and 121 East Baltimore St.

cally by its writer, and if possible by somebody else, before it is allowed to go into a paper.

* * *

This advertisement, from a Toledo paper, certainly is not very attractive in appearance, and the construction is so

SPECIAL SALE

— OF —

PIANOS.

Some strictly new instruments, but not in our regular line, and some slightly used, all in perfect order and fully warranted, at prices far below actual value.

- \$125—J. & C. Fischer, Upright.
- \$100—Chickering, Upright, Rosewood.
- \$65—Chickering, Square, Rosewood.
- \$85—J. & C. Fischer, square.
- \$100—J. & C. Fischer, square.
- \$100—W. P. Emerson, square.
- \$125—Whitney & Currier, square.
- \$275—Smith & Barnes, Upright.
- \$275—Schubert, Upright, Mahogany.
- \$250—J. P. Hale Co., Upright.
- \$235—Keller & Sons, Upright.
- \$265—Kroeger, Upright.
- \$295—Briggs, Upright.
- \$350—Steinway, Upright, Ebonized.
- \$450—Steinway, Grand.

These instruments must be sold at once in order to make room for the remainder of our new fall stock. Out of town purchasers should write without delay for full particulars. No advance in price when easy payments are desired. Decided advantage in early selection.

Our display of new pianos embrace a large number of instruments in designs that mark great advance upon current styles. Fancy woods in great profusion, such as English Oak, American Oak, San Domingo Mahogany, Brazilian Mahogany, Circassian Walnut, Burl Birch, in cases paneled, carved and plain, and up to date in improvements. A full line of pianos from

**Knabe, Boardman & Gray, Kroeger, Schubert,
and the Aelians.**

Visits of inspection and comparison are cordially invited and may be freely made. The reputation and financial standing of this house is well known, having been established since 1860.

THE WHITNEY & CURRIER CO.,
219 Summit Street, Toledo, Ohio.

jerky as to be almost incoherent; still it has the one very great merit of giving exact prices and names of the instru-

P. J. Gildemeester, for Many Years Managing Partner of Messrs. Chickering & Sons.

Gildemeester & Kroeger

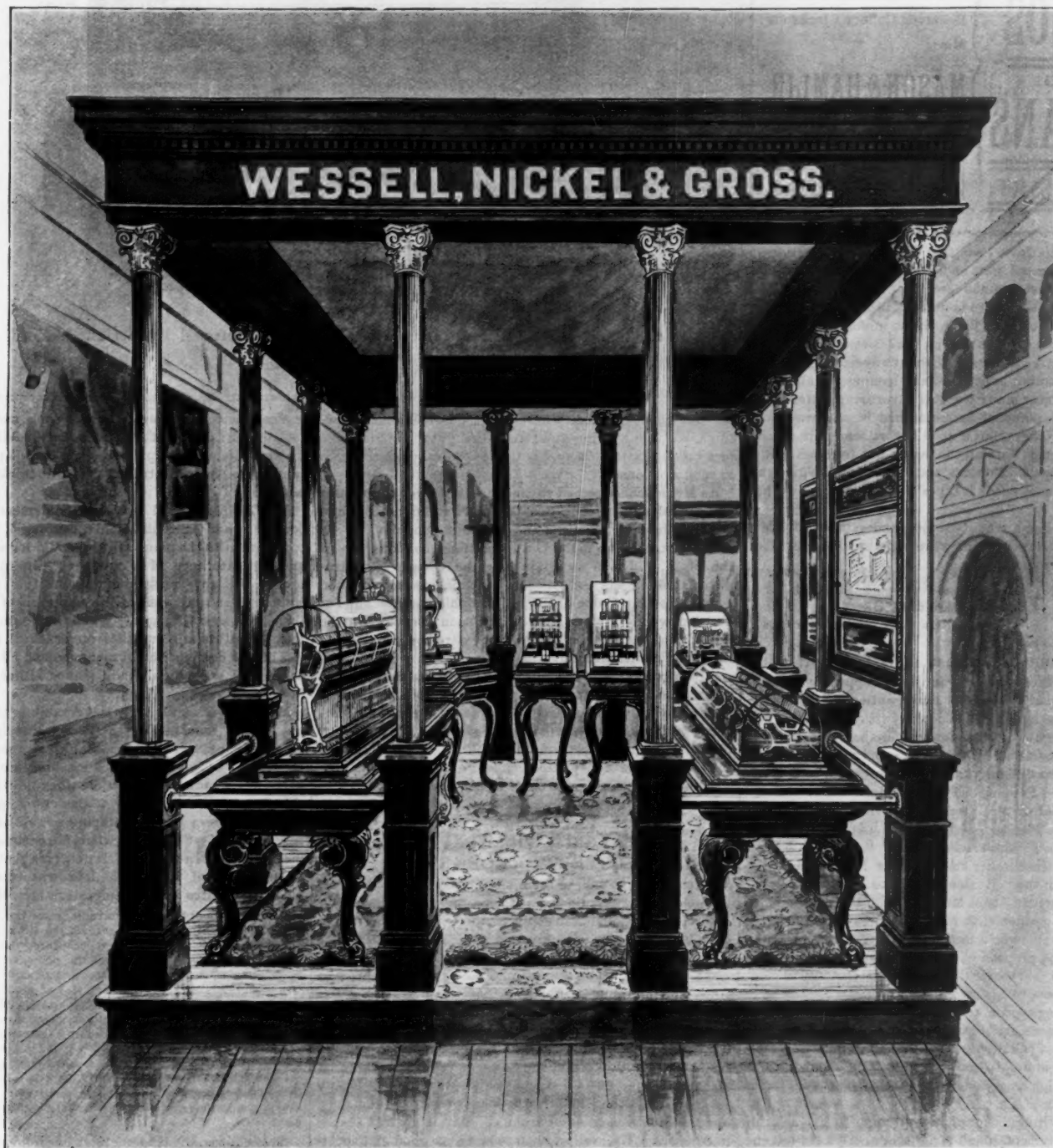
Henry Kroeger, for Twenty Years Superintendent of Factories of Messrs. Steinway & Sons.

Second Avenue and Twenty-first Street, New York.

WESSELL, NICKEL & GROSS

PIANO ACTIONS.

HIGHEST AWARD at the WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.



THE REPORT:

TO THE COMMITTEE OF JUDGES:

DEPARTMENT "I," LIBERAL ARTS, Card No. 13,201.

Exhibitor: **Wessell, Nickel & Gross, New York.**

EXHIBIT: PIANO ACTIONS.

I report that this exhibit is entitled to an Award for the perfect adjustment of its parts, for the excellence of the material used in its construction and for the skill and care expended in bringing every part to the highest point of efficiency.

This firm is deserving of the highest praise for the excellence of their product, and for the impetus they have given to the rapid advance in the perfecting of the piano in America by the production of an action that successfully meets the severest demands of the artist.

AWARD GRANTED.

K. BUENZ, President Board of Judges, Liberal Arts.
J. H. GORE, Secretary.

(Signed)

GEORGE STECK, JUDGE.

Office, 457 WEST 45th STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

ments offered. I should think that it ought to result in some sales.

It is always a mystery to me why a really good business man will contract for space in a newspaper which is going to cost him a good many dollars, and then neglect it absolutely, or at least give it attention quite insufficient to make it at all probable that he will receive adequate re-

**BEST
PIANOS
AND
ORGANS
JUNIOUS HART.**

EMERSON AND OTHERS.

Ten Emersons sold to
Belhaven College, Jackson,
Miss.

MASON & HAMLIN

AND OTHERS.

1001 1003 CANAL ST.

turns. I will venture to say that no other transaction in which he is interested gets so little attention, even though it may amount to very much less.

As a matter of fact, there is nothing in a business which amounts to so much and demands so much attention as advertising. It is the connecting link between the store and the prospective buyers. Without advertising of some kind the store cannot hope to do any business at all.

There are a great many ways of advertising a store; acquiring a large personal acquaintance is one way, and there are many others, but a good advertisement in a good newspaper is better than all the others put together. It is not only better but it costs less, and even when it is given all the attention that it needs it takes less time than any other method.

These things being true I cannot understand why Mr. Junious Hart, of New Orleans wastes his space as he does in this advertisement.

That Challenge.

NEW YORK, September 30, 1894.

Editors The Musical Courier:

IN your issue of August 15 last I noticed a challenge which appeared in J. W. Pepper's "Musical and Band Journal" in which that gentleman defies Mr. Carl Fischer, the agent in this country for the Besson (London, England) make of brass instruments and dares him to compete under certain conditions for supremacy in grading between that make of instrument he represents and those made by the said Pepper, of Philadelphia.

Having learned of Mr. Fischer's arrival from Europe I called on him on Monday, September 17, to pay my respects and to interview him in reference to the so called "challenge." Mr. Fischer smiled when I referred to the article printed in the "Musical and Band Journal."

"Why, that article," said Mr. Fischer, "has caused more hilarity than any other that Mr. Pepper has written. He has shown himself to be a humorist."

"What do you propose to do in the matter?" I asked; "he challenges you to put the Besson instruments in competition with those of his own make."

"What do I propose to do?" answered Mr. Fischer; "read Mr. Pepper's article over carefully, and you will see that the so called 'challenge' is nothing but an advertising dodge from beginning to end."

"Then it is not so serious as one would suppose," I ventured to remark.

"The whole thing is simply an attempt to get a lot of free advertising," continued Mr. Fischer; "What! put the Besson instruments in competition with instruments which musicians agree are as inferior as the Philadelphia firm turn out! The idea is absurd; as well might you put up a piece of the finest silk fabric against the most ordinary roll of calico. If Mr. Pepper desires to continue to adver-

tise my goods by these peculiar methods I have no objections, but as for giving any serious thought to his challenge or scurrilous article, why, my time is too valuable to waste in such nonsense."

As Mr. Fischer seemed so unconcerned over the matter and turned aside to look over his mail I did not ply him with any further questions and bade him good-day.

I then strolled up to the Old Homestead, headquarters of the M. M. P. U., to ascertain how the respective instruments stood in the estimation of the musicians, and when I mentioned the name of the Philadelphia maker a howl of derision went up that I shall not soon forget. On the other hand the Besson instruments were commended for their many superior qualities.

"Pepper has given the musicians two jokes thus far this year," said an enthusiastic admirer of Besson, holding up a cornet of the famous English make; "one was that circular, with the photo-cuts of those so-called artists, which caused all the members of the M. M. P. U. to laugh, and the other is this flimsy little challenge. Wonder what he will do next to cause us to smile at his weakness!"

E. STOTZ.

Three Years Old Next Month.

GILDEMEESTER & KROEGER had a rare compliment paid to their pianos last week when Mr. Leopold Godowsky, the pianist, said to a representative of THE MUSICAL COURIER in reply to the scribe's question of why he chose the Gildemeester & Kroeger piano for his last season's work:

"I have played on almost all pianos manufactured in America, but none of them so thoroughly satisfies me as does the Gildemeester & Kroeger. I ask for no better. I shall play this piano for my last season's work in America, because it is the piano that I do myself perfect justice on. An artist to be successful should be en rapport with his instrument. He knows just what he wants to do. It is only for him to find the piano that best answers all his demands, and then there need be no trouble. This is my last season in America. Naturally I wish to leave as good an impression of my work as possible. With this end in view I have carefully and painstakingly examined the pianos of America, and found in the Gildemeester & Kroeger piano just what I wanted. The instrument meets all my demands. I never touch it and feel a sense of something lacking. It

is a complete instrument. Some people would suppose me foolish did I predict that the house making these superb instruments would rapidly become one of the most important in the American trade. Yet I do think this is a future possibility."

Mr. Godowsky will play the Gildemeester & Kroeger concert grand in Philadelphia, October 5. His words of compliment to the piano are a splendid tribute to its merits, and his utterance of a prophecy regarding the future progress of this house reminds one that next month will complete the third year of the existence of the concern of Gildemeester & Kroeger. When the house was formed in 1891 THE MUSICAL COURIER wrote at length on the possibilities of this combination of men who had all their lives been associated with high grade pianos either in their manufacture or their marketing.

Mr. Kroeger as a piano maker stands to-day as high if not higher than he did then. The manipulation of Mr. Gildemeester has been successful in these three years. His policy of giving his dealers absolute protection has been firmly adhered to, while the ability to wait until things were in shape for a dealer to handle his piano properly, shows that his staying powers are great. Representation first class is what he desires for the Gildemeester & Kroeger piano. It deserves that representation. In our issue of January 25, 1892, was said the following, which illustrates Mr. Gildemeester's idea of protection.

Financial gain or temporary advantage are not considered by him in his contemplation of the future of the Gildemeester & Kroeger piano, and a principle of this kind constitutes the greatest strength and influence which the agents of the piano, selling it throughout the country, can have as a guarantee of its quality and position.

In short this is Mr. Gildemeester's idea of protection. An agent of the piano, convinced of its pre-eminence and selling it as his leader, need not fear that for some temporary advantage Mr. Gildemeester will permit the piano to be placed in a position of inferiority. It will always under his guidance retain the place it has gained by virtue of its artistic worth and its musical influence, and those dealers who know that in their territory there is still an opportunity to secure the representation of the Gildemeester & Kroeger piano should not hesitate, but make every effort to gain Mr. Gildemeester's good will.

These ideas Mr. Gildemeester has followed the last three years, and where a dealer has not co-operated with him they have parted company. It is pleasant to record that the Gildemeester & Kroeger factory ran all summer and yet they are pushed for stock. That's the result of three years' work. And the concern is only an infant in years.



THIS cut represents the new style upright manufactured by Strich & Zeidler. Factory and wareroom 511 and 513 East 137th street, New York city.

STRICH & ZEIDLER, • PIANOS. •
Factory and Warerooms, 511 & 513 E. 137th St., New York.

HAZELTON BROTHERS

THOROUGHLY FIRST-CLASS

PIANOS

IN EVERY RESPECT.

APPEAL TO THE HIGHEST MUSICAL TASTE.

Nos. 34 & 36 UNIVERSITY PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEWBY & EVANS PIANOS.

OUR MASCOT.



STYLE 13.

WE CHALLENGE COMPARISON

WITH THE

Best of the Higher Medium Grade Instruments.

NO HANDSOMER OR BETTER TONED PIANO MADE.

PROPERLY HANDLED, THERE IS

MONEY IN IT FOR THE DEALER

—AND—

Reputation for both Dealer and Manufacturer.

Responsible dealers in unoccupied territory who buy on straight business terms are respectfully invited to communicate with us.



We guarantee all possible protection and seldom change agencies, so our representatives reap the rewards of their success.

ADDRESS

NEWBY & EVANS,

East 136th Street and Southern Boulevard, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Phelps Harmony Attachment,

THE MOST VALUABLE IMPROVEMENT OF THE AGE, IS FURNISHED TO ORDER IN THE NEWBY & EVANS PIANOS.

PROSPECTS.

Opinions of Dealers in All Parts of
the Country as to What the
Fall and Winter Trade
Will Be.

A GENERALLY HOPEFUL VIEW.

THE following letters from piano dealers, both great and small, coming as they do from various sections of the country, will prove of interest to all who are basing their plans for fall business upon the general tendency of the trade toward a hopeful activity. They are here presented without comment, so that a general perusal of them will be necessary to understand their drift.

BALTIMORE, August 25, 1894.

Replying to your esteemed favor of the 24th asking us for an "exhaustive" opinion as to the prospects of the trade for the coming fall and winter, we beg to say that we can "exhaust" ourselves very quickly on this point.

We do not expect or want a boom, for we believe these "booms" generally prove to be boomerangs. We look for a decided improvement in business in the near future. Our reasons for so believing are as follows:

First, the tariff agitation will have a rest, for a while, at least.

Second, prospective purchasers have been waiting for "the clouds to roll by," and now that the sunshine of prosperity seems to be breaking through the dark clouds they will feel encouraged to buy that piano or organ they have been wanting so long.

Third, crops are good in this section, and this is always an important factor.

These are our principal reasons, although there are other collateral reasons, which are so obvious that it is not necessary to mention them.

Yours truly,

SANDERS & STAYMAN.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., August 25, 1894.

Yours of August 25 at hand asking our opinion of the prospects of fall and winter trade. We believe that business will be good in our line in this city this fall; at any rate, we expect it to be good with us. We base our opinion upon the fact that we have always had a good business, because we keep a good line of instruments and try hard to please our customers.

If industry, integrity and such instruments as the Chickering, Emerson, Mehlin and Blasius will bring and hold trade and give us the good will of the people, we expect to do more than our share of what music business is done in this vicinity.

We have the largest music store in Southern New England, and carry in stock in the neighborhood of 100 pianos, besides a full line of small musical merchandise, among which are the Martin guitar, Luscomb banjo and Ricca mandolin, all of which we are agents for, and which are the leading instruments of their kind.

As we said before, if working early, late and all the time and the strictest integrity will make any business for us this fall, we expect to have the business without regard to the tariff bill, elections or the fact that times previously have been hard. Sincerely yours,

C. M. LOOMIS' SONS.

CLEVELAND, August 29, 1894.

Your favor of August 24 received. We are pleased to say that we expect a good fall trade. Our trade has been very good of late, and seems to continue better than expected.

Yours truly,

THE B. DREHER'S SONS COMPANY.

Forty-three pianos sold by us last month.

MIDDLETOWN, Conn., August 25, 1894.

In answer to yours of the 24th inst. in regard to my opinion of the prospects for a fall trade, would say that I am looking for a gradual improvement from September 1. The last three months there has been almost no trade at all. I don't see any reason to look for a boom for a good while yet, but a gradual improvement from September 1, but not a normal condition for a year perhaps. I think in large cities the improvement will come quicker, and that the manufacturers will feel the improvement more than dealers in small cities. All dealers have been carrying low stocks, and they will probably stock up a little better in hopes of fall and Christmas trade. In this way the manufacturers will have quite a spurt of orders.

I hope for more than I can really see reason to expect. Please send me a copy of THE MUSICAL COURIER that has the views of the dealers in regard to this when you have it ready.

Yours truly, C. W. KENNISON.

NEW ORLEANS, August 27, 1894.

Replying to your favor of August 24 asking us for an answer to your question "What is your opinion on the prospects for fall and winter business," we beg to say that in our opinion the prospects for the fall trade in the musical line are excellent.

The crops in our section are very promising and our planters are in a happy frame of mind of realizing fair profits on their agricultural investments, provided, however, the cotton worm or an early frost, so detrimental to sugar crops, does not set in or does not make its appearance.

In general trade business is extremely dull, collections

are very bad, but the outlook for the fall and winter trade is very promising, and we earnestly hope that our expectations will be realized. Yours respectfully,

L. GRUNEWALD COMPANY, LIMITED.

MADISON, Wis., August 28, 1894.

Business is not good; it has not been good for sixteen months past and will be unsatisfactory, spasmodic and deceptive as to results for many a weary month. Deceptive, because numerous sales will fail to "stick" allee samee as for the dies non of the past year and a half—bad luck to it! The atmosphere has been very heavy and depressing during this time; we have been selling only to repossess the goods later on. The writer sees no signs of an immediate clarin' up.

If the strikes are over; if we have no more tariff miscegenation and under legislation (which Heaven forbid), and if the mills start, and the railway companies re-engage sympathetic strikers, yes, even then, it will take years for the dear people to get square with the world, so as to be:

1. In the mood to buy.

2. Fat enough to fry, i. e., with enough of the needful to pay \$10 per month in coin of the realm instead of promises without fruition. The French say it is the unexpected always happens, and the politicians say there is a "remote contingency," we may be most happily disappointed. (And the writer don't believe it, too).

A light crop of oats brings a little crop of notes. Oats locally speaking are a "fair crop" hereabouts.

But the word should be taken in a literal and not a Pickwickian sense, for crops are unutterably bad all through the West with isolated exceptions. The great hog and wealth producer, corn, is a minus quantity, and the tiller of the soil is unhappy, and by reflex the piano and organ seller—perhaps out of sympathy (for himself).

Is wheat the great yard stick of all values? If so, verily we are undone, for never again will this country see dollar wheat. Argentine, India, et al. have done us up.

Is it cotton? If so, the Trans-Caucasus districts and Egypt will lead to our Waterloo. No, gentlemen; we are upon an era of low prices; it naturally follows, of lower wages and lessened buying capacity. We must get accustomed to the new régime. Here's hoping you may all live to become acclimated! And that reminds me this has been a very warm and dry summer which is bad for the music business. On second thought business will be better with the advent of cooler weather—but not palpably so.

One thing, Congress has adjourned; let us gird up our loins and run through the leases to see who needs stirring up. We will have more of that than, as our insurance friends not inaptly say, writing new risks.

Respectfully,

W. W. WARNER.

CHICAGO, August 28, 1894.

Replying to your letter of the 24th asking, "What in your opinion are the prospects for fall and winter business?" would say that the tariff question now being settled, the strike ended and factories starting up (with the exception of course of a few places) leaves nothing else to be expected than a good fall trade.

We think that on the whole the least said about the affair the better. If calamity howlers would go to work, get off the corners, and the trade papers quit talking over this "chestnut" of dull business we would not worry nearly so much about it.

Business can't help but improve. In our experience business is always dull during the summer vacation time, and as the fall of each year sets in and pleasure seekers come home for work business always assumes its proper shape. There is plenty of business for anyone who goes after it, and the hustler gets it. Yours,

A. B. SAFFORD.

SENECA, Ill., August 26, 1894.

Your letter of August 24 was received and contents noted. In answer will say that the retail music business in La Salle County is picking up very satisfactorily.

I am selling some organs and pianos and to-day a party came in from the country to look at a Lehr organ. and said that he would be in after it in a few days. I make the Emerson piano and the Lehr seven octave piano style organ my leaders, and expect to sell quite as many as I did last year.

I sell the Lehr and octave organ to the trade wholesale, and just came from a four weeks' trip through the State of Indiana. I did a good business, sent in twenty-two orders in less than four weeks, with a dry season and dull times. I think it looks as though business was going to pick up, or that the Lehr organ is a seller.

Yours very truly,

F. H. PEECHIN.

BURLINGTON, Ia., August 27, 1894.

We have your favor of the 24th requesting an answer to the question, "What is your opinion on the prospects for fall and winter business?"

We beg to say Colonel Guest is in camp with his regiment this week and will be engaged all the week, consequently he will have to postpone his reply to this until later.

Yours very truly,

JAS. A. GUEST.

ATLANTA, Ga., August 27, 1894.

In response to your inquiry as to the prospects for fall and winter business, we reply that they are fairly good. The gradual decline in trade during the past eighteen months we think has reached the bottom and now the reaction will be positive though not rapid or anything like a boom.

This opinion is based on the fact that the people have bought cautiously and sparingly during the past year or two, and now the abundant crops will give them greater purchasing power, which will be felt in all branches of trade.

We have to submit to a scaling of prices corresponding to the readjustment of values under the new condition of things, and in this reduction, manufacturers ought to share.

Very truly yours

THE PHILLIPS & CREW COMPANY.

SIDNEY, Ohio, August 25, 1894.

The prospects for trade in this section never looked better. I have done more business this month than I have in any previous year. The farmers in this section have good crops, and will get big round prices for everything they have except wheat, and the yield this year per acre was

double that in former years, so they will get as much money as they would were wheat 80 cents to \$1 per bushel instead of 45 to 50 cents.

It is true that a certain per cent. of the people are in debt, and it will take some of them another year to get out, but, barring that, farmers are in better shape than they have been for some time. The stringency in money matters has had a tendency to shorten time sales and cause merchants to shut off on bad pay and lease customers, which will be one of the greatest blessings to everybody, even to the customers.

When merchants cease to sell all such customers they can afford to sell for less profit and give the benefit of the cash discount to small dealers as well as large. There has been a tendency the last two years to shove goods on to everybody, and take chances in the bulk of trade to get enough profit out of business to stand the losses sustained by selling irresponsible people. The sooner this is stopped the sooner trade will be better, and people will fix to buy instead of buying and then fixing to pay.

In conclusion, I think that the business for the close of this year (long to be remembered on account of legislation) will be more than double what it has been thus far in the year, and I am sure a great deal more satisfactory. Business in all branches here is in a great deal more flourishing condition than a month ago. The draymen are now all busy where a month ago they were on the street corners waiting for any kind of a job.

Respectfully,

P. F. SARVER.

HUNTSVILLE, Mo., August 27, 1894.

Your letter to hand, and in reply would say prospects for music business for the next twelve months are not good and will not be until another crop is harvested.

Respectfully,

JOHN J. TAYLOR.

PIQUA, Ohio, August 27, 1894.

I am not in the music business and have not been for the past eighteen months, but from observation I would consider the coming season's outlook anything but encouraging.

Very truly yours,

JOHN H. THOMAS.

PORTLAND, Me., August 27, 1894.

Replying to your inquiry of 25th, would say that indications point to good business for us during the coming season.

Respectfully,

CRESSEY, JONES & ALLEN.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., August 27, 1894.

In reply to your favor of the 25th inst., will say that our trade is improving, and we look for a fair fall and winter trade. The drought has hurt us and all other business, but nevertheless we look for improvement.

Very truly yours,

JESSE FRENCH PIANO COMPANY,
O. A. Field, Secretary.

SAGINAW, Mich., August 30, 1894.

Answering yours of the 25th, will say that since embarking in the manufacturing of banjos six months ago our business has been gradually on the increase, and already has grown far beyond what we expected to this date.

Orders are already coming in faster than we can fill them promptly, and the prospects for fall and winter business are such that it seems we shall certainly be obliged to increase our force and facilities to meet the coming demands for our line of goods.

Very truly yours,

BARROW MUSIC COMPANY,
J. F. BARROW.

GREENFIELD, Mass., August 28, 1894.

Yours received asking my opinion as to the fall and winter trade, and I would say that I think the prospects are for a very good trade and I will give my reasons. First, the tariff bill is settled, and now business of all kinds will know what they can do. Of course it does not affect the music business as directly as some others, but indirectly it does affect it. If business revives the laborer gets work and gets his pay and that puts money in circulation, and eventually the music dealer gets hold of some of it.

I would say perhaps it is not best to go too fast but to go slow and sure, and not load too heavy, and I think in the course of one or two years we shall see the best business we have ever had. Perhaps much more might be said but this will suffice for this time.

Yours truly,

J. H. LAMB.

TAUNTON, Mass., August 29, 1894.

Your letter of inquiry received and noted. In reply will say that I believe the times are a little better and that they will continue to improve, although slowly.

The facts are that the people as a whole are poorer than they were 18 months ago, so how can they buy pianos and organs now, when even at that time they dared not, many of them, purchase on the instalment plan even? Still there is quite a percentage not materially touched by the hard times, so that as the people at large feel better trade will be more free.

Trade with us is picking up considerable over what it has been, and shows signs of improving faster very soon.

Very truly,

L. SOULE & CO.,
L. Soule, Mgr.

TOLEDO, Ohio, August 28, 1894.

Replying to yours of the 24th asking our opinion as to prospects for fall and winter business, will say it can be summed up in a few words—that there will be but little good trade for months or a year to come. Persons expecting to buy in the near or remote future are cautious. Of the laboring classes many have been idle, and accept work at reduced wages. These persons, many of whom are already in debt, must first pay their debts, and in adjusting their living to the new order of things—wages being lower and cost of living about the same—there will some time elapse before prudent ones will indulge in the purchase of a piano.

Prices and terms at which all the common grades will be sold will be less favorable to the dealer, the expense of doing business will be somewhat reduced, but not in proportion to the reduction in profits.

Large concerns with abundance of capital who have the courage to increase their efforts and take greater chances may find plenty to do. The consigning branch of the business in the West, especially in Ohio, has been greatly lessened. Agents who heretofore have been able to get all the

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organs and pianos they ordered to sell on commission, find it difficult to get anything at all; in fact the readjustment of business methods and policies which have already begun, will not be in full working order for months.

The masses must first become accustomed to low wages, low prices for produce and manufactured articles before they will learn to save and economize in a sufficient degree to begin to accumulate a surplus with which to buy expensive luxuries such as pianos and organs. However, in time all will be adjusted and running on smoothly.

Business men and companies must find out what they cannot do as well as what they can do. I cannot speak for others, but as far as my company is concerned it is prepared to expand its business to almost any extent as soon as the business in our district is to be had. The dull times have enabled us to liquidate all debts and accumulate money enough to pay spot cash for all purchases. This has been accomplished by light purchases and push for collections, which have been fairly good. I have written much more than I expected on the start.

Yours, THE WHITNEY & CURRIER COMPANY,
W. H. Currier, President.

MONROEVILLE, Ohio, August 28, 1894.

In reply to your esteemed favor of the 24th requesting an opinion in regard to fall and winter business, we would say that the prospects for general business are fair, but not flattering.

The improved industrial indications are in spite of and not because of the settling for a time of the tariff and other political questions. The latent forces of the commercial interests of the country are like the forces of nature, and after having been weakened down to the lowest possible degree there is bound to be a reaction, and with it an increased stimulus to make use of the unused forces while lying dormant, and the present activity is simply the result of inaction in the past.

So far as our own individual business is concerned it is certainly far ahead of the general business of the country. We are running full force and time and have been all summer, and it is impossible for us to keep up with our orders. We attribute our own individual success to the quality of our organ and to the fact that the trade is beginning to abandon the usual cheap organ, like rats deserting a sinking ship. This, we think, together with our usual methods of dealing with our customers, accounts for it.

Yours very truly, EDNA PIANO COMPANY.

RUTLAND, Vt., August 26, 1894.

Yours of the 24th received, and will say in reply that I never sold more pianos in six months than I have in the last six.

I do not cater for the organ or small goods trade, for the reason that the parties who buy them are slow pay in this section. My motto is "Small profits and quick sales."

Whether the depression in business has given people more time for music, or my argument that the prices are in keeping with the times, or some other reason, I keep selling them and shall look for a splendid trade this fall and winter. My prospects were never better.

Yours truly, N. M. BRADLEY.

NEENAH, Wis., August 27, 1894.

Your letter of August 24 at hand, and in reply would say that there is a decided improvement in the feeling of the farmers of this section, as the crops already harvested are fully up to the usual standard as to quality, and in many cases better, with a larger yield than usual. Our manufacturing establishments are most of them running on full time, with prospects of continuing.

From the facts named above we look for an improvement in the music trade, especially of pianos and organs. The sale of small goods has been good during this year so far, but with confidence restored, tariff bill settled, crops all good but corn and potatoes—and they are not a failure, as there are a good many fields that will yield the usual crop, while others may yield not more than two-thirds.

With these facts before us, we look for a gradual improvement, at least in the general music trade.

Very respectfully, E. P. MARSH.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., August 28, 1894.

In response to your favor of the 25th inst. we wish to say that in our opinion the prospects for fall business are good, much better than last year. We have no reason to complain, and if business continues the way it is at present we are well satisfied. Yours very truly,

WM. ROHLFING & SONS.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., August 27, 1894.

In reply to yours of the 24th I would say that I think the prospects for fall and winter trade are not favorable.

The facts are, the class of people who are able to buy a piano at any time are mostly supplied, and those who intend to buy are deferring with expectations that prices will come down, and the class who are the real purchasers are the wage earners, who buy upon the instalment plan, and are not able to buy in these times. Of course there will be some trade, but I don't look for any boom this year, and only manufacturers of high grade instruments will have success.

Yours truly, C. L. HILL.

WEST SUPERIOR, Wis., August 31, 1894.

In answer to your questions in regard to the outlook for trade for the fall and winter I am glad to say I fully expect quite an improvement. Yesterday a man stepped into my store and bought an organ on easy terms; said he: "I have the cash to pay, but dare not use it, as I do not know what the winter will bring forth. If I knew that there would not be any more serious trouble I would pay the cash." I think this customer voiced the feeling of many prospective customers. If they could know that business would assume its normal conditions, the purse strings would loosen and hoarded money would come to the surface once more. I fully expect the fall elections will be so positively in favor of fostering American institutions that confidence will be fully restored.

The latter part of the year 1895 will be almost up to our old landmark during our prosperous times. Yours truly,

N. D. COON.

GREENFIELD, Mass., August 26, 1894.

Your favor of the 24th at hand, and I inclose you what my opinion is for the fall and winter trade (retail) in pianos, organs and small goods.

The fall and winter retail trade of 1894 and 1895 will be exceptionally good in all parts of the country. Of course trade will never be good with the dealer who does not advertise to a certain extent, as well as work to get the trade. Those that found business dull the past year should make it up the coming year. To command a good small goods trade one should keep his stock in good condition and have it where the people can see it. The trade for small goods is much better than it was six months ago, and I have perfect confidence in saying that the trade for 1894 and 1895 will be exceedingly good in small goods.

Yours, C. L. SCHUSTER.

BURLINGTON, Ia., August 29, 1894.

In reply to your favor of August 24 we beg to say that we quite agree with the existing theory that anything is

better than uncertainty, and now that the tariff bill has been settled and so long as people looked to that adoption as a measure of relief, be it good, bad or indifferent, we are inclined to the opinion that trade will improve, though not to the extent looked for by some enthusiasts.

The business situation would have recuperated at once had the bill passed at once; but its aggravating delay will cause quite as prolonged a time for real recuperation to ensue. The business outlook improved from the hour the tariff bill passed, and we feel now that we shall have a good fall and winter trade; at all events we have contracted for an unusual stock of pianos and organs, and they have got to be sold, and we expect to sell them, although the reported conditions in the West are not so favorable as in other sections. One thing is sure, however, you can keep your eye on Iowa and Illinois with the firm conviction that if there is any business being done in the United States these two States are going to get their share, no matter what the conditions are, as they have a peculiar way of rolling up business and political majorities every time.

As a matter of fact had the tariff bill received the same treatment and prompt attention that President Carnot's assassin did, this fall's trade in all lines would have amounted to a veritable boom; and notwithstanding a partial failure of Iowa's greatest product—corn, other conditions surrounding will offset that failure; and above all, what is needed now in this State, as well as the United States, is confidence. Just restore this to its normal condition and there will be but little cause for complaint of trade.

Yours very truly,

JOHN C. MINTON, of Lange & Minton.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., August 27, 1894.

Your favor of the 24th inst. is at hand and carefully noted. Indications here, looking at the possibilities of the retail from the standpoint of the larger present wholesale, packing and railroad industries, would seem to indicate a much better business for the fall and winter. The retail business has not come yet, but we have hopes of seeing it and are more encouraged in this direction than we have been in the last fifteen months.

Yours respectfully,
KANSAS CITY PIANO COMPANY,
C. E. Ellsbree, Manager.

OTTAWA, Ill., August 30, 1894.

Your favor at hand. In reply would say that as far as we are concerned the outlook for fall and winter trade is not encouraging. The October crop has never been so good as this year, but the continued dry weather has nearly spoiled the corn crop, also hay and potatoes. We are most dependent upon the farmers, although we have some manufacturing interests here, but as nearly all the factories have been closed for a long time we cannot expect any trade from the working class.

When every mechanic and every laboring man has work money will be spent for music and music goods, but being a luxury that people can get along without, little money can be spent in that direction. We have two piano factories here, which are turning out a few pianos, giving just labor enough to keep the wolf from the door, and these will sell goods cheap, as they are put together cheaply. We also have to compete with some Chicago factories, like W. W. Kimball, who make pianos like shoe factories make cheap shoes, which they sell on \$5 a month payments.

Some think the tariff bill had something to do with the depression of trade, but we are of the opinion that the cause is the large overproduction of goods, and the great amount of manufacturing goods on borrowed capital, which when called for caused many a factory to be closed, leav-



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ing hundreds of thousands out of work. The continued strikes are also a leading cause. A great many people will have to be fed and clothed and housed by charitable contributions, more so than last winter. We wish we could give a brighter view for the coming fall and winter, still we have carried on the music trade in this city for 30 years and speak from experience. Yours truly,
SIMON & CO.

TIFFIN, Ohio, Sept. 3, 1894.

That I have been away from home for several days and only returned last Saturday evening is my apology for not sooner replying to your letter of recent date.

As to the subject matter in question I hardly dare to venture an opinion and certainly cannot with very much confidence.

In talking with several music dealers in different parts of the country during the past week, I noticed some degree of hopefulness in a small revival of business in the near future, which I think may be correct. Indications seem to point a little that way.

Dealers appear however to be very cautious in giving their orders for the fall trade and responsible customers are equally so at this time in their home purchases; but on the whole we think there is a slight indication of a revival of business in the music trade in this part of the country, but no great boom is anticipated. However, we hope that we may be favorably disappointed.

Very truly yours, E. L. MUNDY.

NEW YORK, August 23, 1894.

Your esteemed favor of the 24th is at hand. As to the prospects for fall and winter business we can only give our impressions in brief. We look for a decided revival in trade, which, however, will be somewhat interfered with in our territory by the severe drought of this summer, which will be felt particularly in the farming sections. And as this industry is at the foundation of all material prosperity it will tend to modify the activities of business generally. Yours sincerely,
ESTLEY & SAXE.

AMERICUS, Ga., September 1, 1894.

Your favor of August 24 to hand and noted. Have been away from home or it would have been answered earlier. As to our opinion of prospects for fall and winter business for this section will say we think the outlook brighter than it was one year ago to-day for several reasons. This is an agricultural section and our farmers are not near so much in debt as they were a year ago, and having lived very economically this year they are now in want of many things, and if cotton don't get below 6 cents here we think they will have more ready money to buy with than in several years past, as there is a very large crop of both cotton and corn being made.

Last year our banks had to issue certificates to pay for cotton; this caused no little fear and unrest among our people, and very seriously affected trade. Of course, there is nothing of that kind now, the banks having plenty of money to handle the crop with. Then the tariff question is settled, for the present at least, and Congress has adjourned; and while we didn't get all we wanted in the tariff bill yet we are very well satisfied. The South has not suffered from any epidemic this year, her people are fairly

prosperous and happy, and for these and other reasons we think business in our line will be pretty good this fall and winter. Yours truly,
JAMES FRICKER & BROTHER.

DETROIT, Mich., September 1, 1894.

In reply to your favor of the 25th ult., will say that although I do not anticipate a boom, I am satisfied that we shall have an increase of trade this fall and winter. I am confident that we have seen the worst and can now expect a steady increased trade.

Yours respectfully, F. J. SCHWANKOVSKY.

DULUTH, Minn., August 27, 1894.

In answer to your request will say that we do not expect business to be very brisk this fall and winter, but look for a good year in 1895. We do not think business will be any poorer than it has been, and if anything will be much better.

Remaining yours,
PILKEY & HALL MUSIC COMPANY.

PEORIA, Ill., August 28, 1894.

If the sugar and whiskey trusts were piano customers we would be in clover, but with the seeming lack of confidence in the ability and honesty of the present Administration the prospect of our being able to pay an income tax on January 1, 1895, is very dubious.

We hope, however, to be able to stay in the business until we get the "rascals out" and secure a protective tariff as good for the Northern manufacturers and farmers as for the "Southern brother" when the piano business will roll again as "in the days gone by."

Yours respectfully,

BROWN, PAGE & HILLMAN COMPANY.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, August 31, 1894.

The condition of the piano trade in Cleveland and vicinity seems to be considerably improved over that of this time last year. The tariff question is probably settled for a period covering at least the tenure of the present Administration, and when the people become accustomed to the new way of things, business will be more active and transactions in the piano line will be on a sounder basis. Buyers have learned to be very careful in their investments and dealers have learned to be very cautious. The experience of the past will improve the piano trade in general; we look forward to a fall trade which will compare favorably with that of 1892. Respectfully,
A. D. COE.

NEW ORLEANS, La., August 30, 1894.

Replying to your inquiry of 23d inst., I have to say that in my opinion the prospects for fall and winter business in this section are good.

The maturity and marketing of the large crops of cotton, sugar and rice now in prospect, will certainly put a large amount of money in circulation, and merchants who have good things which are needed or desired by our people at reasonable prices may have a good trade by "hustling" for it.

The music trade in all its branches will have its share in the revival, but the trade in snow shoes, skates and hillside plows, and other things that people don't want, will be light.

Yours truly, PHILIP WERLEIN.

COSHOCTON, Ohio, August 31, 1894.

In answer to your question as to our opinion touching prospects for fall and winter trade, will say we do not regard the prospects favorable to a large trade in our section. There are many things that continue to make it hard to sell our goods this season, and while we expect a fair fall and winter trade, all the obstacles cannot and will not be removed.

It is very hard to get fair prices, wages ruling low and many out of employment, and money not circulating as it should to insure a good, healthy trade. Our August trade was very good. Yours truly,
J. A. COMPTON.

KEITHSBURG, Ill., August 30, 1894.

In reply to yours of the 24th inst. will say that the music trade in this section is at present flat—doing nothing, nor is there much hope for the future. I consider the outlook very slim for future prospects owing to the condition of the crops; the extreme heat and drought through July burnt the crops flat in eastern Iowa, and in this section of Illinois it has ruined many a farmer.

Stock is being sold at any price for want of food, and taking all into consideration, I cannot see much ahead for the music trade in 1895 here. Sorry, but it is only too true. Trusting I have answered all, I remain,

Yours truly, C. H. VENABLE.

ST. MARY'S, Ohio, August 28, 1894.

In reply to yours of the 24th would say that I think prospects for fall and winter trade good. "Extremes will meet," which I also expect in music trade, though the reaction may be a little slow. Respectfully,
H. HOLTKAMP.

AUGUSTA, Ga., August 27, 1894.

Your inquiry of the 24th inst. received, and in reply will say that we think the prospects are favorable for winter trade. Do not look for a steady revival of business before November or December. We remain,

Yours respectfully, THOMAS & BARTON.

CORTLAND, N. Y., August 25, 1894.

Your valued favor of 24th at hand. Cortland is quite a manufacturing town and the surrounding country is of fair average productiveness, particularly in dairy products. Our manufacturing interests have been very much depressed for many months and are without much improvement in outlook at the present time.

While crops in the main have been fair, prices have ruled low and there is anything but a hopeful feeling among farmers, though there is some advance recently in the prices of their products owing to the excessive droughts in other portions of the country.

From my point of view trade in this section will be far below the average during the coming fall and winter months. I remain,

Yours sincerely,
ALEX. MAHAN.

SALEM, Ill., September 1, 1894.

Yours of the 24th inst. is now on my desk, and I feel like saying in answer—"Ask me something easy." 'Tis said "Tis a long lane that has no turning," and undoubtedly we have been on a very quiet "boulevard" for a long time.



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Of course I can say nothing in regard to other countries, but as for "Marion" I can see nothing in the way of at least a decided change for the better. Crops are reasonably good; laborers are returning to their work; banks full of money; strikes a thing of the past; Congress adjourned; dealers willing to sell, customers anxious to buy; instruments cheap, and I think I am ready to say the prospects are good for fall and winter trade.

Very respectfully,

H. T. PACE.

ATHENS, Ga., August 30, 1894.

Replying to yours of the 24th inst. in reference to prospects for fall and winter trade, will say that we are not looking for any boom, but think, however, that if the crops turn out as well as the prospects now indicate, trade will be fairly good.

Yours truly,

HASELTON & DOZIER.

MCGREGOR, Ia., August 28, 1894.

In answer to your favor of the 24th, will say prospects for fall are brightening. The reason, crops are promising better than earlier in the season, and are generally good in our vicinity.

Dealers may be so anxious to sell as to cut so low that the margin will not warrant the effort necessary to make sales.

Respectfully yours,

O. C. BUCK.

SALINA, Kan., August 29, 1894.

In reply to your favor of the 24th will say that as far as the prospects for fall and winter trade are concerned in Central and Western Kansas, there will be comparatively none. Crops are a failure, and we will have far closer times here this year than last.

Very respectfully,

J. E. VERNON'S SONS.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, September 1, 1894.

We have every reason to believe that there will be an improvement in trade this fall. The week ending to-day has been a very satisfactory one to us.

Yours truly,

HOCKETT BROTHERS & PUNTENNEY COMPANY.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., September 3, 1894.

Trade has been quiet here during the summer, but we believe that a nice business will be done by all of the dealers throughout this section during the fall and winter.

Prospects now, since the new tariff bill has become a law, are much brighter, and all of the merchants in all the trades are preparing for a big fall business throughout the South. With kindest regards, we remain,

Yours respectfully,

J. P. SIMMONS & Co.

Cambridge, Ohio, September 1, 1894.

In reply to your interrogation "What is the prospect for fall and winter business?" will say that trade is getting no better, even since the passage of the so-called Wilson bill.

The farmers have been fleeced for the benefit of the sugar trust. Our mining industries are paralyzed; nothing can be sold to miners, and they cannot pay for what they have purchased. Weather has been dry and smoky recently, but it is not the smoke of resuming factories, but of forest fires. The next thing to come is the reduction of

wages; and organs, being the "poor people's instrument," cannot be readily sold under that state of affairs; and as to pianos, they are silently waiting for the good times promised.

I have been in the music business since the war, and the past season has been my worst year. How long these times are to continue depends upon the intelligence of the American voter. Yours truly,

JOHN H. SARCHET.

OAKLAND, Cal., September 4, 1894.

The prospects in my opinion for fall and winter business are not encouraging—at least as far as California is concerned.

The reason: Wheat, our staple export, never has been so low, and farmers do not meet expenses. Grapes bring only about \$5 per ton, which hardly pays to pick them. Wine is sold as low as 10 cents a gallon. All kinds of green fruit, toll and tributary to the railroad monopoly, are so high that they leave the producer no profit.

In my opinion California will have a very hard winter; the only part which seems to have some life are the gold mining towns.

If California had a competing overland railroad then times would get better; now we are all owned by the cursed Southern T. R. R., President Huntington.

Very truly,

F. R. GIRARD.

JACKSON, Mich., September 3, 1894.

Replying to yours, will say we are not anticipating any great revival in business this fall and winter, sufficient to make us think of "the good old days," yet prospects are better than they have been for the past twelve months, and from reports of our agents throughout the State we are led to believe that our trade will be fairly good. Fine goods are selling much better than medium or low priced goods, the monthly payment trade having fallen off materially. July trade was fair, better than one year ago, and August business fully double the August of '93; but then we have the goods that sell.

Michigan is suffering from fires and drought, and trade in certain sections will be visibly affected.

Yours truly,

S. B. SMITH & Co.

SAN JOSÉ, Cal., September 10, 1894.

In answer to your question what in my opinion are the prospects for fall and winter business, will say we look for a slight improvement. The causes are largely local, however, and depend upon our fruit crops, which will be a fair average. There will be larger quantities shipped East and several shipments to London from here, but it is doubtful if our beet sugar refineries can be run to advantage under the present tariff, which would lessen our purchasing power in the East in those sections so affected.

We think the uncertainty regarding the tariff having ended will restore confidence in many lines and cause a revival in the manufacture of some lines of goods, but I do not look for any permanent improvement in trade until the laboring men and mechanics of the country are employed and the factories of the whole country, that have

been paralyzed for the last 18 months, start their wheels moving and begin manufacturing in all lines, which I do not look for under the present Administration.

I am not a strong partisan, but have studied this tariff question for a lifetime, and think that for our country free and unrestricted trade between the States, but protection against outside countries, is the best for our prosperity.

Respectfully yours,

G. R. BENT.

FRANKLIN, Pa., September 8, 1894.

In reply to your question as to our opinion as to the prospects for fall and winter trade, we think trade will be dull, quite dull, as there seems to be no work for the majority of laboring men. Money is scarce. The farmers' products, horses, cattle and sheep, are all 'way down in price, especially horses and sheep; simply no market at all for either. Crops all below the average, corn especially not more than half a crop.

We cannot see any cause for activity this coming twelvemonth. We must get along as well as we can until the farmers realize from another year's crop.

Yours truly,

E. A. WILSON & Co.

BURLINGTON, Ia., September 5, 1894.

Regarding the prospects for business during the coming fall and winter I have to say respectfully that in my opinion no one can foretell. We can only judge the future by the past.

Owing to the drought throughout Iowa and Nebraska the piano and organ trade in these States will be very moderate. The Democratic party having demonstrated their inability to run this Government, the election of a Republican Congress this fall would doubtless restore confidence and business prosperity.

Very truly,

JAMES A. GUEST.

HILLSBORO, Tex., September 10, 1894.

Replying to your favor of the 24th of August, would say that the prospects for business in my line are not so encouraging as they were three weeks ago. As this section is in the cotton belt region, and our principal source of income is from cotton, the bollworm has done considerable damage to cotton, and the price is so very low I fear it will work a hardship on our entire community.

Trade has been very dull this summer on account of the financial depression which has been felt more or less all over the country. The prospects were very promising for an abundant yield of cotton until the worms struck it, and just at this time it is uncertain as to what extent they will damage the growing crop. But our trade will be good if they do not damage the crop too much.

Our farmers have used a considerable degree of good judgment by not involving themselves too much in debt. They were afraid to risk much owing to the low price of cotton last fall, and they acted wise in so doing.

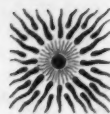
So, generally speaking, our country is in as good a condition financially as it has been for some time, and while money is very scarce they do not owe as much as usual.

With best wishes to THE MUSICAL COURIER, I am most respectfully,


Yours, W. W. PHILLIPS.

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Lightning Strikes a Piano.

CHARLES HEWITT and his family, who live at 10 Second place, Brooklyn, will long remember the thunderstorm which passed over this neighborhood on Sunday evening.

The family were gathered in the parlor after dinner. Mamie, the twelve-year-old daughter, was playing on the piano. Suddenly there came an outbreak of lightning more brilliant than all that had preceded it, while the thunder, that appeared to accompany rather than follow it, seemed to lift the roof off. The lightning did not go away—it was made up of a series of vivid flashes, which seemed to play about the house like flames around a burning building.

"This is terrible!" exclaimed Mrs. Hewitt. "Harold, close that window behind your sister."

It was a window at the rear end of the room. Appalled by the intensity of the lightning little Mamie had ceased playing, and her hands dropped to her sides.

Harold had been seated by the window in the front of the room. When his mother asked him to close the rear window the lad started to walk rapidly to the other end of the room. His elder brother sat near the piano at which their sister was.

As Harold reached the middle of the room a shaft of flame seemed to dart through the open window. Harold stood transfixed. The others felt the shock, too, and none of them could move; their muscles seemed rigid.

The shaft of fire appeared to leap in among the wire strings of the piano. It seemed as if the lightning broke up into several balls of weird, bluish fluid about 10 inches in diameter, and as if these balls were rattling inside the piano and above it, stirring the strings into rapid vibration. Then the vivid fire balls, emitting electric sparks with a loud, snapping noise, appeared to leap from the instrument toward the ceiling, and, after circling around the centre of the room, to roll together and flatten to a long tongue of flame and dart into the hallway.

The front door was closed, but the force of the fire balls against it, so members of the family say, forced it open, and the bolt tore off the 0 of the figure 10 fastened in the glass of the door as neatly as a knife could have done it, but didn't even crack the glass.

None of the family was dangerously hurt, although all were shocked severely, and it was several hours before they recovered.—"Recorder."

—Mr. J. W. Follett, manager of the New York retail business of the Mason & Risch Vocalion Company, who was in Boston the latter part of last week, has returned to New York.

EXPERIENCE NO. XVII.

DID I ever tell you what happened to editor Monk, of the Chicago "Slowgo," at the Antwerp Exposition, where he spent considerable time and no money, and where his friends spent considerable money on him and no time? Of course, if I have told you there is no use in repeating it, but if I did not I might as well tell you now.

Monk, as you and others always know, is one of the brightest men in the office of the "Slowgo," and what he doesn't know is worth knowing; but he is not supposed to know that. When Monk got to Antwerp he found himself in his very element, and that was music. If there is anything in this wide or wider world more than anything else that Monk finds congenial to himself it is music. I remember one night during the Chicago Exposition, when Monk could not get a pass to go in, and he had to loiter around the gates waiting for one of the guards who knew him to come on duty and pass him for a chew of tobacco. I remember on one of these nights when I happened to be with Monk, he said to me: "Pocet, do you know how music affects me when I am in a smoking car going to Oregon, Ill., to visit a piano factory?" Of course I didn't know how to answer that question, so I replied that as I had never gone to Oregon, Ill., in a smoking car to visit a piano factory I could not possibly tell how music affected anyone else engaged on such a mission.

"Well," said Monk, "you know, if you know anything, how a Bush & Gerts' piano sounds when it's out of tune?" As I never have heard one in tune yet I answered in the affirmative. "Well," said Monk, "that's the way music affects me on most occasions."

From this you can readily understand the deep appreciation Monk has for music and how it affects him and his nerve—particularly his nerve. Prepared therefore by nature he went to the Antwerp Exposition to revel in new harmonic mysteries, and there was nothing that interested him more than music, except, I may possibly add, musical instruments, of which he is a great judge. I saw Monk once in a Jew's harp factory; it was on Labor Day when no one was at work, and he had a chance at examining the various styles of Jewish harps. There was an old specimen made in the days of David I. by a celebrated harp manufacturer of Jerusalem, and Monk fell in love with it because it cost nothing. It was without strings and pedals and pins and it sounded very curiously to deaf people who always watched your face while you played on it. Monk fell dead in love with that specimen and took it home, and

he nearly dropped dead when he found 146 of the same kind in the Antwerp Exposition.

The day after he made up his mind to learn the cause of this rapid increase of Jewish harps and he found it was due to the regularity of their domestic habits and the care with which they are raised from early youth.

Well, Monk soon found out, as I said before, that he was in his element and also in Belgium when he was at the Antwerp Exposition; at least so he told me. At the meeting of the judges on musical instruments a motion was brought in by the judge from Morocco, from which country the latter comes used in accordions and accordingly a judge on musical instruments was appointed from that country. At the meeting of these judges, a motion was brought in by that judge of Morocco that editors of music papers should be asked to offer new suggestions on the progress of musical instrument construction and Monk brought his in.

Monk had various suggestions to make. For instance, he said he believed the days for octave pianos of all kinds were over. Why divide them in octaves anyhow? It was a mere arbitrary proceeding. Young people could not stretch them any how. A person had to study a great deal before he could stretch an octave, and besides that ladies could not play with their gloves on, which was a nuisance to lots of his friends. Octaves should not be stretched anyhow. Another thing he suggested was a new system of awards at expositions which would enable those manufacturers who received the highest award to decline it provide they found that other manufacturers would not do the same.

Monk grew very eloquent on this point. "Do you know gentlemen," he said, "there are many piano manufacturers who would never accept the highest award if they knew before hand that they could not refuse it."

But Monk's greatest discovery was a new palate articulator for vocal students who have not had their voices spoiled by more than four methods and six teachers. It was made by one of the Chiefs of the Congo Village, intended for the Musical Conservatory at Montenegro. A musical student of voice-culture must first have all his upper teeth extracted. He then fastens this attachment to the inside of the jaws. It consists of 12 false teeth, each one loose in a joint or hinge. Each false tooth has the name of a note, and if that note is produced properly and is sung in tune (435 A.) the tooth, vibrating sympathetically, will swing inwardly and outwardly until the singing ceases. Monk told me that he purchased all patent rights for Illinois, and that a dentist is going into partnership to run the scheme. On the same afternoon Monk was invited by the porter of the hotel to take a ride on the river if he

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Boston,

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would pay for it, which Monk very sensibly declined, because he knew he would be invited by friends next day, and then it would cost him nothing.

A few days after this Monk was seated in his chair at his hotel, the Hotel of the Royal Red Nose, when two gentlemen called upon him and asked him to show his pass as he was suspected of being an Anarchist on account of his collar and hat. Monk took out his pass which was in good shape, but the two minions of the law, regardless of the fact that he was writing a strong editorial for the "Slowgo," took him to the Mayor's office where an examination of his handkerchief helped to increase the suspicion. Monk, however, shrewd as usual, pulled out a copy of the "Slowgo" and the officers on reading it were at once convinced that there was nothing in it and he was permitted to leave after paying a fee of a half cent to each of the unbribable officers.

But this was nothing to Monk's visit to the Congo village at the Exposition. From all I can learn, the Congo village is a very interesting spot for those who like it. It refers to the inhabitants of the Congo basin in Africa, and many dark or ebonyed gentlemen are in this secluded village, where everything is arranged in the primitive fashion as it existed thousands of years ago, and as the Antwerp Exposition is endeavoring to convince people it exists to-day. Monk went through the outskirts of the female part of the village when he heard a scream. It convinced him at once that some human beings were somewhere near where this scream was. He was all alone and there was but one thing to do, and that was to wait patiently for the scream to be repeated in order to ascertain in which direction he was to go and whether he was to go slowly or rapidly, which he could tell from the nature and quality of the scream.

As he was in the pose of uncertainty, so becoming to him at all times, a dark man, looking some like a liberated slave, came up to him in a semi-ferocious attitude and asked him no questions. Monk did not understand what it all meant, but he was too much absorbed and perspiring to act on the moment. However, he had a copy of the last number of his "Slowgo" in his pocket; his native valor came to his rescue; he showed the black man the paper, and no sooner had he looked at it two minutes when he dropped dead, and Monk make his miraculous escape.

The cause of the black man's death was attributed to Paresis Africana, and he was buried with the usual honors and all his clothes on; but Monk refused to attend the funeral, but will publish his picture on the front page of one of his coming papers, charging, as usual, nothing for it.

All this excitement was of curious benefit to Monk, for despite himself it made him, it compelled him to think. You know that effect thinking has upon a man like Monk. When he writes he never thinks, as you no doubt have observed for years in his paper, and naturally, when he happens to think, he never writes, as you may also have observed from his editorials in the "Slowgo." But at Antwerp, he tells me, he had to think, and it was awful.

He was not personally acquainted with any physician in the town, and he could not dare to put himself in the hands of an unknown doctor. It was a terrible dilemma for a man to be in, and Monk suffered intensely, and from his description of the peculiar pains he had I could not help but sympathize with him. Why, when Monk described the terrible agony he was suffering from it actually made me nervous, and I never wish to go through such an ordeal again as his explanation of the effect which thinking has upon him.

What he thanks the Lord for every day is that it so seldom happens to him, for he says if it were a regular thing it would kill him in six months and less than a week, and I believe he is right.

Monk tells me that when this attack of thinking first shows itself, his mind gets into a kind of dense, dark blank, a kind of curious nothingness as empty as a hollow tank. Then an effort seizes him, a kind of desire to remember nothing and escape from it and in this struggle, while he can very well remember his name and the place he lives in, he positively forgets the next place he proposes to go to or what he is expected to do when he returns. After a while he manages to get a certain control over his ideas, but before he can get a proper view he is overcome with a feeling of dizziness which permits him to recall certain past events although with indistinct outlines while everything relating to the present is involved in a mysterious doubt as to its existence and he can only gradually reach certain definite conclusions regarding the time of day or the quality of the meal he ate before the attack, the sums of 15 cents and 20 cents for a table d'hôte hardly distinguishing themselves. He can only ascertain the difference by counting the money in his pocket.

The attacks last a short time only, and I believe that Monk is perfectly right when he says that if they were frequently repeated the thing would kill him. I think there must be some way to cure this strange mortification. Some men are not made ill by thinking, but others really cannot stand it.

Take my friend Terrier, for instance. I have seen Terrier under one of these thinking attacks when his face got perfectly blue, and a red tint became distinctly visible on the tip of his nose. When Terrier thinks real hard you

will also observe a swelling of the veins on his temples, and his lips will move just as they do when he reads one of the articles in his paper written by his editor. He must read them aloud to himself to convey what they are supposed by the editor to signify to his own mind. This is, I admit, rather difficult for the ordinary man, much less for one constituted like Terrier, who only thinks when by force of circumstances he is obliged to do so, although it always does violence to his feelings. To these men it is a difficult matter to resist consultation with a physician every time they think, for it is a sensation that comes near overwhelming them. But there is this difference. Monk never gets an attack of thinking of his own accord; the pressure must come from the outside. Terrier always gets the pressure from outside, and never thinks from his own volition.

Great heavens! What would happen if both of them were to think together at the same time on the same subject! The very idea makes me shudder. But that reminds me of something. Have you ever seen our old and esteemed friend of the "Music Tired," the venerable compound editor of innumerable trade sheets, think? Have you ever observed that peculiar hang-puppy or hang-dog look that creeps over his editorial mug when he is engaged in deliberating on the fate of nations or (what is equivalent to the same thing with him) where to borrow a fiver?

Well, that is really a most interesting study for anyone who has lots of time to lose and who believes in cultivating the old theories of Lavater and Boss McKane. The first thing that will strike you with the old editor of the "Music Tired" is the petrified hardness of his cheek, and then you may observe that he has a Grecian nose—inside.

When "Music Tired" gets to thinking, which usually happens in the morning, as the mail is always expected to bring something big which never comes, his hard and impervious cheek will bend inward and a hollow cast of countenance will make his face look like a dried dish rag. As soon as he gets back from striking a sucker his cheeks will assume their hardness, supplemented by a tinge of mellow pink, usually superinduced by a little rooster tail he takes on his way back to his office, for a borrowed five dollar bill is a give-away, while \$4.85, which is the amount less the cocktail, looks more like real business. Old "Music Tired" has been acting on that principle all his lifetime; that is, discounting futures which he never could realize on, because from the very nature of events he was not entitled to them; and depending upon the casualties and chances of life to bring him what he never could or would or should get.

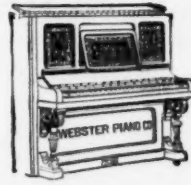
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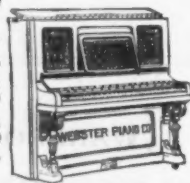
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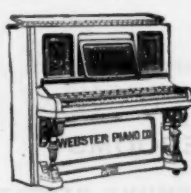
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put it to twenty years of disappointment, failure, greed, lust and stupidity combined, and you will never expect to mistake it for an Apollo face, although old "Music Tired" expects you to all the same. But I will credit him with one thing; he thinks. It is of course what we used to call in school lopsided thinking, the habit of looking at things cockeyed and the peculiarity of imagining that your thinking is of consequence to others, when it really amounts to nothing, even to yourself, as is his case; yet he thinks, In this respect he is far ahead of both Monk and Terrier, neither of whom has a thinking apparatus.

I remember distinctly that when old "Music Tired" got that last money from me, he was thinking very hard, in a kind of dim distant fashion. At one time it seemed to me as if he was thinking just how to spend it on himself, and I have never yet seen his face assume the appearance that comes over one when he is thinking of paying his debts.

The last time I did meet old "Music Tired" was during one of those hot days in July when his rent was due, and of all terrors I ever came across his face was the worst. He said (it was near Union Square), "Pocet, if I had a chance to make a change; if I could find some smart man to buy my present paper and pay me in advance I would go into Wall street. Look at stocks! You know a smart man will always buy stocks when they are low and sell them when they are high; that's my theory. I can see a pile of money in Wall street." "In a bank," I quickly responded. "No," he replied, "in stocks." You see he was considerably befuddled; he could not see my point at all, although I was afraid he would pick me up.

"Say, Pocret, don't you want to buy my paper," he suddenly burst forth, "it is really a wonderful institution. I cannot get deeply into debt since I have this one." "Not strange after all these years," thought I, "what do you want for it?" I asked him, just to see what he would say. "Well if you had the cash, the cash to-day, right now, I would make it a bargain, a real bargain." I told him I should have to think about it as the weather was too hot to talk quick business, and as he saw I was going he asked me for a short loan of five dollars. "If it weren't so hot, Pocret, I should make it ten, but five will do in this temperature." I told him that if he would pay me what he owed me I would make it ten and ask no more questions, whereupon he looked at me like a stabbed calf. You know he looks that way frequently, particularly when he is disappointed in asking for a loan.

I said to him as he stood there: "My friend, you make a great mistake right along because you believe people really believe you and think all you say in your paper about your prosperity is true. Don't you know, old man,

that's been your game all the time and everyone is on to it? Everyone of your busted sheets has the same old, old gag of how the trade is backing you up and how it is taking its ads. out of all the other papers and putting them into yours and that yours is a great independent paper and all such rubbish, and during all that time you are always around borrowing money, just as you are trying to do with me, and everybody is laughing at the old stale joke and knows that you are in it again to bust when the time comes. Say, my old and distinguished trade editorial friend, give it up. Try a different line of argument; it will amount to the same thing in the end, but the change will be a little refreshing in the meantime." And with that I walked away.

I had promised my wife long ago that the first chance I had I would give a piece of my mind to the old fraud, and now that I had really gone and done it I felt first rate and cool as a cucumber, although the weather was melting hot. The last I saw of him was in the shape of a heavy, soggy walk going toward Fifth avenue, and when I told my wife about it she said he was probably going to some half witted chump, who has a little piano shop on the avenue, to get a \$5 bill just for a few hours, as it was too hot to go all the way around to the office to get it.

M. T. POCRET.

The Drum.

THE drum is the musical instrument par excellence among the negroes. At the Congo there is no assembly, no ceremony, no function whatever which is not accompanied with the drum. It is this instrument which plays the most important part in war and peace, in birth and death, in rejoicing or mourning, in dance or burial. When it is played in a certain way it serves as a means of telegraphic communication, and renders it possible in difficult times to transmit messages for a long distance.

This instrument is to be found in the most diverse forms. There are some which are quite small; others which exceed a man's height. The frame is made of pieces of wood fastened together, or of the hollowed trunk of a tree. The skin of a wild animal or cow, or thin board, does duty as a resonant surface. Some drums are fashioned into shapes which are really artistic. That which is in use in the basin of the Kassai has the form of an enormous bottle, and the skin is fixed by means of thin strips of leather, or a trunk which has been hollowed by fire.

The drum often possesses an astounding sonority. M. Woerner in 1886 heard the sound of the military drums of the Aruwimi at a distance of more than 2 miles. "Day

and night," he writes, "the sound of drums is heard, which showed that the tribe was at war."

When the traveler in Africa hears drums during the night he can always tell whether he may expect war on the next day. When the instrument is struck in a plaintive manner and with floriture there is nothing to fear; the natives are only having a dance. But if the sound of the drum is slow, sonorous, and the accent well marked, it is a sign that preparations are being made for war on the morrow.

When Stanley went down the Congo for the first time he was often annoyed by the horrible drum, the sound of which accompanied him for whole weeks as the Lady Alice descended the river. The war drum of the tribes of the Stanley Falls and the Aruwimi is put down near the chief's hut, and is only beaten at his command. It is also used as a means of communication. It is beaten in different places, according to the nature of the news or the signal which it is desired to give, "and thus," says the celebrated traveler, "the drum speaks to the initiated a language as intelligible as the human voice." In this manner all the islands learn, hour by hour, what is going on elsewhere.

The use of the drum is also one of the most usual ways by which sorcerers impose on their credulous spectators. One day at Bangala Coquilhat was attracted by a sudden tumult. He ran up to the hut of a young man who was dying and whom they were trying to save by singing dance tunes and by a deafening beating of the drums.

In Belgium they put down straw to deaden the sound; in Africa they do just the contrary. * * * The funniest thing about it was that the young man got better!

The drum is also employed in exorcisms, and it plays an important part in obtaining from the spirits success in war.

On evenings when the moon shines brightly or when it is fine the native youths organize dances. The instrumental music consists of the beating of drums with a well-marked accent, sometimes slowly, at others quickly; now slackening only to start off again with a sudden outburst. The dancers accompany with songs. One side of the drum is beaten with a little stick, the other they tap with the palm of the hand. At the exciting portions of the dances the drums are struck in a frenzied manner, with jerks increasing in rapidity, and at the final galop there reigns a fearful ill-sounding noise of voices, little bells, gongs and howls, while the drums always provide the accompaniment.—"Musical Notes."

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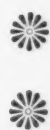


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Wm. Steinway on the Situation.

WILLIAM STEINWAY, the distinguished Democrat, citizen and business man, was interviewed yesterday by a reporter for the New York "Times" on the political situation in the city and State and the necessity for Democratic harmony.

Mr. Steinway spoke from the broad stand-point of a man who has none of the interest of the politician in the question. He spoke as a citizen and taxpayer who believes in the Democratic Party and who has all his life ranked as an "independent," having never been allied with any of the factions.

"It is time," said Mr. Steinway, earnestly, "that some sort of a halt should be called in this wild movement, which threatens Democratic control in this city and in the State without bring about any betterment of conditions."

"The 'reform' movement, so-called, is in the main composed of men who are high-toned citizens and who have no selfish ends to serve. A great many of them are my warm personal friends, and I esteem them highly and appreciate their good motives. But there is also in this 'reform' movement a big element of bankrupt politicians and political soreheads."

"It is from this source that the Democracy is menaced, and it is from these men that the extravagant talk emanates in the first place by which the others are blinded and misled. Thanks to the counsel of these men the 'reformers' are in danger of overshooting the mark so far that they won't be able to find a trace of their bullet when the contest is over. They promise, if some of the fulminations I have heard count for anything, to make both themselves and their movement ridiculous."

"Let us look the situation squarely in the face. I am not a member of Tammany Hall. I have never been in Tammany Hall in my life, and the only connection I ever had with the organization was to fight it tooth and nail as a member of the Committee of Seventy in 1870 and 1871."

"I can therefore talk as an outsider, and as such an outsider, as an independent Democrat and a plain citizen who has no special political equipment except an average degree of common sense. I say that much of the recent talk of the 'reformers' is childish, and unworthy of serious attention at the hands of intelligent men."

"They say that they will not support any man who is endorsed by Tammany Hall. Could there be anything more silly than this? Don't these men know that no Democrat can be elected in this city unless he is supported by Tammany Hall? That is a condition for which there is no escape, and the sooner the reformers realize it the better."

"Nothing more pertinent and to the point than the recent utterances of Mr. Ottendorfer in the 'Staats-Zeitung' could be desired on this phase of the situation. Those were very wise and sensible words which the 'Staats-Zeitung' printed and the reformers should take them to heart."

"If they persevere in their course what will be the result? Just what it was in 1890. The movement will run out in the sand, and when the returns are in the reformers will see that they have made no better record than they made with Francis M. Scott in 1890. Surely the humiliation of that campaign ought not to be so lightly forgotten."

"Neither the average Democrat nor the average Republican is going to throw away his vote. If these people insist on putting an independent candidate in the field, and carry their absurd ideas so far as to refuse a Tammany Hall endorsement, they simply will make no showing at all. They may throw the city and the State into Republican hands, they may muster up strength enough for that, but they cannot possibly hope to achieve anything else. And if they do that it will be all up with 'reform' for a good many years to come."

"I think we have had quite enough of 'hayseed' rule to satisfy us. The German-Americans of this city are keenly alive to the fact that, thanks to the wise up-country men at Albany, the liberties of the citizens of New York city have been curtailed to the point where we are a laughing stock in the eyes of the people outside of our own State. I doubt if we want to aggravate the conditions by putting away all chance of home rule."

Mr. Steinway, who has recovered all his old-time energy, so much impaired by the long siege of illness which confined him to his house during last winter and spring, paused for some moments at this point. Resuming, he said:

"If these people will only exercise discretion and common sense, if they are not carried beyond bound by their exaggerated ideas, they can make themselves an immense power for good. They can earn the lasting esteem and gratitude of the people. They can compel the nomination and secure the election of a perfect man for Mayor. There are lots of such men—men whom any honest citizen would be delighted to see in the Mayor's chair, men who would give us an ideal administration in every respect. Let the reformers do that and they will be a factor."

"What should be the qualifications of such a candidate as you propose?"

"He should be an independent business man, allied with no faction of the local Democracy as matters now stand. He should have a record of 35 or 40 years before the people, not in a political position but as a citizen and a

business man. There are scores of such men who would be willing to serve, and Democrats of every shade, 'reformers' as well as others, should unite on such a nomination."

"One such man whose name occurs to me at this moment is Samuel D. Babcock, the banker, a splendid type of the independent Democrat."

"You yourself have been spoken of, Mr. Steinway, as the man of all others who could unite the Democratic factions in this city and secure the support of the reformers if you would run for Mayor."

Mr. Steinway, by way of answer, reached over for a copy of the current number of THE MUSICAL COURIER, and pointing to an article in the paper, he said:

"That expresses my position about as tersely as anything could."

The article in question was an interview in which Mr. Steinway said:

"It seems to me that the time has come when those unsought honors should not be thrust upon me. I have on many occasions specifically and explicitly refused to stand as a candidate or to serve in any capacity of a political nature. My name has come up ever since 1888 in connection with the Mayoralty, and I have taken occasion to decline nominations from that time to this."

"You may say again, as authorized by me, for the benefit of your readers, that under no circumstances will I accept any political position. The burden of my private business affairs, as well as the conduct of the piano business of Steinway & Sons, occupies my entire time, and I have not a moment to spare to devote to outside affairs, however much I may feel complimented by the presentation of the opportunities."

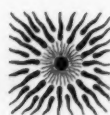
"There is little to add to that," Mr. Steinway said. "I appreciate the high honor that would be paid me by a tender of the nomination for Mayor of this great city. But I have never held political office, unless my position in the Rapid Transit Commission might be so counted, and I never shall. I haven't the time left. I never felt better or stronger in my life, but my private interests have grown to such proportions—I have business to look after here and in England and in Germany—that it would be utterly impossible for me to think of running for Mayor, even if the opportunity was offered to me."

"The conditions in 1888 were something as they are at present, and the leaders of both factions, the County Democrats and Tammany Hall, came to me with the suggestion that I run, in which event I was to have no opposition. Mr. Hewitt wrote me a letter saying that he would be more than willing to step back, and Mr. Grant, I was assured, would do the same. But I could not accept then

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what was equivalent to an election for the same reasons that would prohibit my acceptance to-day.

"However," concluded Mr. Steinway, "there are, as I said, dozens of Democrats who can accept and who would save the city. Let us have such a nomination, and then elect our man by harmonious action. If we don't, we jeopardize Democratic success in the State as well as in the city."—New York "Times."

Piano Tone Production.

By "CENTREBIT."

THERE is, I presume, nothing in the manufacture of a piano more worthy of attention than the production of its tone. It is a subject of the greatest importance alike to the maker, the dealer and the ultimate purchaser. Moreover, the sum of 16 shillings will amply cover the additional cost incurred in purchasing first class instead of third class material for those parts of the instrument connected with the tone. Of course it must not be imagined for one moment that the sum just mentioned is the total requisite in stepping from the 15 guinea cottage to the 200 guinea grand; the above assertion is only meant to apply to the average cottage piano supplied to the trade by firms of small but (in all kindness, it must be added) growing reputation.

If I were consulted as to the expenditure of the said 16 shillings, I should recommend its division into four equal parts. The first part I would devote to the iron frame, the second I would spend on the hammers, the third on the bass or covered strings and the fourth on the sound-board; which last will be found to represent the difference between a board of spruce deal and one of Swiss pine of first quality. But it may be remarked, What has the iron frame to do with the tone of the instrument? To all such questions I should reply that it has much to do with tone production; for if a good toned piano be desired a long scale must be used, and its just proportions preserved as far toward the bass as the height of the instrument will allow. Moreover, as most readers are aware, the lengthened scale means an enormous increase in the strain on the piano, and consequently a heavy iron frame becomes a necessity.

The length of scale is invariably determined by the pitch C. For instance if it has been decided to set out a scale with a pitch C 14 inches in length between the bridges the

C above it will be 7 inches, and the one above that $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length. The C below pitch C will be 28 inches long. It will be readily understood that this system of doubling the length of string at every octave is no longer practicable when the last two and one-half octaves in the bass of an instrument has been reached; hence we have the necessity of covered strings forced upon us, thus obtaining by weight what we lose in the length.

The weight of the iron frame necessary to endure the strain of a scale like that to which I have referred would be about 90 pounds, and at that weight would have to be of first-class metal for a full trichord instrument.

The length of pitch C on the pianos of to-day varies from 12 to 15 inches, the remainder of the scale being of course worked out in proportion to the length of C decided on. It may, however, interest the reader to know that the wire of the 15 inch C at concert pitch is almost at breaking point.

In determining the weight of the covered strings to be put in a piano, the maker's judgment should be influenced by the length of scale on the instrument, by the length of the covered strings and as to whether the piano be heavily strung or not. Take for example an ordinary iron framed cottage piano, strung with steel wire varying from No. 14 to No. 20 in size, the whole of the steel being trichord, while the length of the scale used is a $13\frac{1}{2}$ inch pitch C. For such an instrument I should say that 5 pounds was a fair average weight for the bass strings. Of course the same instrument with a scale an inch more in length would require an advance of 8 or 10 ounces in the weight of the bass strings.

Having now considered the length and weight of string desirable for the class of instrument under discussion, we will turn our attention to the sound board. Without doubt the method adopted in the construction of the sound board has everything to do with the tone of the piano; for, let the material be the best and the workmanship the finest, it will avail nothing if the rudimentary principles of construction be neglected.

The first point to be considered is the amount of down pressure on the sound board bridge. If this be heavy, then the back of the sound board should be stoutly barred to resist it. Using a straight edge before stringing, the amount of down bearing on the bridges should vary from one-eighth to three-eighths of an inch. Thus, in the bass of the instrument, where the bridge is close to the lower bearing, the down pressure should be light; whilst in the centre of the instrument, where there may be a foot or

more of waste string between the bridge and the bearing, the down pressure should be heavier, the extra length and elasticity preventing the sound board from being distressed.

Before being strung the sound board of a cottage piano should be convex to the extent of a quarter of an inch; and this result is, of course, obtained by the springing of the bars on the back of the sound board. It will, however, be observed that when strung the sound board will be flat, or nearly so; this effect being produced by the pressure of the strings on the bridges. So that the reader will see that a sound board may be easily tested by placing a straight edge at the back of it, the piano of course being at concert pitch at the time.

Should, however, the sound board be round at the back, it points to one of two things: either there is too much down pressure on the bridges and the sound board is being forced in by the tension of the strings, or else it is weakly barred on the back. In either case the tone of the instrument is bound to suffer. It may be laid down as a general rule that instruments that are lightly barred and have a light down bearing are better toned than those constructed on heavier lines. The reason is that the sound board is more free to vibrate; being more delicate in construction, it is more sensitive to sound. The lightly built sound board has, however, one disadvantage. By reason of its lightness it is more liable to give way to the pressure of the strings, the tone deteriorating during the process.

And now a word as to the wood used in the construction of the sound board. No wood has been found more suitable than Swiss pine, the best results being obtainable from that class of wood which has a strongly marked resinous grain. I am inclined to attribute the reason for this to the fact of the gums being present in larger proportions than in the paler colored wood; however, this does not amount to much more than a theory, and must therefore be taken for what it is worth. Spruce deal has been found a suitable wood for the bars on account of its tough and springy nature.

All pianos that have a scale of over 12 inches in length should have the wrest plank crossed on the face with good beech, three-eighths of an inch in thickness. Again, in using a long scale, it is advisable to have a long wrest pin in order that it may have a good grip in the plank.

With regard to the varnish used on the sound board, I am in favor of several thin coats in preference to one or two thick ones. Each application should be allowed to dry thoroughly, and then be leveled down before more is

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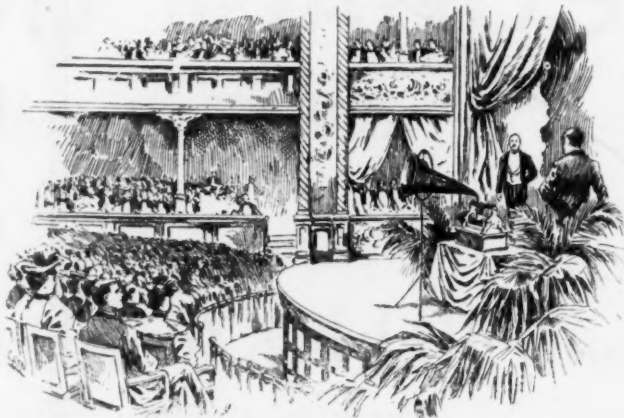
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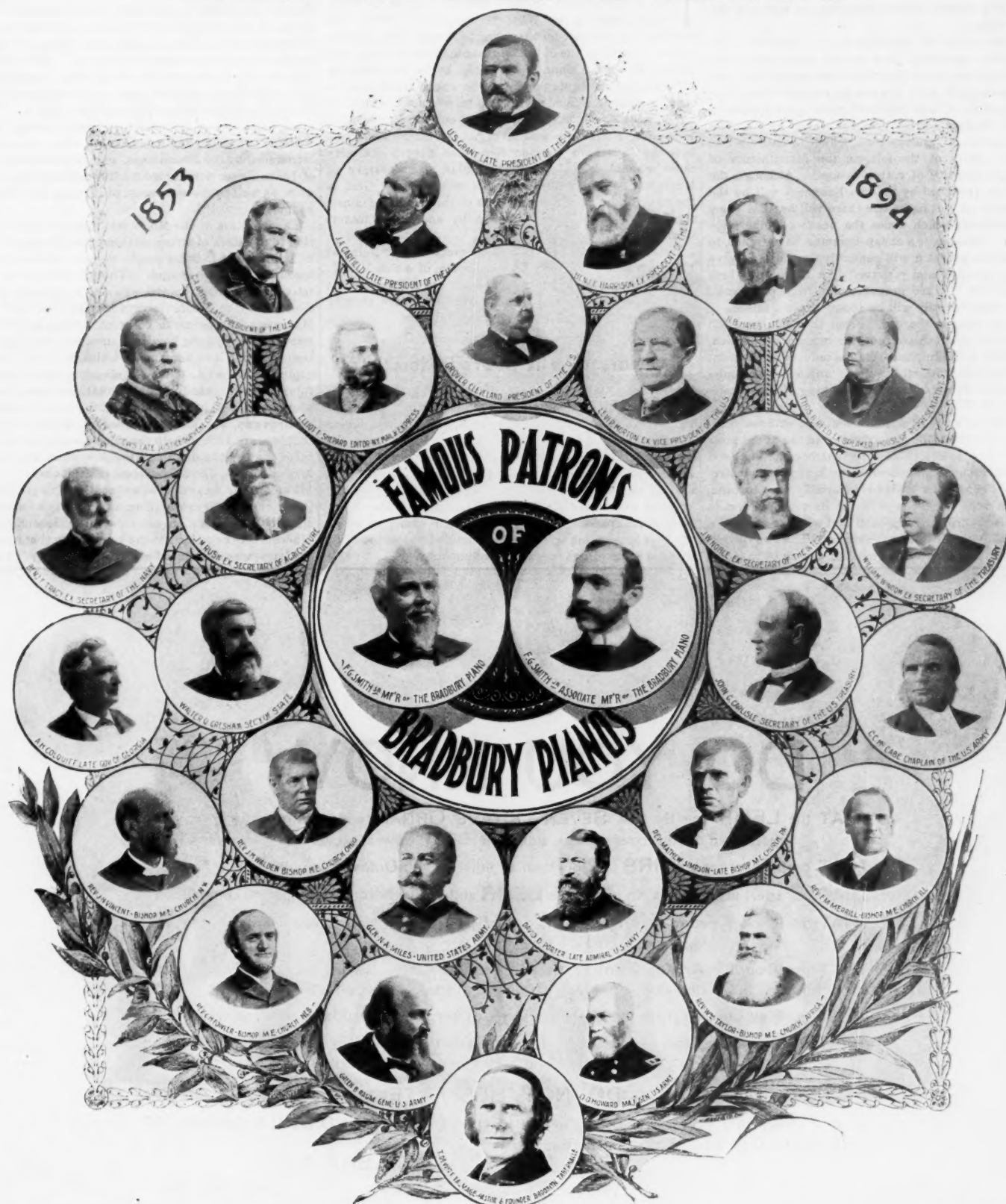


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put on. This plan, I am sorry to say, is not often observed; two or three coats being applied in as many hours in some shops, the result of course being a rough, tarry, uneven surface. While on the subject of varnishing, I must give it as my decided opinion that infinitely better results can be obtained with regard to tone if piano makers would use good oil varnish instead of the more common spirit varnish. I base this opinion on the fact of the former being so much more elastic and yet equally hard when dry. We all know that the oil varnished violin is extolled and universally pronounced to be superior to the one treated with spirit varnish; and, so I maintain that the argument should hold good with regard to the piano sound board. The only advantage obtained in using spirit varnish is that it dries in about one-fourth the time that oil varnish takes; but this is an advantage that should not be considered for a moment when comparing the merits of the two side by side.

And now let us turn our attention to the hammers. Although, strictly speaking, they do not come within the province of tone any more than the iron frame itself, yet they have much to do with it when we consider the difference in the quality of tone produced when good hammers are used in place of bad. With the cheap hammer we get a harsh, powerful, grating tone, which is entirely due to the poor quality of the felt, in the manufacture of which a large quantity of cotton is used. Although the volume of tone produced by the two hammers will be the same, or nearly so, yet in the one there will be that characteristic harshness which defies the needles of the most expert toner. Besides, if a cheap hammer be softened to any considerable extent it will generally be found to give forth a dead, muffled and "putty" like tone. The best kinds of hammer felt are manufactured from pure wool, and in this material only will be found those qualities of tone which so delight the ear. From the best wool felt can be produced the brilliant tone for concert use, which, in the hands of a skillful toner, can be reduced to the most melodious softness without acquiring any of those undesirable qualities referred to when speaking of cheap hammers.

It would be an error to close this article without mentioning the different kinds of top bridge in use at the present time. I do not know of any one that so combines good qualities as the double pinned wood top bridge. An instrument fitted with such a bridge is invariably easy to tune, and this on account of the purity of its tone. When in tune the unisons are perfectly dead and without wave, this being especially noticeable in the treble. The two rows of pins used in this kind of bridge must of course be raked in

opposite directions, or else the advantage it possesses over the single pinned bridge is lost. I am not much impressed with the various sorts of metal bridges and studs now used by many firms, and that on account of the metallic character thereby imparted to the tone.

Although I do not insist that a piano of good tone cannot be made by those who fail to agree with me in everything I have said in this direction, yet I do assert that it is a matter where the fundamental principles of the sound board and its surroundings must be strictly observed if the best results are to be obtained.—London "Musical Opinion and Music Trade Review."

A New Jardine Organ.

THE magnificent Scotch Presbyterian Church now building in West Ninety-sixth street has awarded the contract for the organ to Messrs. Geo. Jardine & Son. It will be one of the largest organs in the city, containing 40 stops, 3 manuals, 12 piston knobs for changing the combinations of stops, and as the entire action is to be electric, charming tonal effects can be produced, which are not possible by any other system. Messrs. Jardine are also completing a fine three manual organ for the Second Presbyterian Church of Germantown; also a very complete three manual organ for the Cecilian Conservatory of Music in East Forty-third street, of which Father Graf is the director, he being the exponent of this school of music for the Church. It is to be blown by an electric motor, C. & C. type.

Messrs. Jardine have opened a branch in Pittsburg at 101 Fifth avenue for their Western trade, of which Mr. W. P. Hanna, well known in musical circles as a fine organist as well as a good salesman, is manager, and have already received several important orders through him.

Credit to Whom Credit Is Due.

ON page 50 of our issue of August 22 we published an article entitled "The Evolution of the Banjo," by Ashton P. Stevens, of San Francisco, which article was found by us in some daily paper exchange, the name of which is not now recalled. It appears that the article first appeared in the San Francisco "News Letter," and we wish to make this credit at this late day, simply because it is our invariable rule to take from no other paper what is that paper's property, acquired by money or enterprise—a proposition which we recommend to the consideration of some of our esteemed contemporaries.

The Orchestra.

EARLY in the Middle Ages musical instruments were still in a very imperfect condition, particularly so wind instruments, which continued to be quite as primitive in construction as those already mentioned as in use among the Grecians and Romans. String instruments, such as were generally used, had reached a higher state of mechanical perfection, but not until some centuries nearer our own time was the bow adopted as the means of eliciting sound by friction. The plectrum and fingers were employed to pluck the strings, thus to produce sound, and consequently it was impossible to extract sustained sounds, such as later were drawn by the bow from the cruth and viol.

During the Roman domination the people of Western Europe, no doubt, copied from their conquerors, and in course of time the musically inclined adopted musical instruments such as came to them from Rome or their own handicraft had succeeded in imitating. Yet even before that period the people of the British Isles, especially in Ireland and along the west and southwest coast of Great Britain, had made some little advance in music. The portable harp was a common instrument among the early Britains and Celts, and it is believed this instrument was introduced by the Phœnicians, who long before the advent of Julius Cæsar maintained trading relations with those islands, as well as the west coast of France and the Spanish peninsula.

The irruption of the Moors into Spain brought an accession to the stock of string instruments to those already used in Europe, and to those people we owe instruments of the mandolin and guitar kind. Though we have no authoritative information on the subject, it appears quite possible that the Moors introduced the bow into Europe. Musicians of the north coast of Africa had from time immemorial used the bow in connection with instruments termed rebab and kemangeh, which, it is supposed, were copied from Persia. The lute (el-oud), guiter (kutra), prototypes of the mandolin and guitar, the rebec (rehab) the source of bowed instruments, and the naker (nakkarah) or kettledrums, are all of Moorish or Arabic origin. And that we are indebted to the same people for many others there can be little doubt, as the Arabs are known to have had something like 200 different instruments.

The cruth, known also under the designations rotte (German) rote, or crowd (English), mentioned above, bears so much resemblance to one form of ancient Egyptian or Hebrew lyre as to lead to the supposition that it, as well as the harp, was introduced into Europe by the Phœnicians.

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TESTIMONIAL.

NEW YORK, Feb. 15, 1893.

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S. B. MILLS.



TESTIMONIAL.

LYONS, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1893.

It was my good fortune, many years ago, to procure for my Musical Academy a Kranich & Bach Piano. Its tone and action were remarkably good, and it stood the test of from twelve to fifteen years' constant use, mostly in the school-room, as no other Piano that I ever possessed or knew of did stand similar usage. It gives me great pleasure to be able to recommend them to amateurs and to the profession as in every respect good and reliable.

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The rotte later became distinguished from the cruth by the fact that the latter was equipped with a finger board and bridge, and moreover was played with a bow. The Anglo-Saxon fithle, or fiddle, to which Chaucer refers, was of the same family, differing from the cruth in form rather than in capacity. In form the fithle was oblong, with rounded ends and incurved sides, while the cruth was either oblong, square, or with somewhat rounded ends. Some cruths were designed to be played by twanging the strings with the fingers, others again, as well as the fithle, were made to be played with a bow, and equipped with a well defined bridge.

In addition to the foregoing the geige, large and small, must be mentioned. This instrument was exceedingly popular among the people of Germany, as were the fithle and cruth, or crowd, in England. The geige, and, in fact, all instruments of the Middle Ages were exceedingly limited in compass, and their construction was such as to preclude the possibility of agile performances as now familiarized by violin playing. The rebec and small geige were similar in appearance with the Arabian or Moorish rebab, but the grosse-geige was a departure from that form and marked a transition therefrom to the viol.

Besides the foregoing certain mechanical contrivances were applied to instruments of the string species. Of these the organistrum in Spain (which required two persons to play it); the nyckelharpa, Sweden; the schlussenfiedel, Germany, and lyra mendicorum, all of the character of the hurdy-gurdy, and included under the general title of vielle, were in general use among musicians of the period. In the first and last named the function of a revolving wheel elicited sound from the strings, while in the case of the nyckelharpa and schlussenfiedel an ordinary bow was employed. The strings of all, however, were stopped by keys.

These contrivances enabled the performer to produce a crude kind of harmony, consisting of fourths and fifths, from their instruments. Within the compass of two octaves nine differing chords were possible on the organistrum. This instrument was peculiar to Europe, as research has failed to discover anything akin to it among musical instruments of Asia and Africa. Further, from a representation in a work by Abbot Gerbert, we are led to infer that it had attained a considerable degree of perfection as early as the ninth century.

Another instrument peculiar to the period was the

tromba marina. This instrument was not such an one as we now regard as a trumpet, neither was it used by seafaring men; on the contrary, "the tromba marina was played by the nuns instead of the real trumpet during musical performances in the cloister," whose sacred precincts trumpeters were not permitted to enter. "The tromba marina," remarks Carl Engel, "was about 7 feet long, and was generally made of three boards tapered toward the head. Its single string was made of catgut and thick. The performer did not press it down, but touched it slightly with the finger to produce the harmonics or the trumpet tones."

One kind of tromba marina had two or even more strings, varying in length and tuned in octaves with the longest. They served simply as sympathetic strings, an expedient later adopted in the viol d'amore, the first only being stopped by the fingers. "Owing to the peculiar construction of the bridge a trembling sound was produced, since the unfixed position of one foot of the bridge caused the bridge to shake when the string was being sounded." Sound was extracted from this queer instrument by a bow.

The immediate predecessor of the violin was the viol. The viol was the natural evolution of the older geige and rebab, as the violin is of the viol. Its advent drove many of its predecessors out of fashion naturally, as the viol was of a character to appeal to and please the growing taste for greater refinement in musical practice than had obtained when the present and strolling minstrel sang and danced to the sound of the instruments mentioned above. Before passing to the wind instruments of the Middle Ages it may be well to remark that the term "jig" applied to a common dance form, or "gigue," as used to designate a number in a classic suite constructed in jig rhythm, are both derived from the term geige, a fact that would appear to indicate the employment of that instrument as an inciter to dancing.

"As regards the wind instruments popular during the Middle Ages," remarks Engel, "some were of quaint form as well as rude construction." The chorus, or choron, had either one or two tubes. There were several varieties of this instrument; sometimes it was constructed with a bladder into which the tube is inserted; this kind of chorus resembled the bagpipe. Bagpipes, or cornamusa, were also favorite instruments of this period.

Then again there were flutes blown at the end, like the

flageolet, or whistle, the pan-pipes, trumpets in various sizes, one kind of which was so long as to necessitate a support on which to place it when blown. The oliphant or hunting horn, and the sackbut—a slide trombone in embryo—must be included among the wind instruments of the early days, as also the krummhorn and zinke.

From instruments such as the foregoing it was impossible to produce music; noise there must have been in abundant quantity, if the forms are any indication of the quality of sound to be evolved. In fact, many of the wind instruments of the Middle Ages were used for signaling in war or in the chase. Flutes, bagpipes, oboes and another variety of oboe termed shalm or chalumeau, from which the modern clarinet is derived, as well as the zinke and krummhorn, being of more advanced type, were devoted to more musical uses. Yet, as we regard them, their tones must have been exceedingly coarse, faulty in intonation and limited in compass, and certainly ill fitted for combination with the more delicate sounding stringed instruments of those days. As a matter of fact the two classes of instruments, wind and string, were rarely, if ever, played together. Flutes may have been combined with stringed instruments, but it is difficult to suppose that the oboe—in no way superior to the common musette of to-day—the sackbut, oliphant or trumpet ever were so employed.

Many centuries elapsed ere wind instruments reached a point in their development when they might effectively unite their voices with those of the strings, and it may be said not until the opening of the present century did wind instruments become really satisfactory as forces to be relied upon at all times to contribute to the effectiveness of the orchestra. Certain advance was from time to time made in construction of wind instruments, and as the art of music progressed development of the older forms of instruments kept pace with that progress.

How, when or where many of the improvements—some of them so important as to appear almost like original inventions—were effected it is impossible now to state. It may be that improvement was by slow stages and very gradual, or that, on the other hand, someone of inventive genius, as Denner, of Nuremberg, who evolved the clarinet from the chalumeau, or Afranio, of Ferrara, to whom is attributed the construction of the bassoon, or Gaspar di Salo and his confrères of the sixteenth century, who transformed the viol into the violin, who, perceiving the latent

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musical possibilities of some of the crude instruments of their times, devoted themselves to the purpose of the expansion of those possibilities.

Flutes, pipes, drums, double reed instruments were quite popular among the masses. The pipe and tabor (a kind of side drum), often played together by the same individual, afforded music for rural England to dance to. Bands of flute players, formed of soprano, alto, tenor and bass flutes, and sometimes drums, were not uncommon from the eleventh century in several European countries. Their complement of instruments, in which all parts were represented, was much superior to that screeching abomination of our times, known as the drum and fife band. In this department of music the world has retrogressed, which is a pity, considering the fact that flute music in parts, well rendered, is eminently pleasing to the ears, especially out of doors. Bagpipes and other double reed instruments were often played in groups of greater or lesser proportions, as were some of the stringed instruments. Yet, generally speaking, instrumental performance was individual rather than collective before the seventeenth century.

Town bands, after a fashion, were maintained in some Continental towns and cities; they were meagre in size, consisting of a few performers on the zinke, cornet, sackbut, or other such wind instruments as before mentioned, and the music rendered was traditional, played by ear, and more often than not in unison. Trumpets were considered the prerogatives of kings, princes and nobles, and none others might employ trumpeters. They were employed for purposes of signaling, for performance of fanfares and flourishes, and upon occasions, such as a loud musical noise was thought necessary to add impressiveness to some state or other function. In the sixteenth century trumpets and trombones had already begun to assume forms similar to those of the present day.

The construction of wind instruments in the early Middle Ages was so very crude that it can be no matter for surprise that they were as a rule ill fitted for association of one with the other for the production of harmonious effects.

The English designation for a band of musicians, even in the days of Shakespeare, was a noise. The term is apt enough, as one may readily perceive if he remembers that the common field trumpet, bugle and military life of to-day are immeasurably superior, acoustically considered, to the wind instruments 1,000 or more years ago. As late as 1496 it was "thought the neatest method of hollowing out a stick" to burn it through "with a hot spit." Commenting on this fact, Sir John Hawkins remarks: "It is not unlikely but that 400 years before that" (1496) "an organ pipe was perforated in no better manner; and if we suppose the same want of neatness in the various parts of that complicated machine of which we are now speaking, we may fairly conclude that both the organ and the music of the eleventh century were equally rude and inartificial." This little side light on the method of boring tubes for wind instruments very clearly shows that early pipes, flutes and all instruments of the oboe species were not constructed with a view to beautiful timbre, and certainly ill fitted for any indoor performances or combination with the more musically voiced cruth, rebec, &c. Wind instruments were associated with the outdoor life of the people as an accompaniment to song or performance of simple dance tunes such as were then in vogue. In fact all instrumental music was subordinate to poetry and pursuits of pleasure. For many centuries the musical art was cultivated on its vocal

side chiefly, and that ecclesiastical; but at the close of the tenth century, troubadours, jongleurs, cantadors, violars and musars made their appearance in Provence. Troubadours were poets, jongleurs instrumentalists, cantadors and musars singers, and violars players of the viol. The troubador and his attendant musician or musicianess was a welcome visitor at the courts of princes and nobles. The familiar story of Blondel and Richard I., as also of the musician who saved the life of the Prince of Wales (afterward Edward I.) at Ptolemais, shows that minstrelsy had extended to England, as there is evidence of a similar extension to other countries.

In the jongleurs and violars we have the germ of the modern orchestra. They improvised melodies for the poems of their masters, the troubadours, and accompanied them, while he, his cantador or musar sang them. Bands of musicians were attached to the courts of kings and nobles as early as the reign of Edward I. of England. Sir John Hawkins gives a list of musicians attending King Edward III., which he extracted from a manuscript roll of the officers of the household. The list is as follows:

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The citole was a kind of dulcimer, tabret a drum, wayghtes an oboe. The meaning of the word mabers is not known. The preponderance of wind instruments will serve as an indication to the taste of the times. Henry, the fifth Earl of Northumberland, maintained a smaller musical establishment, consisting of tabret, lute and rebec; also of course his trumpeters. Edward IV. had a band of thirteen minstrels, consisting of "trompets, shalms and smalle pypes." One of the number was entitled virger, "which directeth them all festyvall dayes in their statyones of blowing and pypyns to such offyces as the officeres might be warned to prepare for the king's meats and soupers; to be more redyere in all services and due time." As part of the allowances made to the musicians of King Edward's court they were allowed "nightlye amongst them all iiij galanes ale." Provision was also made for servants to carry their instruments, a luxury that few, if any musicians can afford.

Carl Engel gives in his "Musical Instruments" several engravings illustrative of orchestras in the Middle Ages. One group of performers thus shown dates, it is said, from the end of the eleventh century, and is copied from a bas relief that at one time ornamented the Abbey of St. Georges des Boscherville. The orchestra consists of a viol held between the knees, organistrum, syrinx (a kind of pan-pipes), lute, a small instrument resembling the nablum, harp, a viol, held violin-fashion, larger harp and set of bells. This combination was a great advance upon those above referred to. Again, from the Portico della Gloria of the famous pilgrimage Church of Santiago da Compostela, Spain, dating from 1188, is copied the representation of an orchestra of twenty-four performers. The instruments include an organistrum, small harp, triangular harp, with front support, salterio, viol, nine rebecs, and four larger viols. Also from the Minstrel's Gallery of Exeter Cathedral, dating from the fourteenth century, is copied an orchestra consisting of twelve performers depicted as winged angels, who are playing upon cittern, bagpipe, clarion, rebec, psaltery, syrinx, sackbut, regal (a small and portable

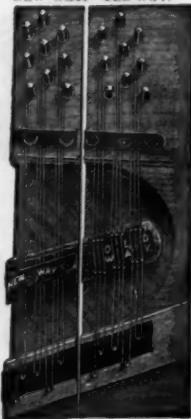
kind of pipe organ), gittern (guitar), shalm, timbrel (tambourine) and cymbals.

From these instances it will be obvious that, if not as common as to-day, the orchestral combinations of instruments such as those in use did exist in the Middle Ages. As to the character of the music rendered little is known, for the reason that notation adapted to instrumental performance did not originate until about the beginning of the thirteenth century. Further, part music, as we now know it, did not come into favor until a century later. Harmony there was prior to either date, of a class about comparable with that produced from the modern bagpipe, or moving in a succession of fourths and fifths. However, as a result of the introduction of mensurable music by Franko, thirteenth century, and music printing in 1502, we find instrumental practice more definite, for toward the close of the sixteenth century Gabrielli composed a work, entitled "In Ecclesiis Benedicite Domino," for two choirs, with an orchestral accompaniment for violin, three cornets and two trombones. This fact gives evidence that wind instruments were then constructed with greater regard to acoustic requirements than had formerly obtained. Modern opera and orchestra were born as twins at the beginning of the seventeenth century, but the latter is the older of the two by about ten months. Emilio del Cavaliere scored an oratorio, "La Rappresentazione dell' Anima e del Corpo," for a double lyre (viola di gamba), a harpsichord, a double guitar (or bass lute), two flutes and a violin to be played in unison with the soprano voice. That was in February, 1600. In December of the same year Peri scored his opera "Euridice" for harpsichord, large guitar, great lute, great lyre (or viola di gamba), and a large lute, besides three flutes in certain scenes. In both instances the orchestra was hidden from view.

Before proceeding with the subject of the influence of Monteverde on the development of the orchestra it will be necessary to retrace our steps, not only to acquaint ourselves with the developments in stringed instruments leading to the invention of the violin, but also to take account of the two factors, notation and music printing, previously mentioned, that more than anything else exercised an influence upon the advance of instrumental practice, to result in that splendid creation of the modern orchestra.—A. A. Clappé, in "Dominant."

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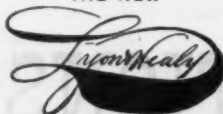
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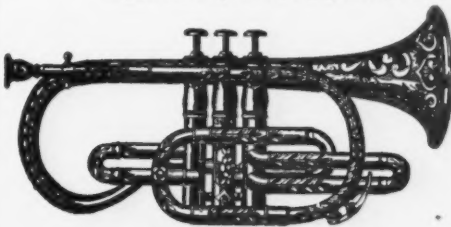
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